



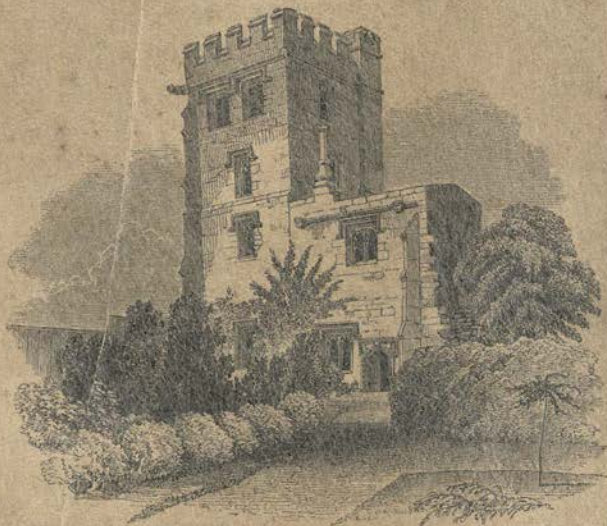
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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ALEXANDER POPE.



POPE'S TOWER, STANTON HARCOURT.

VOLUME IV.

LONDON: NATHANIEL COOKE,
MILFORD HOUSE, STRAND.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ALEXANDER POPE.

EDITED BY ROBERT CARRUTHERS.

Illustrated by Portraits and Original Designs.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOLUME IV.

LONDON: NATHANIEL COOKE,
MILFORD HOUSE, STRAND.

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MORAL ESSAYS:

IN

FOUR EPISTLES TO SEVERAL PERSONS.

"Est brevitate opus, ut currat sententia, non se
Impediat verbis lassas onerantibus aures:
Et sermone opus est modò tristi, sæpe jocosò,
Defendente vicem modò Rhetorica atque Poetia,
Interdum urbani parentis viribus, atque
Extenuantis eas consultò."—HOR.

["Close be your language; let your sense be clear,
Nor with a weight of words fatigue the ear;
From grave to jovial you must change with art,
Now play the critic's, now the poet's part;
In raillery assume a graver air,
Discreetly hide your strength, your vigour spare;
For ridicule shall frequently prevail,
And cut the knot when graver reasons fail."—FRANCIS.]

[To the Moral Essays Warburton, in his complete edition of the poet's works, prefixed an advertisement, containing the following explanation:—

"The Essay on Man was intended to have been comprised in four books:

"The first of which, the author has given us under that title, in four epistles.

"The second was to have consisted of the same number: 1. Of the extent and limits of human reason. 2. Of those arts and sciences, and of the parts of them, which are useful, and therefore attainable, together with those which are unuseful, and therefore unattainable. 3. Of the nature, ends, use, and application of the different capacities of men. 4. Of the use of learning, of the science of the world, and of wit; concluding with a satire against a misapplication of them, illustrated by pictures, characters, and examples.

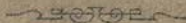
"The third book regarded civil regimen, or the science of politics, in which the several forms of a republic were to be examined and explained; together with the several modes of religious worship, as far forth as they affect society; between which the author always supposed there was the most

interesting relation and closest connexion; so that this part would have treated of civil and religious society in their full extent.

"The fourth and last book concerned private ethics, or practical morality, considered in all the circumstances, orders, professions, and stations of human life.

"The scheme of all this had been maturely digested, and communicated to Lord Bolingbroke, Dr. Swift, and one or two more, and was intended for the only work of his riper years; but was, partly through ill-health, partly through discouragements from the depravity of the times, and partly on prudential and other considerations, interrupted, postponed, and, lastly, in a manner, laid aside."

Warburton also states that this first epistle, as published in the previous editions, was "without order, connexion, or dependence;" but that, if put into a different form, on an idea he had conceived, it would have "all the clearness of method and force of connected reasoning." The introduction to the Epistle on Riches he says, was in the same condition, and underwent the same reform by Pope. Mr. Bowles appears to attribute some importance to these alterations; but, if he had compared the early editions with that of Warburton, he would have seen that the whole of this boasted emendation is not of the slightest value. The transpositions made by the commentator do not affect the poem in any material point; and it is to be regretted that Pope yielded such implicit submission to the pedantic suggestions of his friend. In their original state, as epistles, the essays had more of the Horatian ease and spirit than when invested with a philosophical robe, and covered with metaphysical annotations. The *philosophy* of the poems might be comprised in very small space; their real value consists in their poetical beauties, their finely-drawn characters, rich imagery, taste, and moral reflection.]



EPISTLE I.

TO

SIR RICHARD TEMPLE, LORD COBHAM.

ARGUMENT.

OF THE KNOWLEDGE AND CHARACTERS OF MEN.

- I. That it is not sufficient for this knowledge to consider man in the abstract: books will not serve the purpose, nor yet our own experience singly, ver. 1. General maxims, unless they be formed upon both, will be but notional, ver. 10. Some peculiarity in every man, characteristic to himself, yet varying from himself, ver. 15. Difficulties arising from our own passions, fancies, faculties, &c., ver. 31. The shortness of life to observe in, and the uncertainty of the principles of action in men to observe by, ver. 37, &c. Our own principle of action often hid from ourselves, ver. 41. Some few characters plain, but in general confounded, dissembled, or inconsistent, ver. 51. The same man utterly different in different places and seasons, ver. 71. Unimaginable weaknesses in the greatest, ver. 70, &c. Nothing constant and certain but God and Nature, ver. 95. No judging of the motives from the actions; the same actions proceeding from contrary motives, and the same motives influencing contrary actions, ver. 100. II. Yet to form characters, we can only take the strongest actions of a man's life, and try to make them agree: the utter uncertainty of this, from nature itself, and from policy, ver. 120. Characters given according to the rank of men of the world, ver. 135. And some reason for it, ver. 140. Education alters the nature, or at least character, of many, ver. 149. Actions, passions, opinions, manners, humours, or principles, all subject to change. No judging by nature, from ver. 158 to ver. 179. III. It only remains to find (if we can) his ruling passion: that will certainly influence all the rest, and can reconcile the seeming or real inconsistency of all his actions, ver. 175. Instanced in the extraordinary character of Clodio, ver. 179. A caution against mistaking second qualities for first, which will destroy all possibility of the knowledge of mankind, ver. 210. Examples of the strength of the ruling passion, and its continuation to the last breath, ver. 222, &c.

YES, you despise the man to books confined,
Who from his study rails at human kind;

Though what he learns he speaks, and may advance
 Some general maxims, or be right by chance.
 The coxcomb bird, so talkative and grave, 5
 That from his cage cries cuckold, whore, and knave,
 Though many a passenger he rightly call,
 You hold him no philosopher at all.

And yet the fate of all extremes is such,
 Men may be read, as well as books, too much. 10
 To observations which ourselves we make,
 We grow more partial for the observer's sake;
 To written wisdom, as another's, less:
 Maxims are drawn from notions, those from guess.
 There's some peculiar in each leaf and grain, 15
 Some unmark'd fibre, or some varying vein:
 Shall only man be taken in the gross?
 Grant but as many sorts of mind as moss.¹

That each from other differs, first confess;
 Next, that he varies from himself no less; 20
 Add nature's, custom's, reason's, passion's strife,
 And all opinion's colours cast on life.

Our depths who fathoms, or our shallows finds,
 Quick whirls, and shifting eddies, of our minds?
 On human actions reason though you can, 25
 It may be reason, but it is not man:
 His principle of action once explore,
 That instant 'tis his principle no more.
 Like following life through creatures you dissect,
 You lose it in the moment you detect. 30

Yet more; the difference is as great between
 The optics seeing, as the objects seen.
 All manners take a tincture from our own;
 Or come discolour'd through our passions shown.
 Or fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies, 35
 Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.

Nor will life's stream, for observation stay,
 It hurries all too fast to mark their way:
 In vain sedate reflections we would make,
 When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take. 40
 Off in the passions' wild rotation toss'd,
 Our spring of action to ourselves is lost:

¹ There are above three hundred sorts of mosses observed by naturalists.

Tired, not determined, to the last we yield,
 And what comes then is master of the field.
 As the last image of that troubled heap, 45
 When sense subsides, and fancy sports in sleep
 (Though past the recollection of the thought),
 Becomes the stuff of which our dream is wrought;
 Something as dim to our internal view,
 Is thus, perhaps, the cause of most we do. 50

True, some are open, and to all men known;
 Others so very close, they're hid from none
 (So darkness strikes the sense no less than light):
 Thus gracious Chandos² is beloved at sight;
 And every child hates Shylock, though his soul 55
 Still sits at squat, and peeps not from its hole,
 At half mankind when generous Manly³ raves,
 All know 'tis virtue, for he thinks them knaves:
 When universal homage Umbra⁴ pays,
 All see 'tis vice, and itch of vulgar praise. 60
 When flattery glares, all hate it in a queen,
 While one there is who charms us with his spleen.⁵

But these plain characters we rarely find;
 Though strong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind:
 Or puzzling contraries confound the whole; 65
 Or affectations quite reverse the soul.
 The dull, flat falsehood serves for policy;
 And, in the cunning, truth itself's a lie:
 Unthought-of frailties cheat us in the wise;
 The fool lies hid in inconsistencies. 70

See the same man, in vigour, in the gout;
 Alone, in company; in place, or out;
 Early at business, and at hazard late;
 Mad at a fox-chase, wise at a debate;
 Drunk at a borough, civil at a ball; 75
 Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall.

² [James Brydges, first Duke of Chandos. See Additional Notes at the end of the Epistle.]

³ [Manly is one of the characters—the principal one—in Wycherley's comedy the Plain Dealer.]

⁴ [Umbra probably means James Moore Smythe, who is elsewhere satirized by Pope under this name. An account of him is given in the Notes to the Dunciad.]

⁵ [A compliment to Swift, whose "spleen" was the fire of his genius.]

Catius⁶ is ever moral, ever grave,
 Thinks who endures a knave, 'is next a knave.
 Save just at dinner—then prefers, no doubt,
 A rogue with venison to a saint without. 80

Who would not praise Patricio's high desert,⁷
 His hand unstain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
 His comprehensive head all interests weigh'd,
 All Europe saved, yet Britain not betray'd?
 He thanks you not, his pride is in piquet, 85
 Newmarket fame, and judgment at a bet.⁸

What made (say Montaigne, or more sage Charron!)
 Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon?

⁶ [Catius is Charles Dartineuf, whom Gay calls a "grave joker," and who was a noted epicure. He occurs again in the Imitations of Horace.]

⁷ [Sidney Earl of Godolphin.]

⁸ [In the early editions the following lines were inserted:—

"Triumphant leaders at an army's head,
 Henna'd round with glories, pilfer cloth, or bread;
 As meanly plunder as they bravely fought,
 Now save a people, and now save a groat."

The satire here is general as respects the army—and nothing could be more lax or extravagant than the system of military accounts and supplies—but the poet evidently points to Marlborough, whose avarice he frequently condemns. The great general did not *pilfer*, but he had taken presents from army contractors. Never, before or since, was the low vice of avarice united to such transcendent talents as in the case of Marlborough; and it is to be regretted, that Pope did not anatomise his character in the style of Atticus or Atossa. The brilliant lights and strong contrasts—the public glory and private meanness—would have afforded him a noble subject; and the materials were at his hand. The beginning of Marlborough's enormous fortune, it is well known, was a present of £5000, given him by the infamous Duchess of Cleveland, and with this sum the young ensign, old in prudence, purchased an annuity, which was secured on the Earl of Halifax's estate. But one of the most striking illustrations of his penurious habits, and the best comment on Pope's verses, is an anecdote related by Warton, on the authority of Colonel Selwyn. The night before the battle of Blenheim, after a council of war had been held in Marlborough's tent, at which Prince Louis of Baden and Prince Eugene assisted, the latter, after the council had broken up, stepped back to the tent to communicate something he had forgotten, when he found the Duke giving orders to his aide-de-camp at the table, on which there was now only a single light burning, all the others having been extinguished the moment the council was over. "What a man is this," said Prince Eugene, "who at such a time can think of saving the ends of candles!"]

- A perjured prince a leaden saint revere,⁹
 A godless regent tremble at a star¹⁰ 90
 The throne a bigot keep, a genius quit,¹¹
 Faithless through piety, and duped through wit?
 Europe a woman, child, or dotard rule,¹²
 And just her wisest monarch made a fool?
 Know, God and Nature only are the same: 95
 In man, the judgment shoots at flying game;
 A bird of passage! gone as soon as found,
 Now in the moon, perhaps, now under ground.
 II. In vain the sage, with retrospective eye,
 Would from the apparent *what* conclude the *why*, 100
 Infer the motive from the deed, and show
 That what we chanced was what we meant to do.
 Behold! if fortune or a mistress frowns,
 Some plunge in business, others shave their crowns:
 To ease the soul of one oppressive weight, 105
 This quits an empire, that embroils a state:
 The same adust complexion has impell'd
 Charles to the convent, Philip to the field.¹³
 Not always actions show the man; we find
 Who does a kindness, is not therefore kind: 110
 Perhaps prosperity becalm'd his breast,
 Perhaps the wind just shifted from the east:

⁹ Louis XI. of France wore in his hat a leaden image of the Virgin Mary which when he swore by, he feared to break his oath.

¹⁰ Philip Duke of Orleans, Regent of France in the minority of Louis XV. superstitious in judicial astrology, though an unbeliever in all religion.

¹¹ Philip V. of Spain, who after renouncing the throne for religion, resumed it to gratify his queen; and Victor Amadeus II., King of Sardinia, who resigned the crown, and, trying to reassume it, was imprisoned till his death.

¹² The Czarina, the King of France, the Pope, and the above-mentioned King of Sardinia.

¹³ [Warburton remarks on this line:—"The *atrabilaire* complexion of Philip II. is well known, but not so well, that he derived it from his father Charles V., whose health, the historians of his life tell us, was frequently disordered by bilious fevers. But what the author meant principally to observe here was, that this humour made both these princes act contrary to their character; Charles, who was an active man, when he retired into a convent; Philip, who was a man of the closet, when he gave the battle of St. Quentin."]

Not therefore humble he who seeks retreat,
 Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the great:
 Who combats bravely is not therefore brave, 115
 He dreads a death-bed like the meanest slave:
 Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise,
 His pride in reasoning, not in acting, lies.
 But grant that scious best discover man;
 Take the most strong, and sort them as you can: 120
 The few that glare, each character must mark,
 You balance not the many in the dark.
 What will you do with such as disagree?
 Suppress them, or miscall them policy?
 Must then at once (the character to save) 125
 The plain rough hero turn a crafty knave?
 Alas! in truth the man but changed his mind.
 Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not dined.
 Ask why from Britain Caesar would retreat?
 Caesar himself might whisper he was beat. 130
 Why risk the world's great empire for a punk?¹⁴
 Caesar perhaps might answer, he was drunk.
 But, sage historians! 'tis your task to prove
 One action, conduct; one, heroic love.
 'Tis from high life high characters are drawn 135
 A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn:
 A judge is just, a chancellor juster still;
 A gownman, learn'd; a bishop, what you will;
 Wise, if a minister; but, if a king,
 More wise, more learn'd, more just, more everything. 140
 Court-virtues bear, like gems, the highest rate,
 Born where Heaven's influence scarce can penetrate:
 In life's low vale, the soil the virtues like,
 They please as beauties, here as wonders strike.
 Though the same sun with all diffusive rays 145
 Blush in the rose, and in the diamond blaze,

¹⁴ [Cleopatra. This couplet stood originally:—

“The mighty Czar what mov'd to wed a punk?
 The mighty Czar might answer, he was drunk.”

The alteration, as Warton says, is for the worse, because drunkenness was not a vice of Caesar's, and, indeed, could not co-exist with his ambition and energy of character.]

We prize the stronger effort of his power,
And justly set the gem above the flower.

'Tis education forms the common mind,
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined. 150

Boastful and rough, your first son is a squire;
The next a tradesman, meek, and much a liar:

Tom struts a soldier, open, bold, and brave;
Will sneaks a scrivener, an exceeding knave.

Is he a churchman? then he's fond of power: 155
A quaker? sly: a presbyterian? sour:

A smart free-thinker? all things in an hour.

Ask men's opinions: Scoto now shall tell¹⁵
How trade increases, and the world goes well;

Strike off his pension, by the setting sun, 160
And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.

That gay free-thinker, a fine talker once,
What turns him now a stupid silent dance?

Some god, or spirit, he has lately found;
Or chanced to meet a minister that frown'd. 165

Judge we by nature? Habit can efface,
Interest o'ercome, or policy take place:

By actions? those uncertainty divides;
By passions? these dissimulation hides:

Opinions? they still take a wider range: 170
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.

Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.

III. Search then the RULING PASSION: there, alone, 175
The wild are constant, and the cunning known;

The fool consistent, and the false sincere;

Priests, princes, women, no dissemblers here.

This clew once found unravels all the rest,
The prospect clears, and WHARTON stands confess'd,¹⁶

WHARTON! the scorn and wonder of our days, 180
Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise:

Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,

Women and fools must like him, or he dies:

¹⁵ [In the first edition:—"J——n now shall tell;" meaning perhaps Johnston the Scottish Secretary, afterwards Lord Register. He lived to a great age, and was a neighbour of Pope's at Twickenham.]

¹⁶ [In the first edition:—"Clodio stands confess'd."]

Though wondering senates hung on all he spoke,
 The club must hail him master of the joke. 185
 Shall parts so various aim at nothing new?
 He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too.¹⁷
 Then turns repentant, and his God adores
 With the same spirit that he drinks and whores;
 Enough if all around him but admire, 190
 And now the punk applaud, and now the friar.
 Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
 And wanting nothing but an honest heart;
 Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt,
 And most contemptible, to shun contempt; 195
 His passion still, to covet general praise,
 His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways;
 A constant bounty which no friend has made;
 An angel tongue, which no man can persuade;
 A fool, with more of wit than half mankind, 200
 Too rash for thought, for action too refined;
 A tyrant to the wife his heart approves;
 A rebel to the very king he loves;
 He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,
 And, harder still! flagitious, yet not great. 205
 Ask you why WHARTON broke through every rule?
 'Twas all for fear the knaves should call him fool.
 Nature well known, no prodigies remain,
 Comets are regular, and WHARTON plain.
 Yet, in this search, the wisest may mistake, 210
 If second qualities for first they take.
 When Cataline by rapine swell'd his store;
 When Cæsar made a noble dame a whore;¹⁸

¹⁷ John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, famous for his wit and extravagancies in the time of Charles II.

¹⁸ The sister of Cato and the mother of Brutus. [Servilia. Warton quotes a fine reflection on this passage from St. Real. "How great must have been her affliction at the death of Cæsar, her lover, massacred by the hand of her own son, who perhaps hoped to efface this suspicion of his bastardy by this very action! Historians have neglected to inform us of the fate of this most unhappy mistress and mother. Nothing could have been more interesting than the history of Servilia after this event. Next to Cleopatra she was the most beloved of all Cæsar's mistresses; and Suetonius says, Cæsar bought for her a single jewel at the price of £50,000."]

In this the lust, in that the avarice,
Were means, not ends: ambition was the vice. 215
That very Cæsar born in Scipio's days,
Had aim'd, like him, by chastity, at praise.
Lucullus, when frugality could charm,
Had roasted turnips in the Sabine farm.
In vain the observer eyes the builder's toil, 220
But quite mistakes the scaffold for the pile.

In this one passion man can strength enjoy,
As fits give vigour, just when they destroy.
Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
Yet tames not this: it sticks to our last sand. 225
Consistent in our follies and our sins,
Here honest Nature ends as she begins.

Old politicians chew on wisdom past,
And totter on in business to the last;
As weak, as earnest, and as gravely out, 230
As sober Lanesborough dancing in the gout.¹⁹

Behold a reverend sire, whom want of grace
Has made the father of a nameless race,
Shoved from the wall perhaps, or rudely press'd
By his own son, that passes by unblest'd: 235
Still to his wench he crawls on knocking knees,
And envies every sparrow that he sees.

A salmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate;
The doctor call'd, declares all help too late:
"Mercy! (cries Helluo,) mercy on my soul!" 240
Is there no hope?—alas!—then bring the jole."

The frugal crone, whom praying priests attend,
Still strives to save the hallow'd taper's end,
Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,
For one puff more, and in that puff expires.²⁰ 245

¹⁹ An ancient nobleman, who continued this practice long after his legs were disabled by the gout. Upon the death of Prince George of Denmark, he demanded an audience of the queen, to advise her to preserve her health and dispel her grief by dancing.

[Viscount Lanesborough died at Dublin in 1736. Swift mentions his popular manners. He is often alluded to as the dancing peer in the Irish pasquinades of that day.]

²⁰ [Warburton states that this fact was told the poet of a lady at Paris.]

"Odious! in woollen! 'twould a saint provoke,
 (Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke):²¹
 No, let a charming chintz, and Brussels lace
 Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face:
 One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead— 250
 And—Betty—give this cheek a little red."



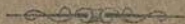
"NOT THAT—I CANNOT PART WITH THAT!"—AND DIED.

The courtier smooth, who forty years had shined
 An humble servant to all human kind,
 Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue could stir,
 "If—where I'm going—I could serve you, sir?" 255

²¹ This story, as well as the others, is founded on fact, though the author had the goodness not to mention the names. Several attribute this in particular to a very celebrated actress, who, in detestation of the thought of being buried in woollen, gave these her last orders with her dying breath.

"I give and I devise (old Eucio said,
 And sigh'd) my lands and tenements to Ned."
 "Your money, sir?"—"My money, sir, what all?
 Why,—if I must—(then wept) I give it Paul."
 "The manor, sir?"—"The manor! hold, (he cried,) 260
 Not that,—I cannot part with that!"—and died.²⁰
 And you, brave CORHAM, to the latest breath,
 Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death:
 Such in those moments as in all the past,
 "Oh, save my country, Heaven!" shall be your last. 265

²⁰ [None of these death-bed illustrations are more characteristic than the politeness of Lord Chesterfield in apologising to his friend Dayrolles for the contortions which his pangs occasioned; and that of Charles the Second, in expressing his regret for the trouble he caused. "He had been," he said, "a most unconscionable time dying; but he hoped that they would excuse it." "Eucio," mentioned in the next line of Pope's Epistle, is said to have been Sir Charles Dancombe, the "City Knight" who purchased Helmsley, and who divided his estates in Yorkshire and Wilts among different branches of his family. (See Imitations of Horace, Book II., Sat. II.) Dancombe had been a rich goldsmith in Lombard Street. Warton says, that Sir William Bateman "used those very words," assigned to Eucio on his death-bed; and the critic adds—"No comic nor satiric writer has ever carried his descriptions of avarice or gluttony so far as what has happened in real life. Other vices have been exaggerated; these two never have been."]



ADDITIONAL NOTES.

LORD COBHAM.

SIR RICHARD TEMPLE, the first Viscount Cobham, owes his historical celebrity to the poetry of Pope, and the magnificent gardens at Stowe. These have done more for him with posterity than the peerage or the army, though he was an opulent baron of an old family, and a brave soldier. The Temples were seated at Stowe in the time of Edward VI., and from this parent stem sprung the branch illustrated by Sir William Temple. James I., in the year of his accession to the English throne, conferred the title of knighthood on Thomas Temple, of Stowe. He afterwards made him a baronet, and this title, with the representation of the county, and the office of Lord-Lieutenant of Bucks, descended down through several generations. Pope's friend, Sir Richard, succeeded to his father in 1697. He entered the army when young, and rose through the several gradations of military rank to the dignity of Field-Marshal. He served with distinction under Marlborough, and, in acknowledgment of his gallantry at the siege of Lisle, in 1708, the Duke despatched him express to England, to convey to her Majesty the welcome tidings of the capitulation of that important fortress. On the accession of George I. in 1714, Cobham was raised to the peerage, under the title of Baron Cobham, of Cobham, in Kent, and, at the same time, he was declared Envoy-Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the Emperor of Germany, Charles VI. Next year he was made Constable of Windsor Castle. In 1718, he was created Viscount Cobham. He was afterwards made a Privy Counsellor, and Governor of the Isle of Jersey. In Parliament, Cobham joined the Opposition against Walpole, and, voting against the Excise Bill in 1731, he lost his military commands. This, of course, confirmed him in opposition, but it also left him leisure for private pursuits; and it was at this time that he made his extensive improvements and alterations at Stowe. He laid out the grounds under the superintendence of Bridgman, the popular landscape gardener of his day, before Kent and Brown had arisen to contest the palm for the picturesque. Brown—usually called "Capability Brown," from his constantly talking of the *capabilities* of places—was at one time employed as a gardener at Stowe, and was liberally patronised by Lord Cobham. Many anecdotes of this improver will be found in Walpole; and Sir Uvedale Price's work on the Picturesque—a delightful book on a delightful subject. Politics were not wholly neglected by the munificent owner of Stowe. He continued to act with the Tory Opposition, and in 1741 he voted for the motion to remove Sir Robert Walpole from the King's presence and councils for ever. This memorable party movement was nearly successful—

for the vast fabric of Walpole's power was, after repeated attacks, in a tottering state, but ultimately it was lost in both Houses. In a caricature of the time, representing Lord Chesterfield as postilion of the Opposition coach, driving furiously, and overturning the machine on its way to the Treasury, Cobham occupies the undignified post of footman, and is holding fast on by the straps. The combination was successful in 1742, and, after Walpole's retirement, Lord Cobham regained his military appointments, obtaining the colonelcy of several regiments. In 1745 he was named one of the regents



LORD COBHAM.

during the King's absence abroad. His lordship died at Stowe, in 1740. Having no issue, the titles and estates devolved on his sister, Hester Grenville, widow of Richard Grenville, of Wootton. Viscountess Cobham (Anne, daughter of Edmond Halsey, a wealthy brewer, in Southwark), erected a pillar in Stowe Gardens, to the memory of her husband. This is one of the most conspicuous objects in the gardens, being 115 feet high, and surmounted by a statue the size of life. It is inscribed, "*To Richard Lord Viscount Cobham, Field-Marshal of the British Armies, who served his country as well in*

the Cabinet as in the Field, and who adorned it by a more elegant system of modern gardening, first illustrated on this spot." The lines from Pope, commemorative of the beauty of Stowe, and the virtues of Cobham, are also cut on the pillar:—

"And you brave Cobham, to the latest breath,
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death;
Such in those moments as in all the past,
'Oh, save my country, Heaven!' shall be your last."

The actual circumstances attending Lord Cobham's death are related in the Memoirs of Hannah More. In his last moments, not being able to carry a glass of jelly to his mouth, he was in such a passion, that he threw the jelly, glass, and all, in the face of his niece, Hester Grenville, and expired! Had Pope been then alive, his extreme sensitiveness and dread of ridicule would assuredly have led him to cancel the above unpropitious lines.

The epistle to Lord Cobham had apparently been shown to his lordship in manuscript. The following letters from him are given in Puffhead's Life, no doubt derived from Warburton:—

"Stowe, Nov. 1, 1733.

"Though I have not modesty enough not to be pleased with your extraordinary compliment, I have wit enough to know how little I deserve it. You know all mankind are putting themselves upon the world for more than they are worth, and their friends are daily helping the deceit. But I am afraid I shall not pass for an absolute patriot. However, I have the honour of having received a public testimony of your esteem and friendship, and am as proud of it as I could be of any advantage which could happen to me. As I remember, when I saw the *brouillon* of this Epistle, it was *replexed*. You have now made it the contrary; and I think it is the clearest and cleanest of all you have wrote. Don't you think you have bestowed too many lines on the old leather? The instance itself is but ordinary, and I think should be shortened or changed."

"Stowe, Nov. 8.

"I like your lecher better now 'tis shorter: and the glutton is a very good epigram. But they are both appetites which from nature we indulge, as well for her ends as our pleasure. A cardinal, in his way of pleasure, would have been a better instance. What do you think of an old lady dressing her silver locks with pink, and ordering her coffin to be lined with white quilted satin with gold fringes; or Counsellor Vernon retiring to enjoy himself with five thousand a year, which he had got, and returning to the Chancery to get a little more, when he could not speak so loud as to be heard? or a judge turned out coming again to the bar? I mean that a *passion or habit* that has not a natural foundation falls in better with your subject than any of our natural wants, which in some degree we cannot avoid pursuing to the last."

Lord Cobham must have been somewhat of a proser, if we may credit an anecdote told by Walpole. Bubb Dodington, Lord Melcombe, falling asleep one day, after dinner, with Sir Richard Temple, Lord Cobham, the General,

the latter reproached him with his drowsiness. Dodington denied having been asleep, and, to prove he had not, offered to repeat all Lord Cobham had been saying. Cobham challenged him to do so. Dodington repeated a story, and Lord Cobham owned he had been telling it. "Well," said Dodington, "and yet I did not hear a word of it; but I went to sleep because I knew that about this time of day you would tell that story."

THE DUKE OF CHANDOS.

Ver. 54. The gracious Chandos is beloved at sight.] The Hon. James Brydges, ninth Baron, and first Duke of Chandos, was a liberal, and benevolent, but ostentatious nobleman. He was Paymaster of the Forces under Godolphin's Administration, and amassed an immense fortune. The House of Commons, in 1711, instituted a Committee of Inquiry into the public expenditure, and there was a sum of thirty-five millions unaccounted for, about one-half of which was connected with the accounts of Brydges. His answer to the charge was that the accounts had been regularly presented, but that the mode of scrutinizing and passing them was tedious and complex, owing to a system pursued by the Duke of Newcastle. Great carelessness as to the public accounts prevailed at that period, and such was the low state of political morality, that almost every public man in office was charged with peculation. Johnson, in his pamphlet on the Falkland Islands, sarcastically alludes to the compensation which the nation received at the close of a ten years' war, for the death of multitudes, and the expense of millions, by contemplating the sudden glories of paymasters, and agents, contractors, and commissaries, "whose equipages shine like meteors, and whose palaces rise like exhalations." Chandos gave room for scandal by the large sums he spent in building, and by the style of magnificence in which he lived. He is said to have spent £200,000 on his house at Canons, near Edgeware. He had also begun the erection of a great town house in Cavendish Square, but desisted. At Canons he affected something like regal state. He dined in public, with flourishes of trumpets announcing each change of dishes. His chapel was fitted up, with splendour, and when he went to it he was attended by a military guard. The great Handel was master of the choir in this chapel, and it was there that his sacred drama of Esther was first performed. His *Acis and Galatea* was also composed for the Duke of Chandos. By unsuccessful speculations in the African and South Sea Companies, the magnificent duke greatly impaired his fortune, and his son, on succeeding to the estate, was made to reside at Canons. He could not dispose of the house entire, and he therefore pulled it down, and sold the materials by auction. The costly furniture was also sold, crowds flocking to the scene—as a hundred years afterwards crowds flocked to the Stowe and Strawberry Hill sales. The pillars at Chesterfield House, South Audley Street, originally belonged to Canons, and were termed by the witty Earl of Chesterfield, "the canonical pillars of his house." The equestrian statue of George II. in Golden

Square, with that of George I. in Leicester Square, and the range of iron palisades at New College, Oxford, were also part of the Canons' spoil. The duke died at Canons, August 8, 1744, and the manor was purchased in 1747 by a retired London merchant, who built a small villa on the site of the great mansion. The estate was afterwards sold to Mr. Dennis O'Kelly, of sporting celebrity, whose race-horse, *Eclipse*, was buried in the park.

EARL OF GODOLPHIN.

Ver. 81. *Who would not praise Patria's high desert?* The famous Sidney Godolphin, Lord Treasurer. * Godolphin had been bred a page at Whitehall, and had early acquired all the flexibility and the self-possession of a veteran courtier. He was laborious, clear-headed, and profoundly versed in the details of finance. Every government, therefore, found him a useful servant; and there was nothing in his opinions or in his character which could prevent him from serving any government. 'Sidney Godolphin,' said Charles, 'is never in the way, and never out of the way.' This pointed remark goes far to explain Godolphin's extraordinary success in life. He acted at different times with both the great political parties; but he never shared in the passions of either. Like most men of cautious tempers and prosperous fortunes, he had a strong disposition to support whatever existed. He disliked revolutions; and for the same reason for which he disliked revolutions he disliked counter-revolutions. His deportment was remarkably grave and reserved; but his personal tastes were low and frivolous, and most of the time which he could save from public business was spent in racing, card-playing, and cock-fighting."—*Murray's History of England*. This fortunate man, who had rendered himself necessary to four successive sovereigns, and who was chief minister to Queen Anne during the first nine years of her reign, died in 1712. Though Godolphin had no literature, he did literature good service by employing Addison to celebrate the battle of Blenheim, and appointing him to a commissionership, with a salary of about £200 a year—the forerunner of better things.

THE DUKE OF WHARTON.

Ver. 179. *Wharton stands confess'd.* Philip, Duke of Wharton, son of the great Whig Marquis of Wharton, who died in 1715. The subject of Pope's admirable and just satire was born in 1669, and died on the 31st of May, 1731, at Rens, near Barcelona, in the monastery of the Franciscans de la Piedad. "With attachment to no party," says Horace Walpole, "though with talents to govern any party, this lively man changed the free air of Westminster for the gloom of the Escorial,—the prospect of King George's Quarter for the Pretender's; and, with indifference to all religion, the frolic lord who had writ the ballad on the Archbishop of Canterbury, died in the habit of a Capuchin." This is no unusual termination to profligacy in high life.

The austerity and gloom of the monastery, the hair-shirt and nightly vigil, offer contrasts to splendid vice, and strike the imagination while they minister to penitence and remorse. Sir Walter Scott predicted that Byron would ultimately repose in the Roman Catholic faith. Wharton contributed largely to the *True Briton*, a periodical edited by Arnall (one of the characters in the *Dunciad*), and spoke often with good effect in the House of Lords. His speech on the South Sea question had an effect not anticipated: it threw Earl Stanhope into one of those "tempestuous sallies of passion," which Walpole says were common to him, and, in answering it, the earl burst a blood-vessel, and died. Wharton's speech in defence of Atterbury, was also one of his greatest efforts. "His Grace, then in opposition to the Court, went to Chelsea the day before the last debate on that prelate's affair, where, acting contritely, he professed being determined to work out his pardon at Court, by speaking against the bishop, in order to which he begged some hints. The minister (Walpole) was deceived, and went through the whole cause with him, pointing out where the strength of the argument lay, and where his weakness. The duke was very thankful, returned to town, passed the night in drinking, and, without going to bed, went to the House of Lords, where he spoke for the bishop, recapitulating in the most masterly manner, and answering all that had been urged against him." Young dedicated his tragedy of *Revenge* to Wharton, in a style of fulsome adulation, and the duke is said to have presented the poet with £2000 for his poem of the *Universal Passion*, remarking that it was the best bargain he had ever made in his life, for the poem was fairly worth £4000. He also gave Young, as an appropriate lamp for a tragic author, a human skull, in which he had fixed a candle. It must have been by this light, that Young afterwards composed his *Night Thoughts*!

MRS. OLDFIELD.

Ver. 246. *Odious! in content 't would a saint provoke,
(Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke.)*

Narcissa was Mrs. Oldfield, a celebrated actress, who died October 23, 1730, aged 47. Pope, in his *Sober Advice* from Horace, says of her,—and these are almost the only lines that can, with decency, be quoted from that poem,—

"And all the Court in tears, and half the town,
Lament dear charming Oldfield dead and gone,
Engaging Oldfield! who, with grace and ease,
Could join the arts to ruin and to please."

She lived some years with the wit and politician Arthur Mainwaring, who, by his will, 1712, appointed her his executrix. She had a son by Mainwaring, and another by General Churchill, and to these she left her estate. Mrs. Oldfield was buried in Westminster Abbey, between the monuments to Craggs

and Congreve, the corpse being decorated with "a Brussels lace head-dress, a Holland shift with tucker and double ruffles of the same lace, and a pair of new kid gloves." Her companion "Betty" or Mrs. Saunders, a humble actress, attended her constantly, and performed these last offices which vanity prompted. A statute was passed in the 30th of Charles II. and not repealed till the 54th of George III., which imposed a penalty of five pounds upon every burial where any material but woollen was used. From notices inserted in that valuable periodical, *Notes and Queries*, it appears that the penalty was often enforced. It may give some idea of the rate of payment of actresses in the time of Mrs. Oldfield, to mention that her salary was long £200 a-year certain, and a benefit clear of all charges. When the theatre was in prosperity, Cibber says, they advanced her salary to three hundred guineas per annum, with her usual benefit, which, upon an average for several years, at least doubled that sum.



EPISTLE II.

TO

A LADY.

OF THE CHARACTERS OF WOMEN.

[The lady to whom this Epistle is addressed, was the poet's cherished friend, Martha Blount, who had then arrived at the sober age of forty-five. Her poet was two years older. Prefixed to the first edition of the poem in 1733 was the following

"ADVERTISEMENT.

"The author being very sensible how particular a tenderness is due to the female sex, and, at the same time, how little they show to each other, declares, upon his honour, that no one character is drawn from the life in this Epistle. It would otherwise be most improperly inscribed to a lady who, of all the women he knows, is the last that would be entertained at the expense of another."

The Epistle was rather coldly received by the public—probably because the author had thus disclaimed all personal allusions. Parts of it had also been published before in the *Miscellanies* by Pope and Swift, a circumstance which his censors of the *Dunciad* did not fail to notice. The author of *A Letter to Mr. Pope, &c.*, 1735, asks, "How dare you impose upon the public at this rate? 'Tis sly, if not dishonest; 'tis a sign of an avaricious temper, and shows want of invention. You have sold them already three or four times." In another edition, published the same year, Pope inserted a note calculated to pique the curiosity of his readers, in which it was stated, that the want of connexion in the piece was caused by "the omission of certain examples and illustrations of the maxims laid down, which may put the reader in mind of what the author has said in his *Imitation of Horace* :—

"Publish the present age; but, where the text
Is vice too high, reserve it for the next!"

Accordingly the characters of *Philomede*, *Atossa*, and *Chloe*, were added—though not published till after Pope's death—in the edition which, with the assistance of Warburton, he had prepared for the press. The Epistle was thus extended from 200 to 292 lines, the additions forming the most striking and brilliant passages in the poem.]

NOTHING so true as what you once let fall:
"Most women have no characters at all."

Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
And best distinguish'd by black, brown, or fair.

How many pictures of one nymph we view, 5
All how unlike each other, all how true
Arcadia's Countess, here, in ermin'd pride,
Is there, Pastora by a fountain side.

Here Penia, leering on her own good man,
And there, a naked Leda with a swan. 10

Let then the fair one beautifully cry
In Magdalen's loose hair and lifted eye,
Or dress'd in smiles of sweet Cecilia shine,
With simpering angels, palms, and harps divine;¹
Whether the charmer sinner it, or saint it, 15
If folly grow romantic, I must paint it.

Come, then, the colours and the ground prepare!
Dip in the rainbow, trick her off in air;²
Choose a firm cloud, before it fall, and in it
Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute. 20

Rufa, whose eye quick glancing o'er the park,³
Attracts each light gay meteor of a spark,
Agrees as ill with Rufa studying Locke,
As Sappho's diamonds with her dirty smock;
Or Sappho at her toilet's greasy task, 25
With Sappho fragrant at an evening mask:⁴

¹ Attitudes in which several ladies affected to be drawn, and sometimes one lady in them all. The poet's politeness and complaisance to the sex is observable in this instance, amongst others, that whereas in the characters of men he has sometimes made use of real names, in the characters of women, always fictitious.

² [This passage may have been suggested or heightened by recollection of the following lines—pointed out by Wakefield—in Cowley's *Devidis*—

"This he with starry vapours spangles all,
Took in their prime, ere they grow ripe and fall;
Of a new rainbow ere it flet or fade,
The choicest part took out, the scarf is made."]

³ Instances of contrarieties, given even from such characters as are most strongly marked, and seemingly therefore most consistent; as, *L.* in the alluded, ver. 21, &c.

⁴ [In the first edition:—

"As Flavia's diamonds with her dirty smock;
Or Flavia's self in glue (her rising mask)
And issuing fragrant to an evening mask."

The word *fragrant*, though it occurs in all the early editions, must be a mis-

- So morning insects, that in muck began,
Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the setting sun.
How soft is Silia! fearful to offend;⁵
The frail one's advocate, the weak one's friend. 30
To her, Calista proved her conduct nice;
And good Simplicius asks of her advice.
Sudden, she storms! she raves! You tip the wink,
But spare your censure—Silia does not drink.
All eyes may see from what the change arose, 35
All eyes may see—a pimple on her nose.
Papillia, wedded to her amorous spark,
Sighs for the shades—"How charming is a park!"
A park is purchased, but the fair he sees
All bathed in tears—"Oh odious, odious trees!" 40
Ladies, like variegated tulips, show,
'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe;
Fine by defect, and delicately weak,
Their happy spots the nice admirer take.
'Twas thus Calypso once each heart alarm'd,⁶ 45
Awed without virtue, without beauty charm'd;
Her tongue bewitch'd as oddly as her eyes,
Less wit than mimic, more a wit than wise;
Strange graces still, and stranger flights she had,
Was just not ugly, and was just not mad; 50
Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create,
As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.
Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,⁷
To make a wash, would hardly stew a child;
Has e'en been proved to grant a lover's prayer, 55
And paid a tradesman once, to make him stare;
Gave alms at Easter, in a Christian trim,
And made a widow happy, for a whim.
Why then declare good-nature is her scorn,
When 'tis by that alone she can be borne? 60

print for *fragrant*. The substitution of Sappho for Flavia, is supposed to glance at Lady Mary Wortley Montagu (whose negligence in dress is often coarsely alluded to by Pope and Walpole), but it may have arisen simply from a desire on the part of Pope to avoid the repetition of the name of Flavia, applied to two different characters in the same poem. See verse 87.]

⁵ Contrarieties in the soft natured.

⁶ Contrarieties in the cunning and artful.

⁷ In the whimsical.

Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?
 A fool to pleasure, yet a slave to fame:
 Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,
 Now drinking citron with his grace and Chartres:
 Now conscience chills her, and now passion burns; 65
 And atheism and religion take their turns;
 A very heathen in the carnal part,
 Yet still a sad, good Christian at her heart.

See Sin in state, majestically drunk;⁸
 Proud as a peeress, prouder as a punk: 70

Chaste to her husband, frank to all beside,
 A teeming mistress, but a barren bride.
 What then? let blood and body bear the fault,
 Her head's untouch'd, that noble seat of thought:
 Such this day's doctrine—in another fit 75

She sins with poets through pure love of wit.

What has not fired her bosom or her brain?

Cæsar and Tall-boy, Charles and Charlemagne.⁹

As Helluo, late dictator of the feast, 80

The nose of *haut-gout* and the tip of taste,

Critiqued your wine, and analysed your meat.

Yet on plain pudding deign'd at home to eat:

So Philomédé, lecturing all mankind

On the soft passion, and the taste refined,

The address, the delicacy—stoops at once, 85

And makes her hearty meal upon a dance.

Flavia's a wit, has too much sense to pray;¹⁰

To toast our wants and wishes is her way;

Nor asks of God, but of her stars, to give

The mighty blessing, "while we live, to live." 90

Then all for death, that opiate of the soul!

Lucretia's dagger, Rosamonda's bowl.

Say, what can cause such impotence of mind?

A spark too fickle, or a spouse too kind.

⁸ In the lawd and vicious.

⁹ In the MS. :—

"In whose mad brain the mix'd ideas roll,

Of Tall-boy's breeches, and of Cæsar's soul."

[Tall-boy was a character in a comedy called *The Jovial Crew*.]

¹⁰ Contrarieties in the witty and refined.

Wise wretch! with pleasures too refined to please; 95
 With too much spirit to be e'er at ease;
 With too much quickness ever to be taught;
 With too much thinking to have common thought;
 You purchase pain with all that joy can give,
 And die of nothing, but a rage to live. 100

Turn then from wits; and look on Simo's mate,
 No ass so meek, no ass so obstinate.
 Or her, that owns her faults, but never mends,
 Because she's honest, and the best of friends.
 Or her, whose life the church and scandal share, 105
 For ever in a passion, or a prayer.
 Or her, who laughs at hell, but (like her grace)¹¹
 Cries, "Ah! how charming if there's no such place!"
 Or who in sweet vicissitude appears
 Of mirth and opium, ratifia and tears, 110
 The daily anodyne, and nightly draught,
 To kill those foes to fair ones, time and thought.
 Woman and fool are two hard things to hit;
 Far true no-meaning puzzles more than wit.

But what are these to great Atossa's mind?¹² 115
 Scarce once herself, by turns all womankind!
 Who, with herself, or others, from her birth
 Finds all her life one warfare upon earth:
 Shines, in exposing knaves, and painting fools,
 Yet is, whate'er she hates and ridicules. 120
 No thought advances, but her eddy brain
 Whisks it about, and down it goes again.¹³

¹¹ [The Duchess of Mantagu, Lady Mary Churchill, youngest daughter of the Duke of Marlborough, is said to have been "the person here satirized by Pope.]

¹² ["Atossa is a name mentioned in Herodotus, and said to be a follower of Sappho. She was daughter of Cyrus, and sister of Cambyses, and married Darius. She is also named in the Persae of Æschylus. She is said to be the first that wrote epistles. See Bentley on Phalaris, p. 385, and Dodwell against Bentley."—WARREN. Pope's Atossa was Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, and the choice of the name was certainly felicitous; for Sarah was a great friend of the poet's Sappho, Lady Mary—was married to a great man—and was a great writer of epistles.]

¹³ In the MS. were these lines:—

"Oppress'd with wealth, and wit, abundance sad!
 One makes her poor, the other makes her mad."

Full sixty years the world has been her trade,
 The wisest fool much time has ever made.
 From loveless youth to unrespected age, 125
 No passion gratified, except her rage,
 So much the fury still outran the wit,
 The pleasure miss'd her, and the scandal hit.
 Who breaks with her, provokes revenge from hell,
 But he's a bolder man who dares be well. 130
 Her every turn with violence pursued,
 No more a storm her hate than gratitude:
 To that each passion turns, or soon or late;
 Love, if it makes her yield, must make her hate:
 Superiors? death! and equals? what a curse! 135
 But an inferior not dependant? worse.
 Offend her, and she knows not to forgive;
 Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live:
 But die, and she'll adore you—then the bust
 And temple rise—then fall again to dust. 140
 Last night, her lord was all that's good and great;
 A knave this morning, and his will a cheat.
 Strange! by the means defeated of the ends,
 By spirit robbed of power, by warmth of friends,
 By wealth of followers! without one distress, 145
 Sick of herself, through very selfishness!
 Atossa, cursed with every granted prayer,
 Childless with all her children, wants an heir.¹⁴
 To heirs unknown descends the unguarded store,
 Or wanders, heaven-directed, to the poor. 150
 Pictures like these, dear Madam, to design,
 Ask no firm hand, and no unerring line:
 Some wandering touches, some reflected light,
 Some flying stroke alone can hit them right:
 For how should equal colours do the knack? 155
 Cameleons who can paint in white and black?
 "Yet Chloe sure was form'd without a spot."—
 Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot.

¹⁴ After ver. 148, in the MS. :—

"This death decides, not lets the blessing fall
 On any one she hates, but on them all.
 Cursed chance! this only could afflict her more;
 If any part should wander to the poor."

"With every pleasing, every prudent part,
 Say, what can Chloe want?"—She wants a heart. 160
 She speaks, behaves, and acts, just as she ought,
 But never, never, reached one generous thought.
 Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
 Content to dwell in decencies for ever,
 So very reasonable, so unmov'd, 165
 As never yet to love, or to be loved.
 She, while her lover pants upon her breast,
 Can mark the figures on an Indian chest;
 And when she sees her friend in deep despair,
 Observes how much a chintz exceeds mohair! 170
 Forbid it Heaven, a favour or a debt
 She e'er should cancel—but she may forget.
 Safe is your secret still in Chloe's ear;
 But none of Chloe's shall you ever hear.
 Of all her dears she never slander'd one, 175
 But cares not if a thousand are undone.
 Would Chloe know if you're alive or dead?
 She bids her footman put it in her head.¹⁵
 Chloe is prudent—would you too be wise?
 Then never break your heart when Chloe dies. 180
 One certain portrait may (I grant) be seen,
 Which Heaven has varnish'd out, and made a queen:
 The same for ever! and described by all
 With truth and goodness, as with crown and ball.
 Poets heap virtues, painters gems, at will, 185
 And show their zeal, and hide their want of skill.
 'Tis well—but artists! who can paint or write,
 To draw the naked is your true delight.
 That robe of quality so struts and swells,
 None see what parts of nature it conceals: 190
 The exactest traits of body or of mind,
 We owe to models of an humble kind.
 If Queensberry to strip there's no compelling,
 'Tis from a handmaid we must take a Helen.

¹⁵ [Warton says, that Pope being at dinner one day with Mrs. Howard, afterwards Countess of Suffolk—the Chloe of the poem—heard her order her footman to put her in mind to send to know how Mrs. Blount, who was ill, had passed the night.]

From peer or bishop 'tis no easy thing 195
To draw the man who loves his God, or king :
Alas ! I copy (or my draught would fail)
From honest Mahomet, or plain Parson Hale.

But grant, in public, men sometimes are shown,¹⁶
A woman's seen in private life alone : 200
Our bolder talents in full light display'd ;
Your virtues open fairest in the shade.
Bred to disguise, in public 'tis you hide :
There, none distinguish 'twixt your shame or pride,
Weakness or delicacy ; all so nice, 205
That each may seem a virtue, or a vice.

In men we various ruling passions find ;¹⁷
In women, two almost divide the kind :
Those, only fix'd, they first or last obey,
The love of pleasure, and the love of sway. 210

That, Nature gives ; and where the lesson taught¹⁸
Is but to please, can pleasure seem a fault ?
Experience, this ; by man's oppression curs'd,
They seek the second not to lose the first.

Men, some to business, some to pleasure tike ; 215
But every woman is at heart a rake ;¹⁹
Men, some to quiet, some to public strife,
But every lady would be queen for life.

¹⁶ After ver. 108, in the MS. :—

"Fain I'd in Fulvia spy the tender wife ;
I cannot prove it on her for my life :
And, for a noble pride, I blush no less,
Instead of Berenice to think on Bess.
Thus while immortal Cibber only sings
(As * and H**y preach) for queens and kings,
The nymph that ne'er read Milton's mighty line
May, if she love, and merit verse, have none."

[The blanks may be filled up with the names of Clarke and Hoadley, the Queen's favourite divines.]

¹⁷ The former part having shown, that the particular characters of women are more various than those of men, it is nevertheless observed, that the general characteristic of the sex, as to the ruling passion, is more uniform.

¹⁸ This is occasioned partly by their nature, partly by their education, and in some degree by necessity.

¹⁹ [Ayre, in his *Memors of Pope* (1745), says a certain lady "whose name for virtue and rectitude of manners has been too conspicuous not to be seen by everybody," rallied Pope on this depreciatory couplet. The poet

Yet mark the fate of a whole sex of queens!²⁰
 Power all their end, but beauty all the means: 220
 In youth they conquer with so wild a rage,
 As leaves them scarce a subject in their age:
 For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam;
 No thought of peace or happiness at home.
 But wisdom's triumph is well-timed retreat, 225
 As hard a science to the fair as great!
 Beauties, like tyrants, old and friendless grown,
 Yet hate repose, and dread to be alone.
 Worn out in public, weary every eye,
 Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die. 230
 Pleasures the sex, as children birds, pursue,²¹
 Still out of reach, yet never out of view;
 Sure, if they catch, to spoil the toy at most,
 To covet flying, and regret when lost:
 At last, to follies youth could scarce defend, 235
 It grows their age's prudence to pretend;
 Ashamed to own they gave delight before,
 Reduced to feign it, when they give no more:
 As hags hold sabbaths, less for joy than spite,
 So these their merry, miserable night; 240
 Still round and round the ghosts of beauty glide,
 And haunt the places where their honour died.
 See how the world its veterans rewards!
 A youth of frolics, an old age of cards;
 Fair to no purpose, artful to no end, 245
 Young without lovers, old without a friend;
 A fop their passion, but their prize a sot,
 Alive, ridiculous, and dead, forgot!²²

gallantly rejoined, "I must entreat of you to observe, that I only say, 'But every woman is at heart a rake.' This no way affects your ladyship, who was an angel when you were young, and now, advancing into life, are almost already become a saint." "At this door (adds simple Squire Ayre) did Mr. Pope escape, for the lady was woman enough to be pleased with the compliment, and only said, 'O fie, O fie! you wits will always make things out either a great deal worse or better than they are.'"

²⁰ What are the aims and the fate of this sex—I. As to power.

²¹ II. As to pleasure.

²² [The six lines, v. 242—248, originally formed part of the poem addressed to Martha Blount on her birth-day, and published in the *Miscellanies*. James Moore Smyth printed five of the lines as his own, in his play, the *Rival Modes*;

Ah, Friend! to dazzle let the vain design;²³
 To raise the thought and touch the heart be thine! 250
 That charm shall grow, while what fatigues the ring;²⁴
 I launts and goes down, an unregarded thing:
 So when the sun's broad beam has tired the sight,
 All mild ascends the moon's more sober light,
 Serene in virgin modesty she shines, 255
 And unobserved the glaring orb declines.

Oh! bless'd with temper, whose unclouded ray
 Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day;
 She, who can love a sister's charms, or hear²⁵
 Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear; 260
 She who ne'er answers till a husband coals,
 Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules;

and Pope frequently alludes with great bitterness to the theft and its author. For an account of the plagiarism, see *Testimonies of Authors*, prefixed to the *Dunciad*, vol. ii. p. 27. See also Prologue to the *Satires* in this volume, verse 373.]

²³ Advice for their true interest.

²⁴ [The ring or circle in Hyde Park was a place of fashionable resort from the time of Charles I. to that of George II., when it was partly destroyed by the formation of the Serpentine river. It is alluded to in most of the comedies and fashionable verses of the period. It was in the ring that that curious incident occurred in the life of Wycherley, which Pope related to Spence. "Wycherley was a very handsome man. His acquaintance with the famous Duchess of Cleveland commenced oddly enough. One day as he passed that duchess's coach in the ring, she leaned out of the window, and cried out loud enough to be heard distinctly by him, 'Sir, you're a rascal; you're a villain.' Wycherley from that instant entertained hopes. He did not fail waiting on her the next morning; and, with a very melancholy tone, begged to know, how it was possible for him to have so much disoblighed her grace? They were very good friends from that time."]

²⁵ [In first edition:—

"That pleased can see a younger charm, or hear
 Sighs for a sister with unwounded ear;
 That ne'er shall answer till a husband cool,
 Or, if you rule him, never show you rule;
 Please by receiving, by submitting sway,
 Yet have your humour most when you obey."

The sister, of course, was Teresa Blount, who was two years older than Martha. The substitution of *daughter* for *sister*, and the other alterations, seem to deprive Martha Blount of the honour of this address, as Johnson has remarked, but they were most likely adopted from motives of delicacy, as her connection with Pope had given rise to local scandal.]

Charms by accepting, by submitting, sways,
 Yet has her humour most, when she obeys;
 Let fops or fortune fly which way they will, 265
 Disdains all loss of tickets, or codille;
 Spleen, vapours, or small-pox, above them all,
 And mistress of herself, though China fall.²⁶

And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
 Woman's at best a contradiction still. 270
 Heaven, when it strives to polish all it can
 Its last best work, but forms a softer man;
 Picks from each sex, to make the favourite blest,
 Your love of pleasure, our desire of rest:
 Blends, in exception to all general rules, 275
 Your taste of follies, with our scorn of fools;
 Reserve with frankness, art with truth allied,
 Courage with softness, modesty with pride;
 Fix'd principles, with fancy ever new;
 Shakes all together, and produces—you! 280

Be this a woman's fame; with this unblest,
 Toasts live a scorn, and queens may die a jest.
 This Phœbus promised (I forget the year)
 When those blue eyes first open'd on the sphere;
 Ascendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care, 285
 Averted half your parents' simple prayer;
 And gave you beauty, but denied the pelf
 That buys your sex a tyrant o'er itself.
 The generous god, who wit and gold refines,
 And ripens spirits as he ripens mines, 290
 Kept dress for duchesses, the world shall know it,
 To you gave sense, good humour, and a poet.

²⁶ [The allusion to the fall of China, is taken from Addison in the Spectator. The tickets were, of course, lottery tickets, in which Pope and Miss Blount dabbled occasionally. It is curious to find small-pox—so deadly a distemper—classed with spleen, vapours, and broken china. Mariba Blount appears to have had the small-pox. In a letter to Teresa, the poet wishes that Mariba's beauty may continue as it always was; "but whatever ravages a merciless distemper may commit, I dare promise her boldly, what few, if any, of her makers of visits and compliments dare to do—she shall have one man as much her admirer as ever." See Life of Pope, in this edition, vol. I. p. 49.]

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

DUCHESS OF HAMILTON.

Ver. 68. *Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild.*

To make a wash would hardly stew a child.

The characters of Calypso and Narcissa in this passage were originally presented as one, under the name of Sylvia, in the *Miscellanies*, 1727. According to Warton, however, Narcissa was intended for the Duchess of Hamilton, and there are certainly points of resemblance; though it should be remembered that Pope stated, upon his honour, that no character in the *Epistle* as then published (including Narcissa) was drawn from the life. Such a positive declaration should, at least, give the duchess the benefit of a *doubt* as to her complete identity with the unamiable Narcissa. The Duchess of Hamilton of that day was Elizabeth Gerard, daughter of Digby, Lord Gerard, of Bromley, and widow of James, Duke of Hamilton, who was killed in a duel with Lord Mohun, Nov. 15, 1712. In that unfortunate duel both the principals were slain. Lord Mohun was a notorious profligate, who had frequently been engaged in duels and midnight brawls, and had been twice tried for murder. The only remark made by his widow, when his corpse was brought home, was an expression of high displeasure that the men had laid the body on her state bed, thereby staining with blood the rich and costly furniture! The Duke and Lord Mohun had quarrelled about a lawsuit depending in the Court of Chancery, and political differences exasperated their dislike of each other. Hamilton was a Tory, and Master-General of the Ordnance; Mohun was of the Whig party. The duel was fought in Hyde Park; Mohun fell mortally wounded, the duke being above him. The latter was lifted up, and walked about thirty yards, when he sank down, and expired. It would seem that while the duke was over Mohun, the desperate duellist must have shortened his sword, and stabbed him to the heart, the wound commencing below the left shoulder. Colonel Hamilton, the duke's second, afterwards swore that the mortal wound was given, not by Lord Mohun, but by his second, General Macartney, who, he said, made a push at the duke while he was down. This accusation was unsupported by proof, and Colonel Hamilton perjured, and was confused in his evidence. Macartney fled, and a reward of £500 from the Crown, and £800 from the widowed duchess, was offered for his apprehension. He escaped to Hanover, where he remained for some time, enjoying the favour of the Court, and on his return to England he surrendered himself for trial. The public feeling against him had by this time abated; and he was found guilty of manslaughter only. The Duchess of Hamilton continued a widow until her



LORD MOHUN.

death, February 10, 1744. We have some scanty notices of this lady in Swift's Journal and Correspondence. The Dean visited her on the morning of the fatal occurrence, and remained with her two hours. "I never saw so melancholy a scene," he says. Two months afterwards, he was again on a visit to the Duchess, but the tables were turned. She never grieved, but raged, and stormed, and railed: "She is pretty quiet now, but has a diabolical temper." Swift afterwards gives a very Irish-like supplement to this affair:—

"March 4. 1712. I was to see the Duchess of Hamilton to-day, and met Blith of Ireland just going out of her house into his coach. I asked how she came to receive young fellows? It seems he had a ball in the Duke of Hamilton's house when the Duke died, and the Duchess got an advertisement put in the *Postboy* reflecting on the ball, because the Marlboroughs were there; and Blith came to beg the Duchess's pardon, and clear himself. He is a sad dog.

"March 6. I met Blith at the Duke of Ormond's, and he begged me to carry him to the Duchess of Hamilton, to beg her pardon again. I did on purpose to see how the blunderbuss behaved himself; but I begged the Duchess to use him mercifully, for she is the devil of a tender. The good of it is, she ought to beg his pardon, for he meant no harm; yet she would not

allow him to put in an advertisement to clear himself from hers, though hers was all a lie. He appealed to me, and *I gravely gave it against him.*"

One letter from the Duchess of Hamilton to Swift appears in his correspondence, and one addressed to her by Pope is also published. We subjoin both. Pope's letter was written in that gay and splendid period of his life when the success of his *Homer* had secured a competency, and when the favours of the great were profusely lavished upon him.

"Wednesday (about 1725):

"Dear Dean,—When we were together last, I remember we spoke of a certain stanza, which you suspected me parent of; by reason there were some things in it you were sure I should have said twelve years ago. If this be a rule, I am certain you are not Dean Swift, for twelve years ago your promised letter had not been so long in coming to me. All I can say is, I wish you had been twelve years ago what I wish you now, [a bishop?] and that you were now what you was twelve years ago to

"Your real friend and humble servant,

"E. HAMILTON."

"London, October (between day and night).

"Madam,—Mrs. Whitworth (who, as her epitaph on Twitnam highway assures us, had attained to as much perfection and purity as any since the Apostles) is now deposited, according to her own order, between a fig-tree and a vine, there to be found at the last resurrection.

"I am just come from seeing your Grace in much the like situation, between a honeysuckle and a rosebud; where you are to continue as long as canvas can last. I suppose the painter, by those emblems, intended to intimate, on the one hand, your Grace's sweet disposition to your friends: and, on the other, to show you are near enough related to the thistle of Scotland to deserve the same motto with regard to your enemies. *Nemo me impune lacessit.* (Lord William will construe this Latine if you send it to Thistleworth.)

"The two foregoing periods, methinks, are so mystical, learned, and perplexed, that if you have any statesmen or divines about you, they can't choose but be pleased with them. One divine you cannot be without as a good Christian; and a statesman you have lately had, for I hear my Lord Selkirk has been with you. But (that I may not be unintelligible quite to the bottom of this page) I must tell your Grace, in English, that I have made a painter bestow the aforesaid ornaments round about you: (for upon you there needs none), and I am, upon the whole, pleased with my picture beyond expression. I may now say of your picture, it is the thing in the world the likest you, except yourself; as a cautious person once said of an elephant, it was the biggest in the world, except itself.

"You see, Madam, it is not impossible for you to be compared to an elephant; and you must give me leave to show you one may carry on the simile. An elephant never bends his knees—and I am told your Grace says no prayers. An elephant has a most remarkable command of his snout—and so has your Grace when you imitate my Lady C——y.¹ An

elephant is a great lover of man—and so is your Grace for all I know; though, from your partiality to myself, I should rather think you loved little children.

"I beg you not to be discouraged in this point. Remember the text, which I'll preach upon the first day I am a parson: '*Suffer little children to come to me.*' And '*despise not one of these little ones.*' No, Madam, despise great bears, such as Gay, who now goes by the dreadful name of *The Beast of Blois*, where Mr. Pulteney and he are settled, and where he shows tricks gratis, to all the beasts of his own country (for strangers do not yet understand the voice of the beast). I have heard from him but once, Lord Warwick twice, Mrs. Lapell thrice: if there be any that has heard from him four times, I suppose it is you.²

"I beg Mr. Blondel may know Dr. Logg has received ordination, and enters upon his functions this winter at Mrs. Blount's. They have chosen this innocent man for their confessor; and I believe most Roman Catholic ladies, that have any sins, will follow their example. This good priest will be of the order of Melchisedec for ever, and serve a family from generation to generation. He'll stand in a corner as quietly as a clock; and, being wound up once a week, strike up a loud alarm to sin on a Sunday morning. Nay, if the Christian religion should be abolished (as indeed there is great reason to expect it from the wisdom of the legislature) he might, at worts, make an excellent bonfire, which is all that, upon a change of religion, can be desired from a heretic. I do not hope your Grace should be converted, but, however, I wish you would call at Mrs. B.'s out of curiosity. To meet people one likes, is thought by some the best reason for going to church, and I dare promise you'll like one another. They are extremely your servants, or else I should not think them my friends.

"I ought to keep up the custom, and ask you to send me something. Therefore pray, Madam, send me yourself—that is, a letter; and pray make haste to bring up yourself—that is, all I value—to town.

I am, with the truest respect, the least ceremony, and the most zeal, Madam

Your Grace's most obedient, faithful, and most humble servant,

A. POPE.

"Mr. Hamilton, I am yours. There is a short letter for you!"

HENRIETTA, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

Ver. 69. See *Sin in state*.] This character is said to have been designed for the young Duchess of Marlborough, Henrietta, eldest daughter of the great Duke, and married to Lord Godolphin. She was Duchess in her own

¹ [Evidently Lady Orkney, a relation of the Duchess of Hamilton's, and often mentioned by Swift, who considered her the wisest woman he ever knew. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu gives a ludicrous description of her appearance at the coronation of George II. in 1727, mentioning her great size, the inimitable roll of her eyes, and her grey hairs, which, by good fortune, stood directly upright.]

² [Pulteney took Gay with him in a trip to France in 1717, which fixes the date of this letter.]

right. This vain and fantastic lady is celebrated for her romantic attachment to Congreve, the poet, who left her the greatest part of his fortune, about £10,000,—£7,000 of which she laid out in a diamond necklace. Most of the remainder must have been spent on the magnificent funeral and monument with which she honoured Congreve's remains. The corpse lay in state in the Jerusalem Chamber, and was interred in the south transept of Westminster Abbey, with great pomp. The pall-bearers were, the Duke of Bridgewater, Lord Cobham, the Earl of Wilmington, the Hon. George Berkeley, and General Churchill. The Duchess next erected a monument to her poet, which bears the following inscription, written by herself:—"Mr. William Congreve, died Jan. the 19th, 1728, aged fifty-six, and was buried near this place: to whose most valuable memory this monument is set up by Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough, as a mark how deeply she remembers the happiness and honour she enjoyed in the sincere friendship of so worthy and honest a man, whose virtue, candour, and wit, gained him the love and esteem of the present age, and whose writings will be the admiration of the future." It is said that the Duchess had a figure of Congreve made in wax—something like the "effigies" of the nobility which used to be placed in glass-cases in Westminster Abbey,—to which she addressed her conversation, placed it at table with her, and treated in all respects as if it had been the veritable "Old Bachelor." The absurdity of the Duchess, and the vanity of Congreve—who had parties having strong claims on his fortune—are well worthy of each other; but whether Henrietta deserved the coarse imputations conveyed in the sketch of Philomede does not appear. She died childless in 1738.

SARAH, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH

Ver. 115. *But what are these to great Alissa's mind?* There was no mistaking this portrait of Sarah, the old and famous Duchess of Marlborough. Her violent and imperious temper had alienated from her the affection of Queen Anne (though the lady of the bedchamber and the Queen had corresponded for years under the assumed names of Mrs. Morley and Mrs. Freeman, and the former had in reality wielded the powers of sovereignty), and her whole life afterwards, to the age of eighty-four, was a scene of restlessness, turbulence, and intrigue. With nearly all her family she was at open war, and her insolence, her irreligion, and avarice, seemed to increase with her age. Some gleams of talent, an indomitable spirit, and the remains of exquisite beauty, with occasional fits of generosity and affection, relieve this gloomy picture of old age, "joyless and unendeared," and attach a degree of interest to the name and history of the clever termagant Duchess. Pope was personally acquainted with Sarah; he visited her, and corresponded with her. "She makes great court to me," he said to Swift in 1739; and four years afterwards he writes to Lord Marchmont, that there were many hours he would be glad to talk to, or rather to hear, the Duchess of Marlborough. "I would listen to her with the same veneration and belief in all her doctrines as the disciples of Socrates gave to the words of their master."

or be himself to his demon (for I think she too has a devil, whom in civility we will call a genius). I will judge of nothing till I see her." The doctrines of Sarah were startling enough, and she was anxious to retain Pope and Lord Marchmont among her friends, the list of which had been woefully thinned by her own caprice and violence. She evidently stood in awe of Pope's satirical genius, and in some respects his seemingly arrogant boast was realized:—

"Yes, I am proud; I must be proud to see
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me."

In her eighty-second year (1742) she writes to Lord Marchmont—

"I am not arrived at so much philosophy as not to think torturing pain an evil; that is the only thing I now dread, for death is unavoidable; and I cannot find that anybody has yet demonstrated whether it is a good thing or a bad one. Pray do not think me wicked in saying this, and if you talk to Mr. Pope of me, endeavour to keep him my friend: for I do firmly believe the immortality of the soul as much as he does, though I am not learned enough to have found out what it is."

About a fortnight afterwards she writes again to Lord Marchmont, acknowledging with evident pleasure the receipt of a letter from his Lordship, with another from Pope, and stating, that if she could in the country receive letters from them, she would never wish to come to town. "In that way of conversing, I should have all the pleasure that I can possibly propose, without the disappointment when Mr. Pope falls asleep, or the dread of your taking leave because you were weary." Again—"I shall always be pleased to see your Lordship and Mr. Pope, when you will be so bountiful as to give me any part of your time." In the same rambling epistle (which she acknowledges to be as long as a Chancery bill) she expatiates on her peculiar doctrines, and her dear friends the philosophers, "in whose belief of the transmigration of souls she is disposed to concur, adding sarcastically, "I have a great mind to believe that kings' and first ministers' souls when they die go into chimney-sweepers." This original idea of the chimney-sweepers was suggested by an incident in her house, which at that time was undergoing the cleaning process:—

"One of the chimney-sweepers was a little boy, a most miserable creature, without shoes, stockings, breeches, or shirt. When it was over, I sent a servant of mine to Windsor with him, to equip this poor creature with what he wanted, which cost very little, *not being so well dressed as the late Privy Seal* [Lord Hervey]. And as I could not be sure the souls of these chimney-sweepers had come from great men, I could not repent of their being so much overpaid as they were."

On the score of *over-payment*, Sarah should not have been eager to throw the first stone. "Exclusive of Blenheim, of parliamentary grants, of gifts, of marriage portions from the Queen to their daughters, it appears that the fixed yearly income of the Duke, at the height of his favour, was no less than £44,825, and that the Duchess had, in offices and pensions, an additional sum of £9,500."—*Lord Mahon's History*, vol. 1. In her old age Sarah was the richest commoner in England. Vanbrugh, with whom she waged a bitter

war about Blenheim, writes:—"He (the Duke of Marlborough) has given his widow—*may a Scotch ensign get her!*—£10,000 a-year to spoil Blenheim her own way, and £12,000 a-year to keep herself clean, and go to law." To some "great men," patriots after her own heart, Sarah could be liberal. Chesterfield got £20,000 from her estate, Pitt, Lord Chatham, £10,000, Marchmont, £2000, &c. She is said to have given Hooke, the historian, £5000 for writing for her the "Apology," or explanation of her public conduct, though the good Nathaniel afterwards lost favour by endeavouring to make her a Roman Catholic! Fear prompted the £1000 given to Pope, if there were no other condition implied in the gift. Mrs. Ridley, her waiting-woman, had about £70,000. Walpole was highly amused with one provision in her will: that no part of the Life of the Duke of Marlborough, intrusted to Glover and Mallet, and for which £1000 was left, *should be written in verse*. Glover, it is well known, threw up his half of the legacy, while Mallet took the whole, and never wrote a line of the Life.



BLENHIM.

Out of the record of Sarah's fends and ebullitions of temper, some amusing incidents arise. With her grandson, Charles, second son of the Earl of Sunderland, she had a Chancery suit, and appeared in the Court to plead her own cause. Amongst the property in dispute was a famous diamond-hilted sword, given to the great Duke by the Emperor. "That sword," said she, emphatically, to the Court, "that sword, *my lord* would have carried to the gates of Paris. Am I to live to see the diamonds picked off one by one, and lodged at the pawnbroker's?" Yet Sarah herself, if we are to believe Swift and Walpole, on receiving from the Queen a picture in enamel, set with diamonds, took off the diamonds, and gave the picture to a Mrs. Figgins, to be sold. The

Earl of Oxford (Harley) purchased it for £100. This was a mark of Sarah's sovereign contempt. One of her grand-daughters, Lady Anne Egerton, had deeply offended her. The grandmother got hold of a portrait of the lady, blackened over the face, and inscribed in large characters on the frame, "*She is much blacker within!*" Thus, placed in her usual sitting-room, the picture was exhibited to all visitors. She had still at a great age considerable remains of beauty, more expressive eyes, and the finest hair imaginable, the colour of which she had preserved unchanged by the constant use of honey-water. None of her charms, when they were at their proudest height, had been so fondly prized by the poor Duke, her husband. Therefore, one day, upon his offending her by some act of disobedience to her strong sovereign will, the bright thought occurred, as she sat considering how she could plague him most, that it would be a hearty vexation to see his favourite tresses cut off. Instantly the deed was done; she cropped them short, and laid them in an ante-chamber he must pass through to enter her apartment. But, to her cruel disappointment, he passed, entered, and re-passed, calm enough to provoke a saint; neither angry nor sorrowful; seemingly quite unconscious both of his crime and his punishment. Concluding he must have overlooked the hair, she ran to secure it. To! it had vanished—and she remained in great perplexity the rest of the day. The next, as he continued silent, and her looking-glass spoke the change a rueful one, she began for once to think she had done rather a foolish thing. Nothing ever transpired upon the subject until after the Duke's death, when she found her beautiful ringlets carefully laid by in a cabinet, where he kept whatever he held most precious: and at this point of the story she regularly fell a-crying.*

It does not appear at what time the Duchess presented Pope with a sum of £1000 to suppress the character of Atossa. Walpole and Warton relate the incident in nearly the same terms. The lines were first shown to her Grace as if they were intended for a portrait of the Duchess of Buckingham;† but she soon stopped the person who was reading them to her, and called out aloud, "I cannot be so imposed upon; I see plainly for whom they are designed." She gave Pope £1000 to suppress the portrait, which he accepted, it is said, by the persuasion of Martha Blount; and after the Duchess's death it was printed in a folio sheet, 1746, and then inserted with the characters

* See the interesting Introductory Anecdotes, contributed by Lady Louisa Stuart to Lord Wharfedale's edit. of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's Works.

† "The Duchess of Buckingham was as much elated by owing her birth to James II. (by Catherine Sedley, as the Marlborough (the Duchess) was by the favour of his daughter. She indulged her pompous mind with such shows as were appropriate to her rank. She had made a funeral for her husband as splendid as that of the great Marlborough: she renewed that pageant for her only son, a weak lad, who died under age; and for herself; and prepared and decorated waxen dolls of him and of herself to be exhibited in glass-cases in Westminster Abbey. It was for the procession at her son's burial that she wrote to old Sarah of Marlborough to borrow the triumphal car that had transported the corpse of the Duke. "It carried my lord Marlborough," replied the other, "and shall never be used for anybody else." "I have consulted the undertaker," replied the Buckingham, "and he tells me I may have a firer for twenty pounds!"—*Walpole's Reminiscences.*

of Philonede and Chloe, in Warburton's edition of Pope's Works, prepared, and partly printed before the poet's death. The publication of the Marchmont Papers, in 1831, confirmed this traditionary story, which every admirer of Pope, and every friend to good faith and independence of character in men of genius, would gladly have seen disproved, and blotted out for ever.

COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK.

Ver. 157. *Yet Chloe sure was form'd without a spot.*] Henrietta Hobart, daughter of Sir Henry Hobart, married first to the Hon. Charles Howard, afterwards Earl of Suffolk, and secondly to the Hon. George Berkeley. She is best known as Mrs. Howard, lady of the bed-chamber to the princess, afterwards Queen Caroline. No doubt was ever entertained that Mrs. Howard was Pope's "Chloe," and the publication of her correspondence, in 1824, showed how truly the poet had delineated her character. "Though Miss



LORD BATHURST.

Bellenden, one of the maids of honour, bore away the palm of beauty, and her colleague, Miss Lepell, that of grace and wit, Mrs. Howard's good sense, amiability, and sweetness of temper and manners, made her a universal favourite; and it was her singular good fortune to be at once distinguished by her mistress, and beloved by her companions." ⁶ She was also unfortunately distinguished by the prince, afterwards George II., in consequence of which her husband, Mr. Howard, affected great indignation, but was silenced,

⁶ Mr. Croker's Preface to the Suffolk Correspondence.

and consented to a separation for a consideration of £1200 a-year. All the wits and poets of the day—Swift, Pope, Gay, Lord Peterborough, and others—paid court to Mrs. Howard; poor Gay always trusting to her influence for some easy secure appointment, in which he was doomed to disappointment. In 1731, on Mr. Howard succeeding to the earldom of Suffolk, the new countess became mistress of the robes, and three years afterwards she retired from Court. Her health had always been precarious, and she laboured under the infirmity of deafness, but the principal cause of her retirement was that she had entirely lost the royal favour. The Queen wished to retain her, fearing a more formidable successor, and George complained that she "would not let him part with a deaf old woman that he was weary of." It is scarcely possible to conceive anything more gross than the morals and manners of the



MARBLE HILL.

English Court during the time of the two first Georges, as detailed by Walpole and Lord Hervey. Every department was affected; and among the maids of honour, as among the wits and divines, Mrs. Howard was looked upon as a model of propriety. Lord Hervey says that Mrs. Howard had £2000 a-year from the King while he was prince, and £3200 after his accession to the throne, "besides several little dabs of money both before and after he came to the crown." The final "dab" was £12,000 towards the completion of the villa of Marble-hill near Twickenham. "Lords Burlington and Pembroke designed the house; Lord Bathurst and Pope laid out the gardens; and Gay, Swift, and Arbuthnot constituted themselves superintendents of the household." Was ever villa so honoured before? In 1736 (having lost her uncongenial husband, Lord Suffolk, in 1733), "Chloe" married George Berkeley. She had then arrived at the age of forty-seven. They lived together

eleven years; and after Mr. Berkeley's decease, in 1746, she survived twenty-one years, gratifying her neighbour, Horace Walpole, with Court anecdotes long after all the actors in them had passed away. "Lady Suffolk," says Walpole, "was of a just height, well made, extremely fair, with the finest light brown hair, was remarkably genteel, and always well dressed, with taste and simplicity. Those were her personal charms, for her face was regular and agreeable rather than beautiful; and those charms she retained, with little diminution, to her death, at the age of seventy-nine," July, 1767.

DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

Ver. 133. *If Queensberry to strip there's no compelling,
'Tis from a handmaid we must take a Helen.*

The celebrated Catherine Hyde, grand-daughter of the great Clarendon, and wife of Charles Douglas, third Duke of Queensberry. Prior, Swift, Pope, and Gay have all chanted the praises of "Kitty, beautiful and young, and wild as colt untamed." Prior makes her before her marriage spurn the restraints which "wise mamma ordained," and envy the freedom of her sister, Lady Jenny:—

"What has she better, pray, than I?
What hidden charms to boast,
That all mankind for her should die,
Whilst I am scarce a toast?"

The second of these lines probably suggested the not very delicate compliment conveyed in Pope's couplet. The Duchess's extraordinary friendship for Gay is well known. He was the inmate of the ducal mansion for years, and, in order to promote his services, his fair patroness sacrificed even the favour of the Court. Lord Hervey has described this fracas in a style very characteristic:—

"Among the remarkable occurrences of this winter [1729], I cannot help relating that of the Duchess of Queensberry being forbid the Court, and the occasion of it. One Gay, a poet, had written a ballad opera, which was thought to reflect a little upon the Court, and a good deal upon the minister. It was called *The Beggar's Opera*, and had a prodigious run, and was so extremely pretty in its kind, that even those who were most glanced at in the satire had prudence enough to disguise their resentment, by chiming in with the universal applause with which it was performed. Gay, who had attached himself to Mrs. Howard (then one of the ladies of the bedchamber to Queen Caroline), and been disappointed of preferment at Court, finding this couched satire upon those to whom he imputed his disappointment, succeed so well, wrote a second part to this opera, less pretty, but more abusive, and so little disguised, that Sir Robert Walpole resolved, rather than suffer himself to be produced for thirty nights together upon the stage, in the person of a highwayman, to make use of his friend, the Duke of Grafton's authority, as Lord Chamberlain, to put a stop to the representation of it. Accordingly, this theatrical *Croftman* was prohibited at every playhouse,

Gay, irritated at this bar thrown in the way both of his interest and revenge, zested this work with some supplemental invectives, and resolved to print it by subscription. The Duchess of Queensberry set herself at the head of this undertaking, and solicited every mortal that came in her way, or in whose way she could put herself, to subscribe. To a woman of her quality, proverbially beautiful, and at the top of the polite and fashionable world, people were ashamed to refuse a guinea, though they were afraid to give it. Her solicitations were so universal, and so pressing, that she came even into the Queen's apartment, went round the drawing-room, and made even the King's servants contribute to the printing of a thing which the King had forbid being acted. The King, when he came into the drawing-room, seeing her Grace very busy in a corner with three or four men, asked her what she had been doing. She answered, "What must be agreeable, she was sure, to anybody so humane as his Majesty, for it was an act of charity, and a charity to which she did not despair of bringing his Majesty to contribute." Enough was said for each to understand the other, and though the King did not then (as the Duchess of Queensberry reported) appear at all angry, yet this proceeding of her Grace's, when talked over in private between his Majesty and the Queen, was so resented, that Mr. Stanhope, then Vice-Chamberlain to the King, was sent in form to the Duchess of Queensberry, to desire her to forbear coming to Court. His message was verbal. Her answer, for fear of mistakes, she desired to send in writing, wrote it on the spot, and this is the literal copy:—

Feb. 27, 1723-9.

That the Duchess of Queensberry is surprised and well pleased that the King hath given her so agreeable a command as to stay from Court, where she never came for diversion, but to bestow a great civility on the King and Queen: she hopes by such an unprecedented order as this is, that the King will see as few as he wishes at his Court, particularly such as dare to think or speak truth. I dare not do otherwise, and ought not, nor could have imagined that it would not have been the very highest compliment that I could possibly pay the King, to endeavour to support truth and innocence in his house, particularly when the King and Queen both told me that they had not read Mr. Gay's play. I have certainly done right, then, to stand by my own words rather than his Grace of Grafton's, who hath neither made use of truth, judgment, nor honour, through this whole affair, either for himself or his friends.

C. QUEENSBERRY.

"When her Grace had finished this paper, drawn with more spirit than accuracy, she gave it to Mr. Stanhope, who desired her to think again, asked pardon for being so impertinent as to offer her any advice, but begged she would give him leave to carry an answer less rough than that she had put into his hands. Upon this she wrote another, but so much more disrespectful, that he desired the first again, and delivered it. Most people blamed the Court upon this occasion. What the Duchess of Queensberry did was certainly impertinent; but the manner of resenting it was thought impolitic. The Duke of Queensberry laid down his employment of Admiral of Scotland

upon it, though very much and very kindly pressed by the King to remain in his service."⁶

Truly Kitty had realised the poet's prediction. She had—

"Obtained the chariot for a day,
And set the world on fire!"

For "Johnny Gay" the rupture was the most fortunate thing that could have happened. His subscription list swelled up instantly. Old Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, sent a hundred pounds for one copy; others contributed handsomely; and the City of London, and the people of England, took the part of the poet. "For writing in the cause of virtue, and against the fashionable vices," said Gay, "I am looked upon as the most obnoxious person almost in England!" And all this about "Polly," a dramatic piece which contains neither virtue, satire, wit, nor poetry! In fact, it is about the most vapid and tiresome of all Gay's productions. Arbuthnot, in a letter to Swift, ridicules the *Gay combustion* in his own happy and inimitable grave style. "The inoffensive John Gay," he says, "is now become one of the obstructions to the peace of Europe. He has got several turned out of their places; the greatest ornament of the Court banished from it for his sake; another great lady [Mrs. Howard] in danger of being *chassée* likewise; about seven or eight duchesses pushing forward, like the ancient circumcelliones in the Church, who shall suffer martyrdom on his account first. He is the darling of the City. If he should travel about the country, he would have beacons of roasted oxen sacrificed to him. Since he became so conspicuous Will Pulteney hangs his head, to see himself so much outdone in the career of glory. I hope he will get a good deal of money by printing his play, but I really believe he would get more by showing his person: and I can assure you, this is the identical John Gay, whom you formerly knew, and lodged with in Whitehall two years ago."

The important and kind-hearted John Gay, of course overflowed with gratitude to the Duchess, to whom he said he owed his life and fortune. He begged Swift to think of her with respect, and in particular never more to despise a fork with three prongs, or to eat from the point of his knife! In this matter the Duchess was peculiarly touchy and sensitive, usually screaming out when she saw her guests lift food with a knife, and begging them not to cut their throats. Swift urged the best excuse for this solecism at table. In all poor houses, especially those of poets, the forks are only *bidental*, "upon which account a knife was absolutely necessary at Mr. Pope's, where it was morally impossible with a bidental fork to convey a morsel of beef, with the incumbrance of mustard and turnips, into your mouth at once."

Exactly eighteen years after penning her Court disclaimer, the Duchess of Queensberry found her way back to Court. Her eccentricities increased: she continued to wear the same style of dress that she had worn in her youth—would sometimes affect the pleasant costume, with apron in front, and pin-cushion dangling outside from her waist—and was more often laughed at than admired. In truth, her eccentricities, though relieved or veiled by

⁶ *Memoirs of the Reign of George II.*, by John Lord Hervey.

beauty, and by lively powers of conversation, were always tinged with insanity. She had when a girl been under restraint for outbreaks of this kind, and her son, Lord Drumlanrig, after exhibiting unequivocal proofs of mental alienation, committed suicide. The Duchess died in 1777, and the good Duke her husband, the year afterwards. *

DR. STEPHEN HALES.

Ver. 198. *From honest Mahomet, or plain Parson Hale.* Mahomet was servant to George I., and was said to be the son of a Turkish basee, whom the King took at the siege of Buda.



TEDDINGTON CHURCH.

"Plain Parson Hale" (whose name has been deprived of a letter by the inexorable laws of rhyme) was Dr. Stephen Hales, Rector of Teddington, near Twickenham, and one of the witnesses to Pope's will. Dr. Hales was Clerk of the Closet to the Princess of Wales. He refused further Church preferment, that he might devote himself to those studies in experimental philosophy, to which he was so strongly attached. He was author of two scientific works, *Vegetable Statics*, and *Statical Essays*; and, among his numerous discoveries and inventions, was one of national importance—a ventilator for clearing ships and prisons of foul air. Dr. Hales seems to have been a simple benevolent man, delighting in his quiet village and pastoral duties. He rebuilt the tower of Teddington Church, and at a ripe old age he was interred beside it, dying in 1701, in his eighty-fourth year. Pope had a sincere regard for his amiable and scientific neighbour, but, according to

Spence, he looked with horror on some of his experiments. "I shall be very glad to see Dr. Hales, and always love to see him, he is so worthy and good a man. Yes, he is a very good man; only I'm sorry he has his hands so much imbrued in blood. What, he cuts up rats? Ay, and dogs too! [with what emphasis and concern he spoke it!]* Indeed he commits most of those barbarities, with the thought of being of use to man! but how do we know that we have a right to kill creatures that we are so little above as dogs, for our curiosity, or even for some use to us? I used to carry it too far; I thought they had reason as well as we. So they have to be sure: all our disputes about that are only disputes about words. Man has reason enough only to know what is necessary for him to know, and dogs have just that too. 'But then they must have souls, too, as imperishable as ours!' And what harm would that be to us?" [This is what Dr. Johnson would have called *wild talk*. The question as to the reasoning power in dogs is solved by the obvious and prosaic fact, that they can only be trained up to a certain point, and have no progressive advancement.



EPISTLE III.¹

TO

ALLEN, LORD BATHURST.

ARGUMENT.

OF THE USE OF RICHES.

That it is known to few, most falling into one of the extremes, avarice or profusion, ver. 1, &c. The point discussed, whether the invention of money has been more commodious or pernicious to mankind, ver. 21 to 77. That riches, either to the avaricious or the prodigal, cannot afford happiness, scarcely necessities, ver. 89 to 160. That avarice is an absolute frenzy, without an end or purpose, ver. 119, &c. 152. Conjectures about the motives of avaricious men, ver. 131 to 153. That the conduct of men, with respect to riches, can only be accounted for by the order of Providence, which works the general good out of extremes, and brings all to its great end by perpetual revolutions, ver. 161 to 178. How a miser acts upon principles which appear to him reasonable, ver. 179. How a prodigal does the same, ver. 199. The due medium, and true use of riches, ver. 210. The Man of Ross, ver. 250. The fate of the profuse and the covetous, in two examples: both miserable in life and in death, ver. 300, &c. The story of Sir Balaam, ver. 339 to the end.

P. **W**HO shall decide, when doctors disagree,
And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?

¹ This Epistle was written [in 1732] after a violent outcry against our author, on a supposition that he had ridiculed a worthy nobleman merely for his wrong taste. He justified himself upon that article in a letter to the Earl of Burlington; at the end of which are these words: "I have learnt that there are some who would rather be wicked than ridiculous; and therefore it may be safer to attack vices than follies. I will therefore leave my betters in the quiet possession of their idols, their groves, and their high places; and change my subject from their pride to their meanness, from their vanities to their miseries; and, as the only certain way to avoid misconstructions, to lessen offence, and not to multiply ill-natured applications, I may probably, in my next, make use of real names instead of fictitious ones."

[See Timon's Villa and the Duke of Chandos in Epistle IV.]

You hold the word, from Jove to Momus given,
That man was made the standing jest of Heaven :
And gold but sent to keep the fools in play, 5
For some to heap, and some to throw away.

But I, who think more highly of our kind,
(And, surely, Heaven and I are of a mind)
Opine, that Nature, as in duty bound,
Deep hid the shining mischief underground: 10
But when by man's audacious labour won,
Flamed forth this rival to its sire, the sun,
Then careful Heaven supplied two sorts of men,
To squander these, and those to hide again.

Like doctors thus, when much dispute has pass'd, 15
We find our tenets just the same at last.
Both fairly owning, riches, in effect,
No grace of Heaven or token of the elect;
Given to the fool, the mad, the vain, the evil,
To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the Devil.² 20

* John Ward, of Hackney, Esq., member of parliament, being prosecuted by the Duchess of Buckingham, and convicted of forgery, was first expelled the house, and then stood in the pillory on the 17th of March, 1727. He was suspected of joining in a conveyance with Sir John Blunt, to secrete fifty thousand pounds of that director's estate, forfeited to the South Sea Company, by act of parliament. The company recovered the fifty thousand pounds against Ward; but he set up prior conveyances of his real estate to his brother and son, and concealed all his personal, which was computed to be one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. These conveyances being also set aside by a bill in Chancery, Ward was imprisoned, and hazarded the forfeiture of his life by not giving in his effects till the last day, which was that of his examination. During his confinement, his amusement was to give poison to dogs and cats, and see them expire by slower or quicker torments. To sum up the worth of this gentleman at the several eras of his life: at his standing in the pillory he was worth above two hundred thousand pounds; at his commitment to prison he was worth one hundred and fifty thousand; but has been so far diminished in his reputation, as to be thought a worse man by fifty or sixty thousand.

Fr. Chartres, a man infamous for all manner of vices. When he was an ensign in the army, he was drummed out of the regiment for a cheat; he was next banished Brussels, and drummed out of Ghent, on the same account. After a hundred tricks at the gaming-tables, he took to lending of money at an exorbitant interest and on great penalties, accumulating premium, interest, and capital into a new capital, and seizing to a minute when the payments became due; in a word, by a constant attention to the vices, wants, and follies of mankind, he acquired an immense fortune. His house was a perpetual

B. What Nature wants, commodious gold bestows;
 'Tis thus we eat the bread another sows.

bawdy-house. He was twice condemned for rapes, and pardoned; but the last time not without imprisonment in Newgate, and large confiscations. He died in Scotland, in 1731, aged sixty-two. The populace at his funeral raised a great riot, almost tore the body out of the coffin, and cast dead dogs, &c., into the grave along with it. The following epitaph contains his character very justly drawn by Dr. Arbuthnot:—

HERE continueth to rot
 The Body of FRANCIS CHARTRES,
 Who, with an INFLEXIBLE CONSTANCY,
 And INIMITABLE UNIFORMITY of Life,
 PERSISTED,
 In spite of AGE and INFIRMITIES,
 In the PRACTICE of EVERY HUMAN VICE;
 Excepting PROBABILITY and HYPOCRISY:
 His insatiable AVARICE exempted him from the first,
 His matchless IMPEDENCE from the second.
 Nor was he more singular
 In the undeviating *pravity* of his *manners*,
 Than successful
 In *Accumulating* WEALTH;
 For, without TRADE or PROFESSION,
 Without TRUST or PUBLIC MOSH,
 And without BRIBE-worthy SERVICE,
 He acquired, or more properly created,
 A MINISTERIAL ESTATE.
 He was the only Person of his Time,
 Who could CHEAT without the MASK of HONESTY,
 Retain his PRIMEVAL MEANNESS
 When possessed of TEN THOUSAND a Year,
 And having daily deserved the GRIBET for what he *did*,
 Was at last condemned to it for what he *could* not *do*.
 Oh, indignant Reader!
 Think not his Life useless to Mankind!
 PROVIDENCE connived at his execrable Designs,
 To give to After-ages
 A conspicuous PROOF and EXAMPLE,
 Of how small estimation is EXORBITANT WEALTH
 In the sight of GOD,
 By his bestowing it on the most UNWORTHY of ALL MORTALS.

This gentleman was worth seven thousand pounds a year estate in land, and about one hundred thousand in money.

Mr. Waters, the third of these worthies, was a man no way resembling the former in his military, but extremely so in his civil capacity; his great fortune

P. But how unequal it bestows, observe,
 'Tis thus we riot, while, who sow it, starve:
 What Nature wants (a phrase I much distrust) 25
 Extends to luxury, extends to lust:
 Useful, I grant, it serves what life requires,
 But dreadful, too, the dark assassin hires.
 B. Trade it may help, society extend:
 P. But hires the pirate, and corrupts the friend. 30
 B. It raises armies in a nation's aid:
 P. But bribes a senate, and the land 's betray'd.
 In vain may heroes fight, and patriots rave;
 If secret gold sap on from knave to knave.
 Once, we confess, beneath the patriot's cloak,³ 35
 From the crack'd bag the dropping guinea spoke,
 And, jingling down the back-stairs, told the crew,
 "Old Cato is as great a rogne as you."
 Blest paper-credit! last and best supply!
 That lends corruption lighter wings to fly! 40
 Gold imp'd by thee, can compass hardest things,
 Can pocket states, can fetch or carry kings;⁴
 A single leaf shall waft an army o'er,
 Or ship off senates to some distant shore;⁵
 A leaf, like Sibyl's, scatter to and fro 45
 Our fates and fortunes, as the wind shall blow:

having been raised by the like diligent attendance on the necessities of others. But this gentleman's history must be deferred till his death, when his worth may be known more certainly. [The same person who is introduced under the character of "wise Peter," whose name was Walter, though sometimes called Waters.—BOWLES. See Additional Notes.]

³ This is a true story, which happened in the reign of William III. to an unsuspected old patriot, who coming out at the back-door from having been closeted by the king, where he had received a large bag of guineas, the bursting of the bag discovered his business there.

[Sir Christopher Musgrave, who, Burnet says, had £12,000 from King William III.]

⁴ In our author's time, many princes had been sent about the world, and great changes of kings projected in Europe. The partition treaty had disposed of Spain; France had set up a king for England, who was sent to Scotland; and back again; King Stanislaus was sent to Poland and back again; the Duke of Anjou was sent to Spain, and Don Carlos to Italy.

⁵ Alludes to several ministers, counsellors, and patriots banished in our time to Siberia, and to that more glorious fate of the Parliament of Paris, banished to Fontenoy in the year 1720.

Pregnant with thousands slits the scrap unseen,
And silent sells a king, or buys a queen.

Oh! that such bulky bribes as all might see,
Still, as of old, incumber'd villany! 50
Could France or Rome divert our brave designs,
With all their brandies, or with all their wines?
What could they more than knights and 'squires confound,
Or water all the quorum ten miles round?
A statesman's slumbers how this speech would spoil! 55
"Sir, Spain has sent a thousand jars of oil;
Huge bales of British cloth blockade the door:
A hundred oxen at your levée roar."

Poor avarice one torment more would find;
Nor could profusion squander all in kind. 60
Astride his cheese Sir Morgan might we meet;
And Worldly crying coals from street to street,⁶
Whom, with a wig so wild, and mien so mazed,
Pity mistakes for some poor tradesman crazed.
Had Colepepper's whole wealth been hops and hogs,⁷ 65
Could he himself have sent it to the dogs?
His Grace will game: to White's a bull be led,⁸
With spurning heels and with a butting head.

⁶ Some misers of great wealth, proprietors of the coal-mines, had entered at this time into an association to keep up coals to an extravagant price, whereby the poor were reduced almost to starve; till one of them, taking advantage of underselling the rest, defeated the design. One of these misers was worth ten thousand, another, seven thousand a year.

⁷ Sir William Colepepper, Bart., a person of an ancient family, and ample fortune, without one other quality of a gentleman, who, after ruining himself at the gaming-table, passed the rest of his days in sitting there to see the ruin of others: preferring to subsist upon borrowing and begging, rather than to enter into any reputable method of life, and refusing a post in the army which was offered him.

[The name originally given in this verse was *Hawley*, meaning, we suppose, General Hawley, the military Jeffreys, whose incompetence and negligence lost the battle of Falkirk, in 1745. Sir William Colepepper was uncle of the then Duke of Roxburgh. He died March 28th, 1740.]

⁸ [White's Club-house, in St. James's-street, a noted place for gambling, Horace Walpole mentions (1750) a good story in the papers on White's. A man dropped down dead at the door; the club immediately made bets whether he was dead or not, and when they were going to bleed him, the wagers for his death interposed, and said it would affect the fairness of the bet.]

To White's be carried, as to ancient games,
 Fair coursers, vases, and alluring dames. 70
 Shall then Uxorio, if the stakes be sweep,
 Bear home six whores, and make his lady weep?
 Or soft Adonis, so perfumed and fine,⁹
 Drive to St. James's a whole herd of swine?
 Oh filthy check on all industrious skill, 75
 To spoil the nation's last great trade, Quadrille!
 Since then, my lord, on such a world we fall,
 What say you? B. Say? Why, take it, gold and all.
 P. What riches give us, let us then inquire?
 Meat, fire, and clothes. B. What more? P. Meat, clothes, and fire.
 Is this too little? would you more than live? 81
 Alas! 'tis more than Turner finds they give.¹⁰
 Alas! 'tis more than (all his visions past)
 Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at last!¹¹
 What can they give? to dying Hopkins, heirs;¹² 85
 To Chartres, vigour: Japhet,¹³ nose and ears?

⁹ [The "soft Adonis" was no doubt Lord Hervey.]

¹⁰ One who, being possessed of three hundred thousand pounds, laid down his coach because interest was reduced from five to four per cent., and then put seventy thousand into the Charitable Corporation for better interest; which sum having lost, he took it so much to heart, that he kept his chamber ever after. It is thought he would not have outlived it, but that he was heir to another considerable estate, which he daily expected, and that by this course of life he saved both clothes, and all other expenses.

[Richard Turner, usually called "Plum Turner." He had been a Turkey merchant. His death took place on the 8th of February, 1733.]

¹¹ A nobleman of great qualities, but as unfortunate in the application of them, as if they had been vices and follies. See his character in the First Epistle.

¹² A citizen, whose rapacity obtained him the name of Vulture Hopkins. He lived worthless, but died worth three hundred thousand pounds, which he would give to no person living, but left it so, as not to be inherited till after the second generation. His counsel representing to him how many years it must be before this could take effect, and that his money could only be at interest all that time, he expressed great joy thereat, and said, "They would then be as long in spending as he had been in getting it." But the Chancery afterwards set aside the will, and gave it to the heir-at-law.

¹³ Japhet Crook, alias Sir Peter Stranger, was punished with the loss of those parts, for having forged a conveyance of an estate to himself, upon which he took up several thousand pounds. He was at the same time sued in Chancery for having fraudulently obtained a will, by which he possessed another considerable estate, in wrong of the brother of the deceased. By

Can they in gems bid pallid Hippia glow,
 In Fulvia's buckle ease the throbs below;
 Or heal, old Nurses, thy obscener ail,
 With all the embroidery plaster'd at thy rail? 90
 They might (were Harpax not too wise to spend)
 Give Harpax' self the blessing of a friend;
 Or find some doctor that would save the life
 Of wretched Shylock, spite of Shylock's wife:
 But thousands die, without or this or that, 95
 Die, and endow a college, or a cat.¹⁴
 To some, indeed, Heaven grants the happier fate,
 To enrich a bastard, or a son they hate.
 Perhaps you think the poor might have their part;
 Bond damns the poor, and hates them from his heart:¹⁵
 The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule 101
 That every man in want is knave or fool:
 "God cannot love (says Blunt, with tearless eyes)
 The wretch he starves"—and piously denies:
 But the good bishop, with a meeker air, 105
 Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care.

these means he was worth a great sum, which (in reward for the small loss of his ears) he enjoyed in prison till his death, and quietly left to his executor.

¹⁴ A famous Duchess of R. in her last will left considerable legacies and annuities to her cats.

¹⁵ This Epistle was written in the year 1730, when a corporation was established to lend money to the poor upon pledges, by the name of the Charitable Corporation; but the whole was turned only to an iniquitous method of enriching particular people, to the ruin of such numbers, that it became a parliamentary concern to endeavour the relief of those unhappy sufferers, and three of the managers, who were members of the house, were expelled. By the report of the committee appointed to inquire into that iniquitous affair, it appears that when it was objected to the intended removal of the office, that the poor, for whose use it was erected, would be hurt by it, Bond, one of the directors, replied, "Damn the poor." That "God hates the poor," said, "That every man in want is knave or fool," &c.; were the genuine apophthegms of some of the persons here mentioned.

[Dennis Bond, Esq., of Grange, was long in Parliament, and represented successively the boroughs of Dorchester, Corfe Castle, and Poole. He died January 30, 1746-7, and his large estates devolved upon his nephew, John Bond. Sir Gilbert, in the next line, is Sir Gilbert Heathcote. See Additional Notes.]

Yet to be just to these poor men of pelf,
 Each does but hate his neighbour as himself:
 Damn'd to the mines, an equal fate betides
 The slave that digs it, and the slave that hides. 110

B. Who suffer thus, mere charity should own,
 Must act on motives powerful, though unknown.

P. Some war, some plague, or famine, they foresee.
 Some revelation hid from you and me.

Why Shylock wants a meal, the cause is found, 115
 He thinks a loaf will rise to fifty pound.

What made directors cheat in South-sea year?

To live on venison when it sold so dear.¹⁶

Ask you why Phryne the whole auction buys?

Phryne foresees a general excise.¹⁷ 120

Why she and Sappho raise that monstrous sum?

Alas! they fear a man will cost a plum.

Wise Peter¹⁸ sees the world's respect for gold,

And therefore hopes this nation may be sold:

Glorious ambition! Peter, swell thy store, 125

And be what Rome's great Didius was before.¹⁹

The crown of Poland,²⁰ venal twice an age,

To just three millions stinted modest Gage;

But nobler scenes Maria's dreams unfold,

Hereditary realms, and worlds of gold. 130

¹⁶ In the extravagance and luxury of the South Sea year, the price of a haunch of venison was from three to five pounds.

¹⁷ Many people about the year 1793, had a conceit that such a thing was intended, of which it is not improbable this lady might have some intimation.

¹⁸ Peter Walter, a person not only eminent in the wisdom of his profession as a dexterous attorney, but allowed to be a good, if not a safe, conveyancer; extremely respected by the nobility of this land, though free from all manner of luxury and ostentation: his wealth was never seen, and his bounty was never heard of, except to his own son, for whom he procured an employment of considerable profit, of which he gave him as much as was necessary. Therefore the taxing this gentleman with any ambition, is certainly a great wrong to him.

¹⁹ A Roman lawyer, so rich as to purchase the empire when it was set to sale upon the death of Pertinax.

²⁰ The two persons here mentioned were of quality, each of whom in the Mississippi despired to realize above three hundred thousand pounds; the gentleman, with a view to the purchase of the crown of Poland, the lady, on a vision of the like royal nature. They since retired into Spain, where they are still in search of gold in the mines of the Asturias.

Congenial souls; whose life one avarice joins,
And one fate buries in the Asturian mines.

Much-injured Blunt!²¹ why bears he Britain's hate?

A wizard told him in these words our fate:

"At length corruption, like a general flood, 135

(So long by watchful ministers withstood)

Shall deluge all; and avarice creeping on,

Spread like a low-born mist, and blot the sun;

Statesman and patriot ply alike the stocks,

Peeress and butler share alike the box. 140

And judges job, and bishops bite the town.

And mighty dukes pack cards for half-a-crown.

See Britain sunk in lucre's sordid charms,

And France revenged on Anne's and Edward's arms!"

'Twas no court-badge, great scrivener, fired thy brain,

Nor lordly luxury, nor city gain: 145

No, 'twas thy righteous end, ashamed to see

Senates degenerate, patriots disagree;

And, nobly wishing party-rage to cease,

To buy both sides, and give thy country peace. 150

"All this is madness," cries a sober sage:

But who, my friend, has reason in his rage?

"The ruling passion, be it what it will,

The ruling passion conquers reason still."

Less mad the wildest whimsey we can frame, 155

Than e'en that passion, if it has no aim;

For though such motives folly you may call,

The folly's greater to have none at all.

Hear then the truth: 'Tis Heaven each passion sends,

"And different men directs to different ends. 160

Extremes in Nature equal good produce,

Extremes in man concur to general use."

²¹ Sir John Blunt, originally a scrivener, was one of the first projectors of the South Sea Company, and afterwards one of the directors and chief managers of the famous scheme in 1720. He was also one of those who suffered most severely by the bill of pains and penalties on the said directors. He was a Dissenter, of a most religious deportment, and professed to be a great believer. Whether he did really credit the prophecy here mentioned is not certain, but it was constantly in this very style he declaimed against the corruption and luxury of the age, the partiality of parliaments, and the misery of party-spirit. He was particularly eloquent against avarice in great and noble persons, of which he had indeed lived to see many miserable examples. He died in the year 1732.

Ask we what makes one keep, and one bestow?
 That power who bids the ocean ebb and flow,
 Bids seed-time, harvest, equal course maintain, 165
 Through reconciled extremes of drought and rain,
 Builds life on death, on change duration founds,
 And gives the eternal wheels to know their rounds.

Riches, like insects, when concealed they lie,
 Wait but for wings, and in their season fly. 170
 Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store,
 Sees but a backward steward for the poor;
 This year a reservoir, to keep and spare;
 The next, a fountain, spouting through his heir,
 In lavish streams to quench a country's thirst, 175
 And men and dogs shall drink him till they burst.

Old Cotta shamed his fortune and his birth,
 Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth:
 What though (the use of barbarous spits forgot)
 His kitchen vied in coolness with his grot? 180
 His court with nettles, moats with cresses stored,
 With soups unbought and salads blessed his board?²³
 If Cotta lived on pulse, it was no more
 Than Brahmins, saints, and sages did before;
 To cram the rich was prodigal expense, 185
 And who would take the poor from Providence?
 Like some lone Chartreux stands the good old hall,
 Silence without, and fasts within the wall;
 No rattled roofs with dance and tabor sound,
 No noontide bell invites the country round: 190
 Tenants with sighs the smokeless towers survey,
 And turn the unwilling steeds another way:
 Benighted wanderers, the forest o'er,
 Curse the saved candle, and unopening door;
 While the gaunt mastiff growling at the gate, 195
 Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.

Not so his son, he mark'd this oversight,
 And then mistook reverse of wrong for right.
 (For what to shun will no great knowledge need,
 But what to follow, is a task indeed.)²⁴ 200

²³ "— de vibus mensas onerat inemptis."—VING.

²⁴ In the MS.—

"Yet sure, of qualities deserving praise,
 More go to ruin fortunes than to raise."

Yet sure, of qualities deserving praise,
 More go to ruin fortunes than to raise.
 What slaughter'd hecatombs, what floods of wine,
 Fill the capacious 'squire, and deep divine!
 Yet no mean motives this profusion draws, 205
 His oxen perish in his country's cause;
 'Tis GEORGE and LIBERTY that crowns the cup,²⁴
 And zeal for that great House which eats him up.
 The woods recede around the naked sent,
 The sylvans green—no matter—for the fleet: 210
 Next goes his wool, to clothe our valiant bands;
 Last, for his country's love, he sells his lands.
 To town he comes, completes the nation's hope,
 And heads the bold train-bands, and burns a pope.
 And shall not Britain now reward his toils, 215
 Britain, that pays her patriots with her spoils?
 In vain at Court the bankrupt pleads his cause,
 His thankless country leaves him to her laws.²⁵
 The sense to value riches, with the art
 To enjoy them, and the virtue to impart, 220
 Not meanly, nor ambitiously pursued,
 Not sunk by sloth, not raised by servitude;
 To balance fortune by a just expense,
 Join with economy, magnificence:
 With splendour, charity; with plenty, health; 225
 Oh teach us, Bathurst! yet unspoil'd by wealth!
 That secret rare, between the extremes to move
 Of mad good-nature, and of mean self-love.²⁶

²⁴ [In first edition—

" 'Tis the dear Prince (Sir John) that crowns thy cup."]

²⁵ After ver. 218, in the MS.—

"Where one lean herring furnish'd Cotta's board,
 And nettles grew, fit porridge for their lord;
 Where mad good-nature, bounty misapplied,
 In lavish Curio blazed awhile and died;
 There Providence once more shall shift the scene,
 And showing H——y, teach the golden mean."

[The blank in the last line may be filled up with the name of Harley, second Earl of Oxford. (See verse 243.) He married the daughter and heiress of John, Duke of Newcastle. Pope very ingeniously makes these variations in the text convey compliments or censures as he chooses.]

²⁶ After ver. 226, in the MS.—

["The

B. To worth or want well weigh'd, be bounty given,
 And ease, or emulate, the care of Heaven; 230
 (Whose measure full, o'erflows on human race;)
 Mend Fortune's fault, and justify her grace.
 Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffus'd;
 As poison heals, in just proportion used:
 In heaps, like ambergris, a stink it lies, 235
 But, well dispersed, is incense to the skies.

P. Who starves by nobles, or with nobles eats?
 The wretch that trusts them, and the rogue that cheats.
 Is there a lord, who knows a cheerful noon
 Without a fiddler, flatterer, or buffoon? 240
 Whose table, wit or modest merit share,
 Un-elbow'd by a gamester, pimp, or player?
 Who copies yours, or Oxford's better part,²⁷
 To ease the oppress'd, and raise the sinking heart?
 Where'er he shines, oh Fortune, gild the scene, 245
 And angels guard him in the golden mean!
 There English bounty yet awhile may stand,
 And honour linger ere it leaves the land.

But all our praises why should lords engross?
 Rise, honest Muse! and sing the Man of Ross;²⁸ 250
 Pleased Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
 And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.

"The secret rare, with affluence barely join'd,
 Which W——n lost, yet B——y ne'er could find;
 Still miss'd by Vice, and scarce by Virtue hit,
 By G——'s goodness, or by S——'s wit."

[We would offer as a conjecture the names of Wharton, Bishop Berkeley, Gaurville (Lord Lansdowne), and Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham.]

²⁷ Edwin Harley, Earl of Oxford, the son of Robert, created Earl of Oxford, and Earl Mortimer by Queen Anne. This nobleman died [1511] regretted by all men of letters, great numbers of whom had experienced his benefits. He left behind him one of the most noble libraries in Europe.

²⁸ The person here celebrated, who with a small estate actually performed all these good works, and whose true name was almost lost (partly by the title of the Man of Ross, given him by way of eminence, and partly by being buried without so much as an inscription) was called Mr. John Kyrle. He died in the year 1724, aged 90, and lies interred in the chancel of the church of Ross, in Herefordshire.

After ver. 250, in the MS.—

Trace humble worth beyond Sabrina's shore,
 Who sings not him, oh may he sing no more!"



KYBLE—THE MAN OF ROSS.

Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
 From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
 Not to the skies in useless columns toss'd, 255
 Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
 But clear and artless, pouring through the plain
 Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
 Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
 Whose seats the weary traveller repose? 260
 Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?
 "The Man of Ross," each lisping babe replies.
 Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
 The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread:
 He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state, 265
 Where Age and Want sit smiling at the gate;
 Him portion'd maids, apprenticed orphans bless'd,
 The young who labour, and the old who rest.
 Is any sick? the Man of Ross relieves,
 Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes, and gives. 270
 Is there a variance? enter but his door,
 Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.
 Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
 And vile attorneys, now an useless race.
 B. Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue 275
 What all so wish, but want the power to do!

Oh say, what sums that generous hand supply?
What mines to swell that boundless charity?

P. Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possess'd—five hundred pounds a-year! 280
Blush, Grandeur, blush! proud courts, withdraw your blaze!
Ye little stars, hide your diminish'd rays.

B. And what? no monument, inscription, stone?
His race, his form, his name almost unknown?

P. Who builds a church to God, and not to fame, 285
Will never mark the marble with his name:

Go, search it there, where to be born, and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the history;²⁹
Enough, that Virtue fill'd the space between;
Proved, by the ends of being, to have been. 290

When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
The wretch, who living saved a candle's end;
Shouldering God's altar a vile image stands,
Folies his features, nay extends his hands;
That live-long wig which Gorgon's self might own, 295
Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone.

Behold what blessings wealth to life can lend!
And see, what comfort it affords our end.

In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,
The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung, 300

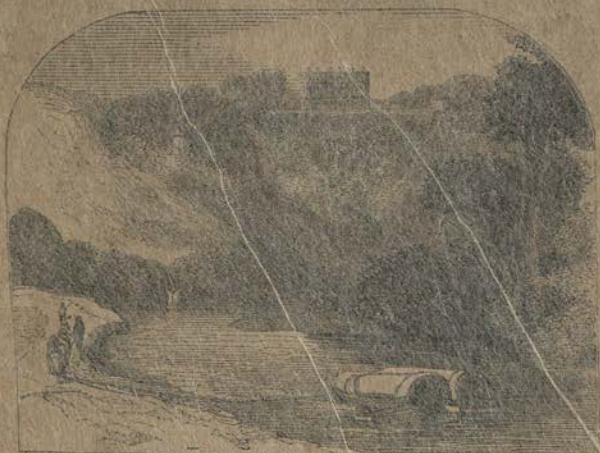
On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,
With tape-tied curtains never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villiers lies;³⁰—alas! how changed from him, 305
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim!

²⁹ The parish register. Thus in the MS.—

"The register enrolls him with his poor,
Tells he was born and died, and tells no more
Just as he ought, he fill'd the space between
Then stole to rest unheeded and unseen."

³⁰ This lord, yet more famous for his vices than his misfortunes, having been possessed of about £50,000 a year, and passed through many of the highest posts in the kingdom, died in the year 1687, in a remote inn in Yorkshire, reduced to the utmost misery. [See Additional Notes.]

Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,³¹
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury, and love;³²



CLIVEDEN HOUSE.

Or just as gay, at council, in a ring
Of mimic'd statesmen, and their merry King. 310
No wit to flatter left of all his store!
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends.

His Grace's fate sage Cutler could foresee. 315
And well (he thought) advised him, "Live like me."
As well his Grace replied, "Like you, Sir John?
That I can do, when all I have is gone."
Resolve me, Reason, which of these is worse,
Want with a full, or with an empty purse? 320

³¹ A delightful palace on the banks of the Thames, built by the Duke of Buckingham.

³² The Countess of Shrewsbury, a woman abandoned to gallantries. The Earl, her husband, was killed by the Duke of Buckingham in a duel; and it has been said, that during the combat she held the Duke's horses, in the habit of a page.

Thy life more wretched, Cutler, was confess'd,
 Arise, and tell me, was thy death more bless'd?
 Cutler saw tenants break, and houses fall;
 For very want he could not build a wall.
 His only daughter in a stranger's power: 325
 For very want he could not pay a dower.
 A few grey hairs his reverend temples crown'd;
 'Twas very want that sold them for two pound.
 What e'en denied a cordial at his end,
 Banish'd the doctor, and expell'd the friend? 330
 What but a want, which you perhaps think mad,
 Yet numbers feel—the want of what he had!
 Cutler and Brutus, dying, both exclaim,
 "Virtue! and Wealth! what are ye but a name!"
 Say, for such worth are other worlds prepared? 335
 Or are they both in this their own reward?
 A knotty point! to which we now proceed.
 But you are tired—I'll tell a tale. B. Agreed.
 P. Where London's column, pointing at the skies³³
 Like a tall bully, lifts the head and lies; 340
 There dwelt a citizen of sober fame,
 A plain good man, and Balaam was his name;
 Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth;
 His word would pass for more than he was worth.
 One solid dish his week-day meal affords, 345
 An adied pudding solemnized the Lord's;
 Constant at Church, and 'Change; his gains were sure,
 His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.
 The Devil was piqued such saintship to behold,
 And longed to tempt him, like good Job of old: 350

³³ The Monument, built in memory of the fire of London, with an inscription importing that city to have been burnt by the Papists. [The inscription was engraved on the monument in 1681, when the city was frightened from its propriety by Titus Oates and his plot. "This pillar was set up in perpetual remembrance of that most dreadful burning of this Protestant city, begun and carried on by the treachery and malice of the Popish faction, in the beginning of September, in the year of our Lord, 1666, in order to the carrying on their horrid plot for extirpating the Protestant religion and old English liberty, and then introducing Popery and slavery." Such was the downright Saxon "he." It was erased in the reign of James II., re-set in the reign of William III., and erased again in the reign of William IV. (1831.) Though curious as a relic of ancient prejudice and belief, the inscription is better away.]

But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.

Roused by the Prince of Air, the whirlwinds sweep
The surge, and plunge his father in the deep;
Then full against his Cornish lands they rear,³⁴ 355
And two rich shipwrecks bless the lucky shore.

Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,
He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes:
"Live like yourself," was soon my Lady's word;
And lo! two puddings smoked upon the board. 360

Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,
An honest factor stole a gem away:
He pledged it to the knight, the knight had wit,
So kept the diamond,³⁵ and the rogue was bit.
Some scruple rose, but thus he eased his thought: 365
"I'll now give sixpence where I gave a groat;
Where once I went to church, I'll now go twice;
And am so clear too of all other vice."

The Tempter saw his time; the work he plied;
Stocks and subscriptions pour on every side, 370

³⁴ The author has placed the scene of these shipwrecks in Corawall, not only from their frequency on that coast, but from the inhumanity of the inhabitants to those to whom that misfortune arrives. When a ship happens to be stranded there, they have been known to bore holes in it, to prevent its getting off; to plunder, and sometimes even to massacre, the people. Nor has the Parliament of England been yet able wholly to suppress these barbarities. [Felding and Smollett, it will be recollected, give scenes of this description.]

³⁵ [Pope was supposed to allude here to the Pitt diamond, a gem brought to this country by Thomas Pitt, Governor of Madras, about 1700. Mr. Pitt purchased this celebrated diamond, which goes by his name, for £20,400, and sold it to the King of France for more than five times that sum. It was then reckoned the largest jewel in Europe, and weighed 127 carats. When polished it was as big as a pullet's egg; the cuttings amounted in value to eight or ten thousand pounds. The report that Mr. Pitt had obtained this diamond by dishonourable means was very general; and he was at last induced to publish a narrative of the circumstances connected with its purchase. This gentleman, we may remark, was grandfather of the great William Pitt, Earl of Chatham. He sat in Parliament for some time after his final return to England, and died in 1726. The affair of the Pitt diamond may have suggested the incident of the stolen gem to Pope, but the whole episode appears fanciful, and the history of Sir Balaam and his family is outrageously improbable.]

'Till all the demon makes his full descent
In one abundant shower of cent. per cent.;
Sinks deep within him, and possesses whole,
Then dubs Director, and secures his soul.

Behold Sir Balaam now a man of spirit, 375

Ascribes his gettings to his parts and merit;
What late he call'd a blessing, now was wit,
And God's good Providence, a lucky hit.
Things change their titles, as our manners turn:
His counting-house employ'd the Sunday morn: 380
Seldom at church, ('twas such a busy life,)

But duly sent his family and wife.
There (so the Devil ordain'd) one Christmas-tide
My good old lady catch'd a cold, and died.

A nymph of quality admires our knight: 385

He marries, bows at Court, and grows polite:
Leaves the dull city, and joins (to please the fair)
The well-bred cuckolds in St. James's air:
First, for his son a gay commission buys,
Who drinks, whores, fights, and, in a duel, dies: 390
His daughter flaunts a viscount's tawdry wife;
She bears a coronet, and pox, for life.

In Britain's senate he a seat obtains,
And one more pensioner St. Stephen gains.³⁶

My lady falls to play: so bad her chance, 395

He must repair it: takes a bribe from France;
The house impeach him: Coningsby harangues;
The Court forsake him—and Sir Balaam hangs.
Wife, son, and daughter, Satan! are thy own,
His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the Crown: 400

The Devil and the King divide the prize,
And sad Sir Balaam curses God, and dies.³⁷

³⁶ —atque unum civem donare Sibyllæ.—*Juv.*

³⁷ Instead of the last four lines are only these two in the folio editions:—

“Wife, son, and daughter, Satan, are thy prize,
And sad Sir Balaam curses God, and dies.”

[“Fell under the temptation: alluding to the story of Job referred to above.”—*Warburton*. On this passage of Job, Warton quotes an amusing observation made by Warburton in his *Divine Legation*—a passage which would have afforded infinite mirth and satire to Pope if it had been made by

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

LORD BATHURST.

Allen Apsley, Lord Bathurst, to whom this Epistle is addressed, was one of the most genial and agreeable of Pope's noble friends. His lordship was born in 1684, and was thus four years older than the poet. He was in Parliament as soon as he was of age, first as representative of the borough of Cirencester, near which his paternal estate and influence lay; and in 1711 he was one of the twelve new peers created in one day to give the Administration a majority in the Upper House. Another of those creations was the poetical George Granville, Lord Lansdowne. The same gazette that recorded the accession of the twelve new peers, contained the announcement that her Majesty had removed the Duke of Marlborough from all his employments—a memorable achievement of faction, in which Swift had a principal share. Bathurst was also a Tory, but neither vindictive nor violent. He generally voted against Walpole and the Court measures—protested against the attainder of Bolingbroke and the Duke of Ormond—and exerted himself strenuously and with distinguished ability in favour of Atterbury, when the bill of pains and penalties was carried against that restless and intriguing, though able and eloquent prelate. One sarcasm of Bathurst's on this occasion was peculiarly happy and forcible. Some of the bishops had been conspicuous for their servility towards the minister, and their rancour towards Atterbury; and Lord Bathurst, turning to the right reverend bench, said he could not account for the inveterate hatred and malice some persons bore the learned and ingenious Bishop of Rochester, unless it were that they were intoxicated with the infatuation of some of the wild Indians, who fondly believe that they inherit, not only the *spoils*, but even the *abilities*, of any great enemy they kill! Bathurst continued true to his political friends. Late in life he held office for a short time, being Treasurer to the Prince of Wales, but on the accession of George III., in 1760, he declined accepting any appointment and retired with a pension of £2000 per annum. His rural improvements at his seat near Cirencester, his books, friends, field sports, and general society kept him in cheerful and constant employment. Sterne has given us a picture of him in advanced life. "He (Lord Bathurst) came

Dennis, or some Whig divine. "The wife of Job," remarks the learned commentator, "acts a small part in this drama, but a very spirited one. Then said his wife unto him, 'Dost thou still retain thy integrity? Curse God and die.' Tender and pious! He might see by this prelude of his spouse, what he was to expect from his friends. The devil, indeed, assailed Job, but he seems to have got possession of his wife!"

up to me one day as I was at the Princess of Wales's Court. 'I want to know you, Mr. Sterne, but it is fit you should know also who it is that wishes that pleasure. You have heard (continued he) of an old Lord Bathurst, of whom your Pope and Swifts have sung and spoken so much. I have lived my life with geniuses of that cast, but have survived them; and, despairing ever to find their equals, it is some years since I have cleared my accounts and shut up my books, with thoughts of never opening them again. But you have kindled a desire in me of opening them once more before I die, which now I do; so go home and dine with me.' This nobleman is a prodigy, for at eighty-five he has all the wit and promptness of a man of thirty, a disposition to be pleased and a power to please others beyond whatever I knew; added to which, a man of learning, courtesy and feeling. Another portrait has been drawn not less characteristic. About two years before his death, having some friends with him at his country seat, and being loth to part with them one night, his son, the Lord Chancellor, objected to sitting up any longer, and left the room. As soon as he was gone, the lively old peer said, 'Come, my good friends, since the *old gentleman* is gone to bed, I think we may venture to crack another bottle!' Until within a month of his death, he constantly rode out on horseback two hours in the morning, and drank his bottle of wine after dinner. It would be unpardonable to omit here the splendid passage of Burke, in which the long and felicitous life of Lord Bathurst is apostrophised in connection with the sudden growth of American greatness. In his speech on conciliation with America, delivered in 1775, Burke said:—

"Mr. Speaker, I cannot prevail on myself to hurry over this great consideration. It is good for us to be here. We stand where we have an immense view of what is, and what is past. Clouds, indeed, and darkness rest upon the future. Let us, however, before we descend from this noble eminence, reflect that this growth of our national prosperity has happened within the short period of the life of man. It has happened within sixty-eight years. There are those alive whose memory might touch the two extremities. For instance, my Lord Bathurst might remember all the stages of the progress. He was in 1704 at an age at least to be made to comprehend such things. He was then old enough *acta parentum jam legere, et quæ sit poterit cognoscere virtus*. Suppose, Sir, that the angel of this auspicious youth, foreseeing the many virtues which made him one of the most amiable, as he is one of the most fortunate men of his age, had opened to him in vision, that, when in the fourth generation, the third Prince of the house of Brunswick had sat twelve years on the throne of that nation, which (by the happy issue of moderate and healing counsels) was to be made Great Britain, he should see his son Lord Chancellor of England, turn back the current of hereditary dignity to its fountain, and raise him to a higher rank of peerage, whilst he enriched the family with a new one. If amidst those bright and happy scenes of domestic honour and prosperity, that angel should have drawn up the curtain, and unfolded the rising glories of his country, and while he was gazing with admiration on the then commercial grandeur of England, the genius should point out to him a little speck, scarce visible in the mass of the national interest, a small seminal principle rather than a formed body, and should

tell him—Young man, there is America, which at this day serves for little more than to amuse you with stories of savage men and uncouth teamsters, yet shall, before you taste of death, show itself equal to the whole of that commerce which now attracts the envy of the world. Whatever England has been growing to by a progressive increase of improvement, brought in by varieties of people, by succession of civilizing conquests, and civilizing settlements, in a series of seventeen hundred years, you shall see as much added to her by America in the course of a single life! If this state of his country had been presented to him, would it not require all the sanguine credulity of youth, and all the fervid glow of enthusiasm, to make him believe it? Fortunate man, he has lived to see it! Fortunate, indeed, if he lives to see nothing that shall vary the prospect, and cloud the setting of his day!"

No cloud was interposed, but the day was near its close: Lord Bathurst died a few months afterwards, September 16, 1775, aged 91.

Mr. Daines Barrington, in his *Miscellanies*, mentions it as a remarkable instance of memory—the musical memory—that Lord Bathurst, when eighty-seven, sung throughout an air of Nodini's, and imitated that popular Italian musician, though his lordship could not have heard the song for more than sixty years.

Pope said to Spence, that none of his works had been more laboured than this Epistle. It was not in the form of a dialogue, and Lord Bathurst told Warton; that he was much surprised to see what he had, with repeated pleasure, so often read as an Epistle addressed to himself, converted into a dialogue, "in which," said he, "I perceive I really make but a shabby and indifferent figure, and contribute very little to the spirit of the dialogue—if it must be a dialogue." The alterations are very slight, yet they do seem to give more point and spirit to the passages where the noble lord is introduced as an interlocutor. Pope's taste and judgment did not desert him on this occasion, but of course he has himself always the best of it in the argument! The following is a specimen of the simple process by which the Epistle was converted into a dialogue. The lines—

"A knotty point! to which we now proceed.

But you are tired—I'll tell a tale." R. Agreed.

I. Where London's column, &c.

Stood originally thus:—

"That knotty point, my Lord, shall I discuss.

Or tell a tale?—a tale—it follows thus:

Where London's column," &c.

FRANCIS CHARTRES.

Ver. 30: *Chartres, and the Devil*.] Colonel Francis Chartres (more correctly Charteris), of Anisfield, died in March, 1731-2, and Arbuthnot's striking epitaph on him appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for the following month. The name, however, was veiled under that of "Don Francisco." This notorious gambler was of a good Scotch family, and was well connected. He married Helen, daughter of Sir Alexander Swinton, Senator of the College of

Justice, by whom he had a daughter married to the Earl of Wemyss, to whose second son he left most of his estate, and considerable portions to her other children. Charteris died at Stonyfield, a manor-house near Edinburgh, the life-rent of which, with a legacy of £1000, he left to his law-agent, the celebrated Duncan Forbes of Culloden. Charteris said of Forbes, that his honesty was so whimsical that it was forty-five per cent. above Don Quixote. The graceless reprobate, it is said, left off swearing, when he was made aware that he was dying; and one day, under an impression that he was on the point of dissolution, he ordered, "with a great roar," that all his just debts should be paid. Hogarth, it is well known, introduced Charteris, attended by his pimp, into the first plate of his *Rake's Progress*. Indeed, his infamy seems to have been so conspicuous as to be one of the common topics of the day and the outrage at his funeral marks the popular indignation.

VULTURE HOPKINS.

Ver. 85. *What can they give! to dying Hopkins heirs?* John Hopkins, the rapacious citizen alluded to, died in his house at Broad Street, London, April 25, 1732. His fortune is set down in the periodicals of the day at £300,000. He left £500 to the Hospital for Incurables; £500 to be divided among poor housekeepers, at the rate of £20 to each family; and the bulk of his estate was left to the eldest son of his eldest daughter, and, in case of failure of issue male, to the surviving male heir of his other four daughters. Hopkins supposed that by the time the unborn heir was of age, the interest of his estate would amount to above £100,000. The case was brought into Court, and the Master of the Rolls decided, October 22, 1733, that the whole real estate should go to the heir-at-law, until some person, then unborn, should be born, and attain to the age of twenty-one years. An heir male was born, but died in 1737, aged only six months. There were two other rich citizens of the name of Hopkins, related to the subject of Pope's satire, who attained to as great wealth by stock-jobbing, and other means. They were members of the Kit-Cat Club, a distinction to which the *Vulture* seems never to have risen. In verses 291 and 292 of this Epistle, Pope alludes to the expensive funeral of Hopkins, and it is stated that Mr. Boulter, executor to Hopkins, made so splendid a funeral for him, that the expenses amounted to £7036.

JAPHET CROOK.

Ver. 86. *To Chartres, vigour? Japhet, nose and ears?* Japhet Crook, alias Sir Peter Stranger, was sentenced May 31, 1791, to stand in the pillory, have both his ears cut off, his nose slit, his body imprisoned for life, and his goods and chattels forfeited to the Crown, for forging writings to an estate. He stood in the pillory, June 10, and being committed to the King's Bench

Prison, died there June 13, 1734. The circumstances connected with this man's history are curious. Stranger, it appears, when travelling in the north, met with a gentleman in an inn at York, who informed him that he had considerable wealth, but no near relation to leave it to. The other professed to be in the same situation, and at length the parties agreed to make each his will in favour of the other, so that the longest liver might enjoy the whole. In this way, Stranger in a few years came into possession of a large fortune. The heir-at-law of the deceased attempted to set aside the will, but failed. The fraud, however, was distinctly proved. In an early number of Chambers's *Journal*, it is stated that Stranger at one time migrated into Eskdale, and, possessing some smattering of scientific knowledge, was enabled to impose upon the Duke of Buccleuch (son of the Duke of Monmouth) in so far as to induce his Grace to enter into some expensive operations, for the purpose of digging and smelting iron. These operations were conducted at a place not far from the old tower of Gilnockie—the famous Johnny Armstrong's fastness—and there is still a hamlet near the spot, named, from Stranger's operations, the *Forge*. Whether Crook or Stranger were the real name of the adventurer, the latter was that by which he went in Eskdale, and which was transmitted to an illegitimate daughter—Nelly Stranger—whom he left in that country, and who lived to a considerable age. Mr. Robert Chambers has obligingly informed us that he obtained this information from an old gentleman of eighty, Mr. Grieve, of Branksholm, a man full of anecdote, and of such accuracy as to give value to his relations of past events. Mr. Chambers conjectures that Stranger was the prototype of Donsterswivel, in Scott's "Antiquary." This is probable enough, from Sir Walter's acquaintance with all the projects and undertakings of the Buccleuch family, and from the strong impression that such a story as that of Stranger and his Forge must have made upon his mind.

THE DUCHESS OF RICHMOND.

Ver. 96. *Die and endow a college or a cat.*] The "Duchess of R." alluded to by Pope, was the celebrated Court beauty, Frances Stewart, granddaughter of Lord Blandford, and wife of Charles Stewart, Duke of Richmond and Lennox. Miss Stewart inspired Charles II. with the purest and strongest passion he seemed capable of entertaining. He would have divorced his queen to marry her, and was half-distracted when, by her clandestine marriage with Richmond, she eluded his grasp. The personal charms of *la Belle Stewart* have been commemorated by Grammont, Pepys, and others. The secretary, indeed, was enraptured with her appearance—her "cocked hat and a red plume," her "sweet eye," and "little Roman nose." Miss Stewart had been so annoyed by the attentions of Charles, and the manners of his profligate Court, that she resolved to marry any gentleman of £1500 a year, when, fortunately, the Duke of Richmond solicited her hand. Her consent was, according to Pepys, "as great an act of honour as ever was done by woman!" In a few years the Duchess became a widow, and continued

so for thirty years, dying October 15, 1702. The *endowment* satirized by Pope has been favourably explained by Warton. She left annuities to certain female friends, with the burden of maintaining some of her cats; a delicate way of providing for poor, and probably proud, gentlewomen, without making them feel that they owed their livelihood to her mere liberality. It would have been easy, however, to have effected the same object in a way not liable to ridicule. The "effigy" of the Duchess still exists, along with others, in Westminster Abbey, but is no longer exhibited to the public. She left money by her will desiring that her effigies, as well done in wax as could be, and dressed in coronation robes and coronet, should be placed in a case, with clear *crown glass* before it, and should be set up in Westminster Abbey. A more lasting and popular "effigy" is the figure of Britannia, on our copper coins, which was originally modelled from a medal struck by Charles the Second, in honour of the fair Stewart. A similar figure, however, may be found on one of the coins of Antoninus Pius.

SIR GILBERT HEATHCOTE.

Ver. 101. *The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule,
That every man in want is knave or fool.*

The allusion here is to Sir Gilbert Heathcote, who was reckoned worth £700,000. He was one of the Aldermen of London, a Director of the Bank of England, and Member of Parliament for St. Germans. He died January 23, 1733, aged 82. This wealthy commoner made a provision in his will which ought to be recorded to his honour; he ordered that his tenants should not have their rents raised, whatever improvements they made.

MISS SKERRETT.—THE EXCISE BILL.

Ver. 119. *Ask you why Phryne the whole auction begs?
Phryne foresees a general Excise.
Why she and Sappho raise that monstrous race?*

Maria Skerrett was for upwards of ten years the mistress of Sir Robert Walpole, and in 1735, on the death of his first wife, Sir Robert married her, to the great mortification of his son Horace, who never mentions the second marriage. Coxe, in his *Memoirs of Walpole*, is also silent as to the *marriage*. Lord Hervey says that Miss Skerrett was "a very pretty young woman, daughter to a merchant," and for whom Walpole was said to have given (besides an annual allowance) £5000 as entrance money. She had a daughter by Walpole, for whom he obtained the rank and title of an earl's daughter—an honour previously confined to the illegitimate offspring of princes. Maria Skerrett enjoyed her married dignity only about three months. Before her connexion with Walpole, she appears to have been a person of some distinction, and familiar with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who corresponded with her so early as 1716. She is said to have had a fortune

of £30,000, which is scarcely consistent with Lord Hervey's statement. That Pope aimed at Miss Skerrett and Lady Mary, under the names of Phryne and Sappho, has never been doubted. Warburton admitted it to Spence. Lady Mary's gambling and speculating propensities are well known, and her "dear Molly Skerrett" may have occasionally joined her. They were, like the poet himself, engaged in the South Sea scheme. The "concoct" of a general Excise, which Pope, in his note, insinuates Miss Skerrett might have had some intimation of from Walpole, was a very general delusion. Lord Hervey describes the panic in lively colours:—

"This project, which, in reality, was nothing more than a mutation of two taxes from Customs to Excise, with an addition of only 126 officers in all England for the collection of it, was so represented to the whole country, and so understood by the multitude, that there was hardly a town in England, great or small, where nine parts in ten of the inhabitants did not believe that this project was to establish a general excise! and that everything they eat or wore was to be taxed: that a colony of excise officers was to be settled in every village in the kingdom, and that they were to have a power to enter all houses at all hours; that every place and person was to be liable to their search; and that such immense sums of money were to be raised by this project, that the crown would no longer be under the necessity of calling parliaments for annual grants to support the government, but be able to provide for itself for the most part; and whenever it wanted any extraordinary supplies, that the excise officers, by their power, would be able at any time to choose just such a parliament as the crown should nominate and direct.

"The effect these suggestions, inculcated and believed, must have on the minds of a people jealous of their liberties, susceptible of impressions, and prone to clamour, is easy to conceive. Every alarm sounded from the faction in London came reverberated by a thousand echoes from every part of the country: the whole nation was in a flame, and fresh fuel was constantly supplied by those who first kindled it, to keep it blazing.

"Sir Robert Walpole delayed as long as he could bringing the proposal into parliament, in hopes the clamour might subside, and the members consequently be less intimidated by the remonstrances of their constituents. Pamphlets were written, too, during this delay, on the side of Government, and sent all over England by the Administration, to show the people they had been imposed upon, blown up by false insinuations, and that the project was nothing more than a scheme to correct frauds committed in these two branches of the revenue, tobacco and wine, by which means it was proposed to raise the revenue enough to continue the reduction of the land-tax at one shilling in the pound, without imposing any new tax on the subject, and without increasing any tax already laid; but merely by this alteration in the method of collecting two duties already granted, which the consumer and fair trader now paid, and of which the public was defrauded by the evaders of the laws and the illicit dealers in these commodities. But all the reasoning was to no purpose; the people would neither hear arguments, examine facts, nor believe demonstration; and the universal cry of the kingdom was, *No slavery, no excise, no wooden shoes!*"

Walpole had to bow to the storm. The Excise bill was withdrawn, and the Minister was mobbed and burnt in effigy in the city along with the effigy of a "fat woman," meant for the Queen.

PETER WALTER.

Ver. 123. *Wise Peter sees the world's respect for gold.* Peter Walter, of Stalbridge, Dorsetshire, was doubly honoured—first as the object of Pope's satire, and secondly as the original of that inimitable pompous personage, Peter Pounce, in "Joseph Andrews." The poet had picked up Peter's history in the course of his visits to Lord Digby at Sherborne, and Fielding at one time resided within a few miles of Stalbridge. "Wise Peter" was agent for the Duke of Newcastle and others, and was a noted money scrivener. He was reputed to be worth £300,000, most of which he left at his death (January 19, 1746) to his grandson, of the same name, Member of Parliament for Shaftesbury. Walter himself had at one time sat in the House of Commons as representative for Bridport. He was Clerk of the Peace for Middlesex. Mr. Bowles relates some particulars of this managing and money-making scrivener. "He had been assisted in making a purchase by a dependent, who consequently expected a compensation. Mr. W. refused making any of *his own expense*, but promised to reward him at the expense of some other person. He accordingly prevailed on a neighbouring baronet to lease him a part of his demesne lands, on terms so unusually advantageous, that they could not escape observation; the taxes and parochial imposts being charged on the occupier of the adjoining farm. The estate is still (1805) possessed by a daughter of the lessee, with all the advantages attached to it. A characteristic scene was described by a son of his buffitt, who, when a boy, attended his father in an evening on business at the Manor-house. They found its possessor sitting without light in a small room communicating with the kitchen. On their approach he applied a raspberry stick to his fire, and lighted a small candle which stood on the table before him; but finding, on inquiry, that the present business required no light, he extinguished the candle and continued the conversation in the dark. Notwithstanding his rigid parsimony, he exacted the respect paid to opulence, for observing that the youth had continued his hat on, supposing no extraordinary deference due to the great man's appearance, he rated him violently for his rusticity and inattention. The story of the miser and candle is not uncommon; but I have this account from undoubted authority. The other anecdote shows the propriety of Pope's epithet, *Wise Peter*."

MR. GAGE AND LADY MARY HERBERT.

Ver. 127. *The crown of Poland, vernal twice an age,
To just three millions stinted modest Gage;
But nobler scene Maria's dreams unfold.*

In addition to Pope's note on this passage, we have some interesting particulars communicated to Warton from MS. notes of Mr. Bowyer:—

"The names of these two persons were Mr. Gage and Lady Mary Herbert, daughter of William, Marquis of Powis, who dying October, 1749, left in the hands of his executors and trustees an annuity of £200 a-year to be paid to the use of this daughter, not for the payment of her many debts which she had contracted, but to keep her from wanting necessaries. William, Marquis of Powis, son of the former, litigated the said will, but died while the suit was pending in the Ecclesiastical Court, leaving the residue of the lands and profits of his estates, after his debts should be paid, in the hands of trustees for the use of the Right Hon. Henry Arthur, then Lord Herbert, afterwards Earl of Powis, with whom he had no relation, friendship, or acquaintance; which Arthur afterwards married Barbara Herbert, niece and heir-at-law of the latter Earl Powis. This man, by fair promises and threats, got the trustees of the first earl to agree in obtaining administration with the will and codicil of the marquis the father, annexed in May, 1749, and then repented paying the annuity of £200 to Mary Herbert, daughter of the said marquis. As she now resided in France, she had obtained a promise of being made Dame of Honour to the Queen of France, which Lord Herbert hearing of, went out of England to dissuade her from accepting it, as being a disgrace to her and her family; and promised he would pay her all the arrears of the annuity of £200 due by her father's will, and would give her, over and above, £200 more. This he never performed till after several suits of law: the cause was brought to the House of Lords, who decreed both her annuities to be paid, with all arrears due in the year 1756. Throughout a long life, so little difference has this lady found between dreams and realities." Wakefield has pointed out that the phrase "*hereditary realms*," in the dreams of Mary Herbert, must have been an allusion by Pope to the circumstance that her mother was a natural daughter of James II.

DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

Ver. 177. *Old Cottis shamed his birth.* Spence says, "Cottis and his heir were supposed by some to have been the late and present Duke of Newcastle, 'foe to the Dryads of his father's groves.' Mr. Pope did not confirm it outright when I mentioned it to him, but spoke of their characters in a manner that seemed not at all to disown it."

The old Duke of Newcastle, John Holles, was reputed one of the richest nobles in England. He died in consequence of a fall from his horse, 13th July, 1711. He was succeeded by his nephew, Thomas Pelham Holles.

whom he had adopted as his heir. The career of this minister, who rose to the highest office in the state, is well known. Walpole, Smollett, and others have caricatured his weaknesses and absurdities—his constant hurry, restlessness of place, borrowed importance, and real insignificance. A dull man, Lord Wilmington, said very happily, that "the Duke of Newcastle always loses half an hour in the morning, which he is running after the rest of the day, without being able to overtake it." Notwithstanding his long political career, and the favour of the crown, it appeared, after his death in 1768, that the duke had greatly diminished the fortune he had inherited.

THE MAN OF ROSS.

[Ver. 250. *Rise, honest Muse, and sing the Man of Ross.*] To Pope's account of the benevolent John Kyrle, various additions have been made, all confirming the general correctness of his beautiful description. The shady walk of a



VIEW OF ROSS.

mile and a-half in length, the waterworks for supplying the town of Ross, the new causeway, the public seats, the church spire, the convenient market-place, and the liberal benefactions, were all realities, and all the work of John Kyrle. The only abatement from the picture is the fact that, though Kyrle had but £500 a-year, he was assisted by other parties, to whom he was pleased to act as almoner. The substantial benefit was conferred by him, and to him belongs the honour. It appears from letters published by Spence, and

written by Stephen Dack and Mr. Wheeler, that Kyrie kept two public days in the week, the market-day and Sunday. On the former, the neighbouring gentlemen and farmers dined with him; and if they had any differences or disputes, they appealed to the Man of Ross to decide and settle them, and his decisions were generally just. On Sunday he dined the poor people of the parish at his house, and often sent them away with broken meat and tins of ale. In his planting and other works he chiefly employed very old men, such as were unable from their age or infirmities to perform the regular hard work on a farm. With these aged persons he would frequently work with a spade himself, pay them amply for their labour, and feed them sometimes at



JOHN KYRIE'S HOUSE.

his own table. He died a bachelor, and left his estate to a Mr. V. Kyrie, who was bred a confectioner in London. This new Man of Ross was extravagant and debauched, and the property became embarrassed, in consequence of which Mr. Kyrie's house was for some time kept as an inn. This is no longer the case. The reproach urged by the poet, that no memorial had been raised to John Kyrie, was removed in the year 1776 by the erection of a handsome monument over his remains in the chancel of Ross church. Funds for this purpose were left by the Viscountess Dupplin, a relative of the family by marriage. It may be mentioned, that the great age to which Mr. Kyrie attained, was favourable to his carrying out so many local improvements. He

was born at the White House, Dymock, in May, 1637, and died at Ross, November 7, 1724.

Watson has noticed the pleasing effect in this description of the Man of Ross, of the use of common and familiar words and objects, judiciously managed. He cites the words *conceitway, seats, epice, market place, uins-houses, and apprentice*: "a fastidious delicacy, and a false refinement, in order to avoid meanness, have deterred our writers from the introduction of such words; but Dryden often hazarded it, and gave by it a secret charm and a natural air to his verses." It must be acknowledged, however, that Dryden, like our great orator, Burke, often lost as well as gained by his use of homely images and expressions. There was sometimes too much "cockle with the seed." The effect of such a practice must depend on the associations connected with the poetical pictures in which the words are placed. In this account of the Man of Ross, nothing but benevolent, agreeable, and elevated ideas are conveyed to the mind, and, without this pervading sentiment, the description would seem mean enough. Cowper invested poor Mary Unwin's sewing needles with pathetic grace and interest, but he failed egregiously, when he sought to render his manure, "the stercoraceous heap," available for the purposes of poetry. Goldsmith and Crabbe afford many such illustrations, the former being always guided by a pure and natural vein of feeling, combined with exquisite taste. Campbell, in his naval odes and battle-pieces, has made the simplest words and images exponents of heroic and sublime feeling.

VILLIERS, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

[Ver 305. *Great Villiers lies.*] Dryden's character of the gay and witty Duke, and Pope's description of the last scene of his life, are sufficient for history and moral. Neither will ever be forgotten or surpassed:—

"A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
Was evervibing by starts, and nothing long;
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Beside a ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman, who could every hour employ
With something new to wish or to enjoy!
Railing and praising were his usual themes,
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes:
So over violent, or over civil,
That every man with him was god or devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art;
Nothing went unrewarded, but desert.
Beggard by fools, whom still he found too late;
He had his jest, and they had his estate:

He laugh'd himself from court, then sought relief
 By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief.
 Thus wicked but in will, of means bereft,
 He left no faction, but of that was left."

Ashton and Achitophel.

There are only two or three high-finished satirical portraits that can enter into comparison with this inimitable painting by Dryden—such as the characters of Lord Hervey and the Duchess of Marlborough, Sporus and Atossa, by Pope.

The poet has over-coloured the picture of the Duke of Buckingham's wretched end. He did not die in an inn, but in the house of one of his tenants, in Yorkshire, at Kirkby-Moorside, part of the extensive possessions which he inherited from his father, the first Duke, assassinated by Felton. The place is about twenty-six miles distant from Scarborough. Mr. Cole, of Scarborough, in a local antiquarian work, gives a view of the house in which the Duke died.



THE HOUSE IN WHICH THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM DIED, AT KIRKBY-MOORSIDE.

In the same tract is printed a letter from the Earl of Arran, addressed to Bishop Sprat, and dated April 17, 1687, describing the Duke of Buckingham's death. The Earl was on his way from London to Scotland, but hearing at York of the Duke's illness, he resolved to visit him.

"He had been long ill of an ague," says Lord Arran, "which had made him weak; but his understanding was as good as ever, and his noble parts were so entire that, though I saw death in his looks at first sight, he would by

no means think of it. I confess it made my heart bleed to see the Duke of Buckingham in so pitiful a place, and in so bad a condition. The doctors told me his case was desperate, and though he enjoyed the free exercise of his senses, that in a day or two at most it would kill him, but they durst not tell him of it: so they put a hard part on me to pronounce death to him, which I saw approaching so fast that I thought it was high time for him to think of another world. After having plainly told him his condition, I asked whom I should send for to be assistant to him during the small time he had to live: he would make me no answer, which made me conjecture, and having formerly heard that he had been inclining to be a Roman Catholic, I asked him if I should send for a priest, for I thought any act that could be like a Christian was what his condition now wanted most, but he positively told me that he was not of that persuasion, and so would not hear any more of that subject, for he was of the Church of England. After some time, beginning to feel his distemper inwardly, he desired me to send for the parson of this parish, who said prayers for him, which he joined in very freely, but still did not think he should die, though this was yesterday, at seven in the morning, and he died about eleven at night.

"I have ordered the corpse to be embalmed, and carried to Helmsley Castle, and there to remain till my lady duchess her pleasure shall be known. There must be speedy care taken, for there is nothing here but confusion not to be expressed. Though his stewards have received vast sums, there is not so much as one farthing, as they tell me, for defraying the least expense. But I have ordered his intestines to be buried at Helmsley, where his body is to remain till further orders. Being the nearest kinsman upon the place, I have taken the liberty to give his Majesty an account of his death, and sent his George and blue ribbon to be disposed of as his Majesty shall think fit. I have addressed it under cover to my Lord President, to whom I would beg you would carry the bearer the minute he arrives."

Mr. Cole also publishes a letter, said to be written by the Duke of Buckingham, on his deathbed, to a Dr. W——. We doubt the genuineness of this penitential letter, which is not in the style of the period, and is contrary to the impression of Villiers, as related by the Earl of Arundel, that his disease would not be fatal. The embalmed body was carried to London, and interred in Westminster Abbey. The intestines were buried at Kirkby-Moorside, as appears from the following entry in the parish register, which, had it been known to Pope, would probably have been used, in his note, to heighten the picture he has drawn: "*Buried in the year of our Lord (1687) April ye 17, George wilks Lord duke of booklingam,*" &c. Buckingham was in his 81st year.

"The witty Duke of Buckingham," said Pope to Spence, "was an extreme bad man. His duel with Lord Shrewsbury was concerted between him and Lady Shrewsbury. All that morning she was trembling for her gallant, and wishing the death of her husband: and after his fall, 'tis said the duke slept with her in his bloody shirt." Anna Maria, Countess of Shrewsbury, was daughter of Robert Brudenel, Earl of Cardigan. The duel took place on the 16th of March, 1687. The event and the circumstances which preceded

it, are related by Grammont, who states that though the public was at first shocked by the duel, and the Queen exclaimed against so notorious and scandalous a crime, endeavouring to raise up the serious part of the nation and the politicians against it, no person paid any attention to the case, and the licentiousness of the age went on uncontrolled. At that time the seconds in duels, as well as the principals, fought. Captain Holmes and Mr. Jenkins were the Duke's seconds; Sir John Talbot and Bernard Howard were the Earl of Shrewsbury's. Talbot was severely wounded, and Jenkins killed upon the spot. The King had heard of the intended challenge some time before, and, according to Pepys, "did give it to my Lord General [the Duke of Albemarle] to confine the Duke, or to take security that he should not do any such thing as fight; and the General trusted to the King that he, sending for him, would do it; and the King trusted to the General." The same invaluable chronicler informs us, in his diary of May 15th, 1668, that Buckingham took Lady Shrewsbury to his house, "where his Duchess, [the daughter of Fairfax,] saying that it was not for her and the other to live together in a house, he answered, 'Why, madam, I did think so, and therefore have ordered your coach to be ready to carry you to your father's;'" which was a devilish speech, but, they say, true." Buckingham and Lady Shrewsbury lived together for some years, but their extravagance led to an application to Parliament to preserve the Shrewsbury estate for the young Earl, son of the Countess, and the control of the property was placed in other hands. At the same time the guilty pair were prohibited, under a penalty of 10,000*l.* from living together. The Countess found a second husband of good family, Mr. Brydges, second son of Sir Thomas Brydges, of Keynsham, in Somersetshire. They lived at Avington, near Winchester, in a fine mansion, wherein they often entertained Charles II.; and the Countess survived till 1702.

The public life of Villiers must be read in the history of his country. Walpole has sketched the outlines of his character in his brilliant antithetic style. "When this extraordinary man, with the figure and genius of Alcibiades, could equally charm the Presbyterian Fairfax and the dissolute Charles; when he alike ridiculed that witty King and his solemn Chancellor; when he plotted the ruin of his country with a cabal of bad ministers; or, equally unprincipled, supported its cause with bad patriots—one laments that such parts should have been devoid of every virtue. But when Alcibiades turns chemist, when he is a real bubble and a visionary miser, when ambition is but a frolic, when the worst designs are for the foolish ends, contempt extinguishes all reflections on his character. The portrait of this Duke has been drawn by four masterly hands. Burnet has hewn it with a rough chisel; Count Hamilton touched it with that slight delicacy, that finishes while it seems to sketch; Dryden caught the living likeness; Pope completed the historical resemblance. Yet the abilities of this lord appear in no instance more amazing than that, being exposed by two of the greatest poets, he has exposed one of them ten times more severely. Zimri is an admirable portrait, but Bayes an original creation. Dryden satirised Buckingham, but Villiers made Dryden satirise himself."

The desire to be witty and pointed has here, as on other occasions, led

Walpole too far. The *Rehearsal*, in point of real talent, cannot be named in comparison with the satires of Dryden or Pope. It is a happy caricature of the personal peculiarities of Dryden, and a clever travesty of the most bombastic passages in the rhyming tragedies of the day. There is *dramatic* talent in the piece, but neither vigour of thought nor originality—no true poetic power. Besides, how much of it is really Buckingham's? Butler, author of *Hudibras*, Bishop Sprat (then Buckingham's chaplain), and Martin Clifford, afterwards Master of the Chapter-House, were all concerned in its composition. Buckingham, we are willing to believe, suggested some of the ludicrous images and comparisons, and gave the drama that tone which rendered it so well adapted to amuse the higher circles; but he must always, as an author, have been an inferior partner in a company of which Butler was one.

The Villiers mansion, at Cliveden, became the property of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and there, in 1714, was acted the *Masque of Alfred*, containing the national anthem of Rule Britannia. Thomson and Mallet, authors of the *Masque*, were frequent visitors at Cliveden, and it was long the scene of courtly splendour and magnificence. In 1795, this palace was accidentally destroyed by fire, "and nothing of its elegant furniture preserved from the flames, but the fine tapestry that represented the Duke of Marlborough's victories." A villa was afterwards erected on the spot, which met with the same fate in 1850. The Duke of Sutherland, to whom Cliveden now belongs, has rebuilt the mansion, in a chaste and beautiful style, and the woods and pleasure-grounds "reflected in the Thames' translucent wave" are the favourite resort of summer-wanderers.

SIR JOHN CUTLER.

[Ver. 315. *Saga Cutler*.] Most readers will recollect the admirable passage in Arbuthnot's *Memoirs of Scriblerus*, relative to this City Knight, a passage which was intended to ridicule Locke's theory of personal identity:—

"Sir John Cutler had a pair of black worsted stockings, which his maid darned so often with silk, that they became at last a pair of silk stockings. Now, supposing those stockings of Sir John's endued with some degree of consciousness at every particular darning, they would have been sensible that they were the same individual pair of stockings, both before and after the darning; and this sensation would have continued in them, through all the succession of darnings: and yet, after the last of all, there was not perhaps one thread left of the first pair of stockings, but they were grown to be silk stockings, as was said before."

Sir John was a loyalist in the time of the Commonwealth, and, at the Restoration, he was created a Baronet by Charles II. He belonged to the Grocers' Company, towards which he was a liberal benefactor, and he was at the expense of building the north gallery of his parish church, St. Margaret's, Westminster. He contributed a large sum towards the building

of the College of Physicians, in Warwick Lane, Newgate Street, in return for which, a statue of the Knight, along with another of the King, was erected in the College Court. Sir John died in 1699, and his executors claimed of the College £7000, the sum which Sir John had advanced, with interest, it appearing to be charged as a debt in the books of the deceased. A compromise was made by the executors accepting of £2000 as payment in full of all demands. The "faculty of Warwick Lane," as Garth called his brethren, were enraged at this shabby transaction, and obliterated the name of Sir John inscribed on the pedestal of his statue. The City Knight, however, has received a more enduring monument from the hand of Pope, though there is great exaggeration in the sketch. The poet alludes to the "only daughter" of Sir John. Some accounts represent him as having had two daughters—Elizabeth, his heir, married to the Earl of Radnor, and another to Sir William Portman, Bart. It is said that no less than £7,888 was expended on the funeral of this famous miser.

"Honours by the heralds duly paid
In mode and form, e'en to a very scruple;
Oh cruel irony! these come too late,
And only mock whom they were meant to honour."

EPISTLE IV.

TO

RICHARD BOYLE, EARL OF BURLINGTON.

ARGUMENT.

OF THE USE OF RICHES.

The vanity of expense in people of wealth and quality. The abuse of the word taste; ver. 13. That the first principle and foundation in this, as in everything else, is good sense, ver. 39. The chief proof of it is to follow Nature, even in works of mere luxury and elegance. Instanced in architecture and gardening, where all must be adapted to the genius and use of the place, and the beauties not forced into it, but resulting from it, ver. 47. How men are disappointed in their most expensive undertakings, for want of this true foundation, without which nothing can please long, if at all; and the best examples and rules will be but perverted into something burdensome or ridiculous, ver. 65, &c. to 98. A description of the false taste of magnificence; the first grand error of which is to imagine that greatness consists in the size and dimensions, instead of the proportion and harmony of the whole, ver. 99; and the second, either in joining together parts incoherent, or too minutely resembling, or in the repetition of the same too frequently, ver. 106, &c. A word or two of false taste in books, in music, in painting, even in preaching and prayer, and lastly in entertainments, ver. 133, &c. Yet Providence is justified in giving wealth to be squandered in this manner, since it is dispersed to the poor and laborious part of mankind, ver. 169 [recurring to what is laid down in the Essay on Man, Epist. II., and in the epistle preceding, ver. 150, &c.] What are the proper objects of magnificence, and a proper field for the expense of great men, ver. 177, &c.; and finally, the great and public works which become a prince, ver. 191 to the end.

'TIS strange, the miser should his cares employ
 To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy:
 Is it less strange, the prodigal should waste
 His wealth, to purchase what he ne'er can taste?
 Not for himself he sees, or hears, or eats;
 Artists must choose his pictures, music, meats:

He buys for Topham¹ drawings and designs,
 For Pembroke statues, dirty gods, and coins;²
 Rare monkish manuscripts for Hearne alone,
 And books for Mead, and butterflies for Sloane.³ 10
 Think we all these are for himself? no more
 Than his fine wife, alas! or finer whore.

For what has Virro painted, built, and planted?
 Only to show how many tastes he wanted.
 What brought Sir Visto's ill-got wealth to waste? 15
 Some demon whisper'd, "Visto! have a taste."
 Heaven visits with a taste the wealthy fool,
 And needs no rod but Ripley with a rule.⁴

¹ A gentleman famous for a judicious collection of drawings.

² [Thomas, eighth Earl of Pembroke, collected the statues and medals at Wilton, the magnificent seat of the family. His successor, Earl Henry, added materially to the decoration of the mansion. Dr. Mead's books, alluded to by the poet, consisted of about 10,000 volumes, which, with his valuable collection of medals and paintings, were sold by auction after his death in 1754. Sir Hans Sloane's collection was fortunately preserved. He bequeathed his books, medals, objects of natural history, and manuscripts to the public, on condition that the sum of £20,000 should be paid to his executors, being not a fifth of their value. The terms were agreed to; the manuscripts of the Earl of Oxford (called the Harleian library) were added to the Sloane Museum, and thus the great British Museum was commenced. Sir Hans died in 1752.]

³ Two eminent physicians; the one had an excellent library, the other the finest collection in Europe of natural curiosities; both men of great learning and humanity.

[Originally "*rarities* for Sloane." In the *Comedian, or Philosophical Inquirer*, 1732, edited by Cooke, the translator of Hesiod, in a letter addressed to Pope, commenting on the unmeaning generality of the term "*rarities*," it is asked, "Are not some drawings, some statues, some coins, all monkish manuscripts, and some books, *rarities*? Could'st thou not find a trisyllable to express some parts of nature for a collection of which that learned and worthy physician is eminent? Fy, fy! correct and write—

'Rare monkish manuscripts for Hearne alone,
 And books for Mead, and butterflies for Sloane.'"]

The correction was evidently an improvement, and Pope, therefore, wisely accepted the benefit.—*Communication by Mr. Crossley, in Notes and Queries*, June 4, 1853.]

⁴ This man was a carpenter, employed by a first minister, who raised him to an architect, without any genius in the art; and after some wretched proofs of his insufficiency in public buildings, made him Comptroller of the Board of Works. [Ripley was the architect of Houghton, the splendid residence of

See! sportive Fate, to punish awkward pride,
Bids Bubo build,⁵ and sends him such a guide. 20
A standing sermon, at each year's expense,
That never coxcomb reach'd magnificence!

You show us, Rome was glorious, not profuse,⁶
And pompous buildings once were things of use.
Yet shall (my lord) your just, your noble rules 25
Fill half the land with imitating fools;
Who random drawings from your sheets shall take,
And of one beauty many blunders make;
Load some vain church with old theatric state,
Turn acts of triumph to a garden-gate; 30
Reverse your ornaments, and hang them all
On some patch'd dog-hole eked with ends of wall;
Then clap four slices of pilaster on't,
That, laced with bits of rustic, makes a front.
Shall call the winds through long arcades to roar, 35
Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door;
Conscious they act a true Palladian part,
And, if they starve, they starve by rules of art.

Oft have you hinted to your brother peer
A certain truth, which many buy too dear: 40
Something there is more needful than expense,
And something previous even to taste—'tis sense:
Good sense, which only is the gift of Heaven,
And, though no science, fairly worth the seven:
A light, which in yourself you must perceive; 45
Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give.⁷

Sir R. Walpole, in Norfolk, and of Woolsterton, the house of the elder Horace Walpole, which his nephew praises highly. He also designed the front of the Admiralty. He owed the commencement of his success in life to the fact of his marrying a servant of Sir R. Walpole's. He died in 1758.]

⁵ [Bubo, Bubb Dodington, Lord Melcombe. See Notes.]

⁶ The Earl of Burlington was then publishing the Designs of Inigo Jones, and the Antiquities of Rome by Palladio.

After ver. 22, in the MS.—

"Must bishops, lawyers, statesmen, have the skill
To build, to plant, judge paintings, what you will?
Then why not Kent as well our treaties draw,
Bridgman explain the gospel, Gibbs the law?"

⁷ Inigo Jones, the celebrated architect; and M. Le Nôtre, the designer of the best gardens in France. [Le Nôtre is said to have been engaged by Charles II. to aid in laying out and improving St. James's Park, London. All



INIGO JONES.

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
 To rear the column, or the arch to bend,
 To swell the terrace, or to sink the grot,
 In all, let Nature never be forgot, 50
 But treat the goddess like a modest fair,
 Nor over-dress, nor leave her wholly bare;
 Let not each beauty everywhere be spied,
 Where half the skill is decently to hide.
 He gains all points, who pleasingly confounds, 55
 Surprises, varies, and conceals the bounds.
 Consult the genius of the place in all:
 That tells the waters or to rise or fall;
 Or helps the ambitious hill the heavens to scale,
 Or scoops in circling theatres the vale; 60
 Calls in the country, catches opening glades,
 Joins willing woods, and varies shades from shades;
 Now breaks, or now directs, the intending lines;
 Paints as you plant, and, as you work, designs.
 Still follow sense, of every art the soul, 65
 Parts answering parts shall slide into a whole,

the royal parks and gardens attached to the French palaces were placed under
 Le Notre, by Louis XIV. who invested him with the honours of nobility. He
 died at Paris, in 1700. Inigo Jones--of whose architectural genius it would
 be idle to speak so long as the Banqueting House at Whitehall remains--
 was born about 1572; died 1632.]

Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
 Start ev'n from difficulty, strike from chance;
 Nature shall join you; Time shall make it grow
 A work to wonder at—perhaps a Stowe.⁸ 70

Without it, proud Versailles! thy glory falls;
 And Nero's terraces desert their walls:
 The vast parterres a thousand hands shall make,
 Lo! Cobham comes, and floats them with a lake:
 Or cut wide views through mountains to the plain.⁹ 75
 You'll wish your hill or shelter'd seat again.

Even in an ornament its place remark,
 Nor in an hermitage set Dr. Clarke.¹⁰
 Behold Villario's ten years' toil complete;
 His quincunx darkens, his espaliers meet; 80
 The wood supports the plain, the parts unite,
 And strength of shade contends with strength of light;

A waving glow the bloomy beds display,
 Blushing in bright diversities of day,
 With silver-quivering rills meander'd o'er— 85
 Enjoy them, you! Villario can no more:
 Tired of the scene parterres and fountains yield,
 He finds at last he better likes a field.

Through his young woods how pleased Sabinus stray'd.
 Or sate delighted in the thickening shade, 90
 With annual joy the reddening shoots to greet,
 Or see the stretching branches long to meet!
 His son's fine taste an opener vista loves,
 Foe to the Dryads of his father's groves;
 One boundless green, or flourish'd carpet views,¹¹ 95
 With all the mournful family of yews:¹²

⁸ The seat and gardens of the Lord Viscount Cobham, in Buckinghamshire.

⁹ This was done in Hertfordshire by a wealthy citizen, at the expense of above £6000, by which means, (merely to overlook a dead plain,) he let in the north wind upon his house and parterre, which were before adorned and defended by beautiful woods.

¹⁰ Dr. S. Clarke's busto, placed by the Queen in the Hermitage, while the Doctor daily frequented the Court.

¹¹ The two extremes in parterres which are equally faulty: a boundless green, large and naked as a field, or a flourish'd carpet, where the greatness and nobleness of the piece is lessened by being divided into too many parts, with serolled works and beds, of which the examples are frequent.

¹² Touches upon the ill taste of those who are so fond of evergreens,

The thriving plants, ignoble broomsticks made,
Now sweep those alleys they were born to shade.

At Timon's villa let us pass a day,¹³
Where all cry out, "What sums are thrown away?" 100

So proud, so grand: of that stupendous air,
Soft and agreeable come never there.

Greatness with Timon dwells in such a draught
As brings all Brobdignag before your thought. 105

To compass this, his building is a town,
His pond an ocean, his parterre a down:

Who but must laugh, the master when he sees,
A puny insect, shivering at a breeze!

Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around!
The whole, a labour'd quarry above ground,¹⁴ 110

Two cupids squirt before: a lake behind
Improves the keenness of the northern wind.

His gardens next your admiration call,
On every side you look, behold the wall! 115

No pleasing intricacies intervene,
No artful wildness to perplex the scene:

Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.

The suffering eye inverted Nature sees,
Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees; 120

With here a fountain, never to be play'd;

And there a summer-house, that knows no shade:

Here Amphitrite sails through myrtle bowers;

There gladiators fight, or die in flowers;¹⁵

(particularly yews, which are the most tonsile,) as to destroy the nobler forest-trees, to make way for such little ornaments as pyramids of dark green continually repeated, not unlike a funeral procession.

¹³ This description is intended to comprise the principles of a false taste of magnificence, and to exemplify what was said before, that nothing but good sense can attain it.

[Supposed to be a satire on the Duke of Chandos's seat of Canons, destroyed in 1747. See Additional Notes.]

¹⁴ [This phrase Pope applies in one of his letters to Blenheim House. The heaviness of Blenheim was often brought against Vanbrugh, its architect, and Dr. Evans, the Oxford epigrammatist, has embodied the charge in the lines.

"Lie heavy on him, earth, for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee."]

¹⁵ The two statues of the *Gladiator pugnant* and *Gladiator moriens*.

Unwater'd see the drooping sea-horse mourn, 125
And swallows roost in Nilus' dusty urn.

My Lord advances with majestic mien,
Smit with the mighty pleasure to be seen:
But soft—by regular approach—not yet—
First through the length of yon hot terrace sweat,¹⁶ 130
And when up ten steep slopes you've dragg'd your thighs,
Just at his study-door he'll bless your eyes.

His study! with what authors is it stored?¹⁷
In books, not authors, curious is my Lord;
To all their dated backs he turned you round; 135
These Aldus printed, those Du Sueil has bound.
Lo, some are vellum, and the rest as good
For all his Lordship knows, but they are wood.
For Locke or Milton 'tis in vain to look,
These shelves admit not any modern book. 140

And now the chapel's silver bell you hear,¹⁸
That summons you to all the pride of prayer:
Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,
Make the soul dance upon a jig to Heaven.
On painted ceilings you devoutly stare,¹⁹ 145
Where sprawl the saints of Verrio or Laguerre,²⁰
Or gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,
And bring all Paradise before your eye.
To rest, the cushion and soft dean invite,
Who never mentions hell to ears polite.²¹ 150

¹⁶ The approaches and communications of house with garden, or of one part with another, ill-judged, and inconvenient.

¹⁷ The false taste in books; a satire on the vanity of collecting them, more frequent in men of fortune than the study to understand them. Many delight chiefly in the elegance of the print or of the binding; some have carried it so far, as to cause the upper shelves to be filled with painted books of wood; others pique themselves so much upon books in a language they do not understand, as to exclude the most useful in one they do.

¹⁸ The false taste in music, improper to the subject as of light airs in churches, often practised by the organists, &c.

¹⁹ And in painting (from which even Italy is not free) of naked figures in churches, &c. which has obliged some Popes to put draperies on some of those of the best masters.

²⁰ Verrio (Antonio) painted many ceilings, &c., at Windsor, Hampton Court, &c., and Laguerre at Blenheim Castle and other places.

²¹ This is a fact; a reverend dean preaching at Court, threatened the

But hark! the chiming clocks to dinner call:
 A hundred footsteps scrape the marble hall:
 The rich buffet well coloured serpents grace,²³
 And gaping Tritons spew to wash your face.
 Is this a dinner? this a genial room?²³ 155
 No, 'tis a temple, and a hecatomb.
 A solemn sacrifice, perform'd in state,
 You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.
 So quick retires each flying course, you'd swear
 Sancho's dread doctor and his wand were there.²⁴ 160
 Between each act the trembling salvers ring,
 From soup to sweet-wine, and God bless the king.
 In plenty starving, tantalized in state,
 And complaisantly help'd to all I hate,
 Treated, caress'd, and tired, I take my leave, 165
 Sick of his civil pride from morn to eve;
 I curse such lavish cost, and little skill,
 And swear no day was ever pass'd so ill.
 Yet hence the poor are clothed, the hungry fed;²⁵
 Health to himself, and to his infants bread, 170
 The labourer bears: what his hard heart denies,
 His charitable vanity supplies.
 Another age shall see the golden ear
 Imbrown the slope, and nod on the parterre,
 Deep harvest bury all his pride has plann'd, 175
 And laughing Ceres reassume the land.²⁶

sinner with punishment in a "place which he thought it not decent to name in so polite an assembly."

²³ Taxes the incongruity of ornaments (though sometimes practised by the ancients), where an open mouth ejects the water into a fountain, or where the shocking images of serpents, &c., are introduced in grottos or ballets.

²⁴ The proud festivals of some men are here set forth to ridicule, where pride destroys the ease, and formal regularity all the pleasurable enjoyment of the entertainment.

²⁵ See *Don Quixote*, chap. xlvii.

²⁶ The moral of the whole, where Providence is justified in giving wealth to those who squander it in this manner. A bad taste employs more hands, and diffuses expense more than a good one. This recurs to what is laid down in Book I. Ep. II. ver. 233-7, and in the Epistle preceding this, ver. 161, &c.

²⁶ [On this passage Warburton remarked: "Had the poet lived three years longer, he had seen this prophecy fulfilled." This was an acknowledgment,

Who then shall grace, or who improve the soil?—
 Who plants like Bathurst, or who builds like Boyle.
 'Tis use alone that sanctifies expense,
 And splendour borrows all her rays from sense. 180

His father's acres who enjoys in peace,
 Or makes his neighbours glad, if he increase:
 Whose cheerful tenants bless their yearly toil,
 Yet to their lord owe more than to the soil;
 Whose ample lawns are not ashamed to feed 185
 The milky heifer and deserving steed;
 Whose rising forests, not for pride or show,
 But future buildings, future navies, grow:
 Let his plantations stretch from down to down,
 First shade a country, and then raise a town. 190

You too proceed! make falling arts your care,
 Erect new wonders, and the old repair;
 Jones and Palladio to themselves restore,
 And be what'er Vitruvius was before:
 'Till kings call forth the ideas of your mind,²⁷ 195
 (Proud to accomplish what such hands design'd.)

unconsciously made, that Timon's villa and the Duke of Chandos's seat of Canons were the same. Canons was pulled down three years after Pope's death, and the parterres again reverted to arable land. Warburton afterwards altered the note to avoid the inference. "Had the poet lived but three years longer, he had seen his general prophecy against all ill-judged magnificence fulfilled in a very particular instance."

²⁷ The poet, after having touched upon the proper objects of magnificence and expense, in the private works of great men, comes to those great and public works which become a prince. This poem was published in the year 1732, when some of the new-built churches, by the Act of Queen Anne, were ready to fall, being founded in boggy land (which is satirically alluded to in our author's imitation of Horace, Lib. ii. Sat. 2.—

"Shall half the new-built churches round thee fall;")

others very rily executed, through fraudulent cabals between undertakers, officers, &c. Daggenham-breach had done very great mischief; many of the highways throughout England were hardly passable; and most of those which were repaired by turnpikes were made jobs for private inure, and infamously executed, even to the entrance of London itself. The proposal of building a bridge at Westminster had been petitioned against and rejected, but in two years after the publication of this poem, an act for building a bridge passed through both Houses. After many debates in the committee,

Bid harbours open, public ways extend,
 Bid temples, worthier of the god, ascend;
 Bid the broad arch the dangerous flood contain,
 The mole projected break the roaring main; 200
 Back to his bounds their subject sea command,
 And roll obedient rivers through the land;
 These honours Peace to happy Britain brings,
 These are imperial works, and worthy kings.²⁸

the execution was left to the carpenter above mentioned, who would have made it a wooden one; to which our author alludes in these lines:—

"Who builds a bridge that never drove a pile?—
 Should Ripley venture, all the world would smile."

See the notes on that place.

²⁸ [An echo of a line in Dryden's *Virgil*, book vi.—

"These are imperial arts, and worthy thee."]



EARL OF BURLINGTON.

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

EARL OF BURLINGTON.

Pope could not have dedicated an Epistle on taste more appropriately than to this nobleman, who, both by his skill and his munificence, did so much for the encouragement of art in this kingdom. Richard Boyle, third Earl of Burlington, and fourth Earl of Cork, was born in 1695, and, consequently, was in his thirty-sixth year at the date of this poem. He was then engaged



BURLINGTON HOUSE.

in ornamenting his gardens, and building his villa at Chiswick. The celebrated front and colonnade at Burlington House had been erected some years before, in 1718. There is reason to believe that, in this splendid improvement, his Lordship, then very young, had the assistance of a practical architect, Colin Campbell, though Walpole considers that the design is too good for Campbell. The same lively and picturesque writer describes the effect which the Burlington colonnade had upon him when first seen. "Soon after my return from Italy," he says, "I was invited to a ball at Burlington House. As I passed under the gate by night it could not strike me. At daybreak, looking out of the window to see the sun rise, I was surprised with the

vision of the colonnade that fronted me. It seemed one of those edifices in fairy tales that are raised by genii in a night-time." The colonnade still remains, but the dead wall in front conceals from the public all view of the fine architectural structure. The Earl of Burlington was at the expense of repairing St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden, the work of Inigo Jones; and, by his publication of the designs of Jones and Palladio, no less than by his own noble buildings, he revived a taste for architecture in England. Not less honourable to his Lordship is his patronage of that pure and simple-hearted philosopher, Dr. Berkeley, who, being introduced to him by Pope, was so warmly recommended by his Lordship, that he was appointed one of the chaplains to the Duke of Grafton, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and afterwards became Dean of Derby, and Bishop of Cloyne. Lord Burlington died in 1753, and with his demise a title, honoured and ennobled through three generations, by genius, and virtue, and public spirit, became extinct.

BUBB DODINGTON, LORD MELCOMBE.

Ver. 20. *Bills Bubb build.*] In 1720, George Bubb (the son of an apothecary at Carlisle) fell heir to a large estate in Dorsetshire, which had belonged to his maternal uncle, George Dodington, Esq., of Eastbury. By the will of his relative, Bubb had to complete the magnificent house at Eastbury, which Vanbrugh designed. It is to this erection that the poet alludes. Like most of the vast and ostentatious structures of that day, the mansion at Eastbury has disappeared. It was pulled down by Earl Temple, on whom it was entailed in case of Bubb's having no issue. "Dodington," says Walpole, "had a great deal of wit, great knowledge of business, and was an able speaker in Parliament, though an affected one, and though most of his speeches were premeditated. He was, as his Diary shows, vain, fickle, ambitious, servile, and corrupt. Early in his life he had been devoted to Sir Robert Walpole, and in an epistle to him, which Pope quotes, had professed himself,—

' In power, a servant; out of power, a friend.'

"At a much later period of life, he published an Epistle to Lord Bute, whom he styled Pollio. Mr. Wyndham, editor of his Diary, wrote to Dr. Joseph Warton, in 1784, that he had found among Dodington's papers an old copy of that poem, but inscribed to Sir Robert Walpole! He fell more than once under the lash of Pope, who coupled him with Sir William Yonge in this line,—

'The flowers of Bulbington and flow of Yonge.'

"Soon after the arrival of Frederick, Prince of Wales in England, Dodington became a favourite, and submitted to the Prince's childish horse-play, being once rolled up in a blanket, and trundled down stairs; nor was he negligent in paying more solid court, by lending his Royal Highness money. 'This is a strange country, this England,' said his Royal Highness once; 'I am told Dodington is reckoned a clever man; yet I got £5000 out of him

this morning, and he has no chance of ever seeing it again.'” Walpole dwells on Bubb’s good-nature, his ready wit, his want of taste, and rawdry ostentation in his dress and furniture. All this is undoubted; with the addition, that Bubb had no political honesty or principle—in fact, knew not the meaning of the words. His Diary records the most contemptible, mean and selfish transactions on his part, in which, apparently, he saw nothing



BUBB DODINGTON.

wrong. His complacency never forsook him. The best feature in his character is his hearty hospitality and patronage of literary men. Being himself a dabbler in verse, he loved to have poets about him, and he evinced substantial kindness to Thomson, who was enabled by his bounty to travel in France and Italy. The anecdote of Thomson sauntering about Bubb’s gardens, at Eastbury, with his hands in his breeches-pockets, eating the sunny side of the peaches, is well known. Mr. Bowles says he had examined all Bubb’s correspondence, and, though there are letters from many literary men, upon literary subjects—from Young, Voltaire, Thomson, &c.—Pope’s name is never once mentioned. The close of Dodington’s career was in keeping with its whole progress. He secured the confidence of Lord Bute, and in 1761 was advanced to the peerage, under the title of Lord Melcombe Regis. Thus elevated, the magnificent “Bubo” had nothing further to look for, and he died the next year, aged seventy-one. His extraordinary Diary was not published till 1784.

STOWE, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

Ver. 79. *A work to wonder at—perhaps a Stowe.*] Stowe has often been termed an Elysium. It is—or rather *was*—as near an approach to it as the English soil and climate will permit. It was the first specimen of landscape gardening on a great scale in this country. Whatever art, opulence, and vanity could command, was here collected. Nowhere else were united such magnificent gardens and grounds, such a profusion of temples, obelisks, and towers, rising among groves and lawns of the richest verdure; such a succes-



STOWE.

sion of inimitable walks and landscapes. "If anything under Paradise," says Pope, in one of his letters, "could set me beyond all earthly cogitations, Stowe might do it." Thomson ranked its sylvan scenes above the charms of "Persian Cyrus on Ionia's shore." The cynical Horace Walpole and the courtly Lord Chesterfield were equally charmed with it. The great Lord Clatham spent much of his early leisure amongst its shades. Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Lyttelton delighted to resort to it. Princes were also among its visitors. Frederick Prince of Wales (father of George the Third), and the Princess Amelia, were often there. Some of the clumps of oak were planted by Louis XVIII., Charles X., and Louis Philippe; and Queen Victoria has set her fair foot on its walks. Whole generations of Court beauties, maids of honour, titled matrons, patricians, and intriguing politicians, seem to fill the glades and avenues with forms once familiar to the spot. "O fair ladies," said John Knox to the attendants of Queen Mary of Scotland, "how pleasing were this life of yours if it could ever abide; and then, in the end, if ye could go to Heaven with all your gay gear!"

But fie upon that knave Death, that will come whether we will or not!" There are other monitors besides Death. Misfortune is also a stern instructor, and its dark shadow has been cast over the splendours of Stowe. Images of distress and spoliation, of folly repented too late, of baffled hopes, disappointed ambition, and all those "vultures of the mind" which prey upon haughty spirits amidst household wreck and desolation, now mingle with the glories of art and nature, and dim the lustre of the scene. Let us read the lesson in charity and tenderness. Let us not pursue the stricken deer, but rather exult in what is left of this marvellous combination still undestroyed in its essential features of natural beauty and magnificence.

The grounds of Stowe lie close to the town of Buckingham—one of the smallest and most decayed-looking county towns in England. The streets and red-tiled houses, the little gardens and orchards, were basking in the morning sun when we saw them in the autumn of 1848, when the great sale at Stowe took place. Few people were abroad—the place seemed a Sleepy Hollow, but the quiet streets, we were told, were occasionally made noisy by inroads of roystering students from Oxford, which is about twenty miles distant. The first glance at the Stowe grounds tells you that you are approaching some fine patrician seat. A straight avenue of two miles, lined with a double row of trees, stretches before you; and at the end of the vista is seen a vast Corinthian arch or gateway, about sixty feet high, and as wide. Carriages and vehicles of all sorts pressed on towards the arch, and on the road were pedestrian groups, shaded from the dust and heat by the branching elms that form a verdant alley on each side. The sale had made a holiday all the country round—simple folks coming to stare and wonder, the malicious to sneer, and the good-natured to regret. It is thus that the fates adjust the balance among the different classes of society. Every peasant in the county at that time felt himself to be a happier, and perhaps a wiser man, than its great Duke. Arrived at the gate, we see the south, or garden front, of the house—a lofty and richly embellished structure, standing on a gentle eminence, with sloping flower-gardens, antique vases, sculptured figures, a portico of the most imposing form, Corinthian and Ionic columns, medallions, and other decorations, crowding on the view. The measurement of the front is above nine hundred feet, including a grand centre, two colonnades, and two pavilion wings. The approach to the portico is by a flight of thirty-one huge steps. Herace Walpole complained that there was no getting out of the house without descending a flight of steps as high as St. Paul's. The sarcasm is well founded. The ascent is laborious, reminding one how little comfort there is in magnificence. Glorious, however, to the eye and the fancy was the appearance of that great structure, its exquisite parterre, flower gardens, orangery, fountains, and sculptures—with the lawn, winding valley, and river spreading out below.

We turned aside to reach the north front, where the sale was going on. The road passes through undulating grounds, amidst tall trees, and delicious greensward, over which the hares were running. The north front of the mansion is also an elaborate architectural work, with Ionic columns, open colonnades, and another gigantic flight of steps. But now the character of

the scene was changed. At the foot of an equestrian statue of George the Second was a group of cottagers gazing on the building; other groups filled the walks. In one of the colonnades was a stall for the sale of fruits and hear. Pictures and articles of furniture lay about ready for packing. Carpenters plied their hammers, and round the necks of the couchant lions on each side of the flight of stairs were hung placards, intimating that the parties who placed them there were ready to undertake the removal and conveyance of the purchased goods. Carriages, gigs, and led horses made up the bizarre picture—a sad contrast to the stately formality and palatial glory of Stowe! What a dispersion of works of art and virtue—of heir-looms centuries old—of objects consecrated by public and private associations! This was the last day of the sale of the pictures—the day of the great Rembrandt, the Cuyps, and Salvator Rosas; and an old grey-headed servant told us that the Duke expected that that day's sale would realize £40,000. The reality fell far short of this, for the whole sixty lots produced just 10,800 guineas. The collection of pictures, indeed, was but an inferior one for such a place. One second-rate Rembrandt, a negro armed with bow and arrow, was sold for 231 guineas; a finer specimen of the same master, 810 guineas; a Teniers, 240 guineas; a Claude, 125 guineas; two pictures by Albert Durer, 155 and 160 guineas; a noble Salvator, the Finding of Moses, 1000 guineas; and a Cuyp, 1470 guineas. A picture by Domenichino, the Sybilla Persica, was run up to 600 guineas. At the close came the grand Rembrandt—a very large picture: "The Unfaithful Servant brought before his Lord, between a Soldier and an aged Servant." The work had the characteristic features and excellence of Rembrandt—his unrivalled management of light and shade, his strong truth and expression. It was put up at 1000 guineas, and the biddings went on to 1600, when one gentleman startled the rural gentry and the uninitiated by bidding at once 400 guineas more. It was now at 2000, and it was ultimately sold for 2200 guineas. The sale over, Jew and Gentile left the magnificent saloon, with its pavement of Carrara marble, its sixteen Scagliola columns, and its alto-relievo cornice representing a Roman triumph—which magnificent apartment had been converted into the auction room. How bitterly and loftily would Pope have moralised on this scene of fallen greatness—if the prostrate lord of Stowe had been a Whig and a Hanoverian!

We wandered over the vast deserted house. Stripped of their costly furniture and embellishments, the state rooms and galleries appeared gaunt spectres of the past—phantoms of departed splendour. The family pictures and portraits huddled up in corners waiting removal, also told their tale. The Temples and Grenvilles were there in dozens. Sovereigns, peers, poets, and philosophers lay side by side. Pope and Addison fronted each other, forgetful of their quarrel. Charles the Second and Oliver Cromwell shared the same room. Henry the Eighth, in his slashed doublet, looked as fierce in the colours of Holbein as when he bearded pope and cardinal. Neil Gwynne, in yellow and blue, figured by the side of John Locke and Susannah and the Elders. Suits of armour, shields and swords, lay about the rooms. Here was the sash of young Charles Edward, taken from his baggage after the

battle of Culloden, which had been sold for forty guineas; and here were the badge and ribbon of the Order of the Bath worn by Sir Richard Temple at the coronation of Charles the Second. Much was said of a lock of hair, one of the tresses of the Princess Mary, daughter of Henry the Seventh, and successively the Queen of Louis XII. and the wife of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. Brandon was the early playmate and lover of Mary, but bluff Harry, her brother, compelled her to marry Louis of France. After the death of Louis, Brandon, then Duke of Suffolk, appeared at the French Court with letters of condolence. The young widow met her former lover, and, disregarding all other offers, immediately married him. In reference to this royal match—who could omit mention of the incident?—the gallant duke appeared at a tournament, his saddlecloth made half of frize, or coarse cloth, and half of cloth of gold, and each had its motto. One of these mottoes was—

“Cloth of frize be not too bold
Though thou art match'd with cloth of gold.”

And the other half bore,—

“Cloth of gold do not despise
Though thou art match'd with cloth of frize.”

This is a chivalrous incident—an illustration of Sir Philip Sidney's “high thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy.” The Buckingham family is descended from the Princess Mary, by her marriage with Brandon. The tomb of Mary, in Bury Church, was opened in 1781, and a lock of her hair was taken from the skeleton. This precious lock, which seemed, as was said, to “link the family of Buckingham with the throne of England,” was sold to a Bond Street dealer for £7 10s.

Of all the portraits at Stowe, the celebrated one of Shakspeare attracted most attention. Its history and transmission are somewhat doubtful, but it is believed to have once belonged to Sir William Davenant, and, subsequently, to Betterton, the actor. While in the possession of Betterton, a copy of it was painted by Kneller, for Dryden, who undoubtedly considered it a genuine likeness, and who has finely commemorated Kneller's copy:—

“Shakspeare, thy gift I place before my sight,
With awe I ask his blessing ere I write,
With reverence look on his majestic face,
Proud to be less—but of his godlike race.”

The epithet “majestic” will hardly apply, for the highest expression of the portrait is that of calm seriousness. The stone of the Stratford-on-Avon bust has more life and animation than the Chandos picture, and there is little resemblance between them. It is, however, not unlike the engraving prefixed to the first folio of 1623. We are glad that the Chandos portrait has fallen into the hands of the Earl of Ellesmere—a liberal and tasteful collector, whose splendid gallery is so easily accessible. His lordship gave 355 guineas for the portrait.

From the pictures in the interior of Stowe, we now turned to those out of doors. Not Claude himself, with his woods and aerial perspective, nor

Albano, with his groves and temples, inspired finer scenes than these gardens presented. The ornamental grounds occupy four or five hundred acres, and the circumference by the outside walk is about three miles. Conceive this large area shut in, as it were, from the busy world—secluded in perfect luxury. A mass of foliage forms the sky-line; broad walks sweep around; the grounds are carpeted with the richest grass, now spreading into wide valleys, now rising into hills and mountains, and now scooped into dells and hollows. Here a light and airy scene expands before us, and there a dark and solemn grove or thicket. A lake, a river, and ornamental bridge—the latter a copy of the Wilton Bridge, designed by Palladio—further vary the grounds. Conceive all this huge verdant amphitheatre, diversified with lines and clumps of high and venerable trees, through the openings of which are seen fanes, temples, columns, and statues of elaborate structure—each section of the grounds being formed into a distinct and separate scene; in one place charming the spectator by softness and beauty and in another elevating him by combinations of picturesqueness and sublimity. The perfection of art is seen in the disposition of the grounds—in their endless variety, connexion, and contrast. The buildings may seem to give an artificial and ostentatious character to the grounds, and some of them are in bad taste; but the pomp is pleasing; the whole is invested with a rich baronial magnificence. There are temples to Concord and Victory, to Venus and Bacchus, to Friendship, to Ancient Virtue, and to British Worthies. In the last of these was a bust of Pope, with the following inscription:—

“ALEXANDER POPE, who, uniting the correctness of judgment to the fire of genius, by the melody and power of his numbers gave sweetness to sense, and grace to philosophy. He employed the pointed brilliancy of wit to chastise the vices, and the eloquence of poetry to exalt the virtues of human nature; and, being without a rival in his own age, imitated and translated, with a spirit equal to the originals, the best Poets of Antiquity.”

On a picturesque eminence stands a Gothic temple, its windows of stained glass sparkling in the sunshine amidst the quivering leaves, and its portico, turrets, and balustrades rising above a dark grove of alder, a dense shade impervious to the light. There are pavilions designed by Vanbrugh, a rotunda, a “Bourbon Tower,” and monuments to Congreve, to General Wolfe, to Captain Cook, and others. Through a Gothic arch we enter the “Elysian Fields,”—a lovely spot, finely wooded, watered by a clear sparkling stream, its smooth banks decorated with statues, and the whole wearing an aspect of elegance and gaiety. In another part, by the side of statues of Hercules and Antæus, we pass into the “Fane of Pastoral Poetry,” a valley with a forest scene, formed by extensive lawns of the park, bounded by old oaks. One spot called the “Greenian Valley,” is of uncommon beauty and grandeur. Its declivities are covered with light woods and groves, and the open space is varied by detached trees of enormous magnitude. Among the other sights in the grounds are a hermitage, a pebble alcove, a cascade, artificial ruins, an altar, and urns. Many of these would be well away, but, in general effect, the multiplicity of objects in these different scenes, the variety of foliage, the water, and the number of landscapes presented, evince the

highest artistic skill. Amidst the classic sculptures in the flower gardens, we were surprised to find a touch of simple nature—a statue of a piper and his dog. How such a representation should be found in such company, under the shade of tulip trees, beside fawns and dancing nymphs, was at first a puzzle. The statue, however, is a fine work of art, executed by Gabriel Cibber, and its history is interesting. It represents the piper, described by De Foe in his *History of the Plague*, as having been taken up for dead in the street, and thrown into the dead-cart with other bodies to be buried: but who awakened from his trance just as the men were proceeding to throw him into the pit, and, after considerably alarming his bearers by sitting upright in the cart, and playing upon his pipes, recovered, and did well. This curious group was formerly at Whitton, the seat of the Duke of Argyll. The piper must have been a Campbell! It has now got a Shakespearian locality in the garden at Snitterfield, the seat of Mr. Mark Phillips, in Warwickshire. We may just mention that the sale of the effects at Stowe extended over forty days, and realised a total sum of £75,562 *ls.* 6d.¹

A history of Stowe gardens would be a history of the art of landscape gardening in England, from its first rude efforts, through various stages, to its gradual approximation to taste and nature. They were originally laid out by Bridgeman, then improved by Kent and Capability Brown, and, subsequently, freed of various imperfections and deformities by various artists. Kent exploded the stiff rectilinear style, the clipped hedges, out yews, vegetable dragons, and other monstrosities of the former generation. He and Brown substituted clumps and belts of trees, artificial water, and smooth dressed banks. They carried this in some instances too far, not sufficiently consulting the "genius of the place," as Pope suggests. In their zeal for destroying the old formalities, they threw down terraces and antique ornaments, which added both grace and comfort to certain old baronial seats. Sir Uvedale Price, in his admirable work on the *Picturesque*, attacked Brown and his followers for their excessive devotion to clumps, and belts, and artificial water. Their perpetual line of beauty, and terminating points, were, he argued, as insipid as the artificial objects they condemned—and Price was right in the main. Their only merit was first directing public attention to more natural and simple combinations of beauty, which led the way to subsequent improvements. Stowe benefited by all these. Some artificial traits were left, because magnificence was the feature chiefly aimed at in their original formation. The natural beauty and amenity of the spot were heightened into grandeur, and elaborated into pictures, such as Poussin or Albano designed, or the vales of Italy and Greece might present. To wander among the rich and ever-varying landscapes, was like the realisation of a dream, or an Arabian tale:—

"Entranced with that place, and time
So worthy of the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid."

¹ See the "*Stowe Catalogue*, priced and annotated, by Henry Rumsey Forster," London, 1848.

DR. CLARKE.

Ver. 78. *Nor in an hermitage set Dr. Clarke.*] Dr. Samuel Clarke, the learned Low Church divine, was a special favourite with Queen Caroline, as he had previously been with Queen Anne. He was distinguished as a man of science, a scholar, and a divine. When barely of age he had at Cambridge contributed to diffuse a knowledge of the Newtonian system, for which purpose he translated Rohault's Physics for the use of students. He afterwards translated Newton's Optics into Latin, for which Sir Isaac gave him £500. His classical and philological labours consisted in editing Caesar's Commentaries, and the first twelve books of Homer, with a Latin version. His works on theological subjects were numerous, and not all orthodox. His Sermons on the Being and Attributes of the Deity, and on Natural and Revealed Religion, exhibited him as a close and powerful reasoner, though many objected to his argument *a priori* for the existence of a God. Another treatise, The Scripture Doctrine of the Trinity, was still more decidedly opposed, and became a subject of complaint in the lower House of Convocation. The upper house, however, interposed in his favour on his explaining away some of the most objectionable passages, and promising to write no more on those doctrines. Clarke had always a firm friend in Queen Caroline, and enjoyed the favour of the Court to the last. In 1727, on the death of Sir Isaac Newton, he was offered the place of Master of the Mint. He declined it as inconsistent with his profession, but Clarke would have been more appropriately set in such an office than in his rectory of St. James's. Bolingbroke had a strong aversion to this eminent divine—partly because he was a philosopher whom he could not confute, and partly because he was a favourite of the Queen. Pope shared in the same feeling, apparently without any personal cause for dislike.

TIMON'S VILLA—CANONS.

Ver. 99. *At Timon's villa let us pass a day.*] This fine description, marked by such correct taste and thorough knowledge of the subject, and so striking for the pictures it contains, was universally considered to apply to Canons, the seat of the Duke of Chandos. A contemporary has given an account of this celebrated mansion:—

"Near this town (Edgware in Middlesex) the late Duke of Chandos built one of the most magnificent palaces in England, with a profusion of expense, and so well furnished within, that it had hardly its equal in England. The stucco and gilding were done by the famous Pargotti; the great hall was painted by Paulucci; the pillars were of marble; the great staircase was extremely fine, and the steps were all of marble, every step being of one whole piece, about twenty-two feet in length. The avenue was spacious and majestic; and as it gave you the view of two fronts, joined as it were in one, the distance not admitting you to see the angle, which was in the centre, so you were agreeably drawn in to think the front of the house almost twice as large

as it was. And yet when you came nearer you were again surprised by seeing the winding passage opening, as it were, a new front to the eye, of near 120 feet wide, which you had not seen before; so that you were lost awhile in looking near at hand for what you so plainly saw at a great distance. The gardens were well designed, and had a vast variety in them, and the canals were large and noble. The chapel was a singularity, both in its building and the beauty of its workmanship; and the late Duke at one time maintained there a full choir, and had the worship performed with the best music, after the manner of the Chapel Royal.*

The writer then adverts to the short duration of all this grandeur, the great founder of which, he says, was more to be pitied and even admired than blamed, having made a noble though ineffectual stand to prevent a more general ruin to the African Company, which he was at the head of, and which swallowed up the fortune of one of the most munificent and princely-spirited noblemen that ever adorned this nation.

In 1731, when Pope published this Epistle, the Duke's fortune was understood to be impaired, but he was still magnificent; he scattered about his money freely, and was a favourite with the nation. He far outshone Burlington, and even Cobham. Hence, when Pope's satire appeared, there was a general burst of indignation against the poet. He was accused of having wantonly and malignantly defamed one of the best of our nobles, who had entertained him sumptuously at Canons, and presented him with a bank-note for £500 as a subscription for one of his books. The latter statement Pope emphatically denied: he had never, he said, seen the Duke of Chandos but twice, and he never received any present farther than the subscription for Homer from him, or from any great man whatsoever. He was no less zealous in denying the public belief that Timon's Villa was designed to represent Canons. "*If there be truth in the world,*" he said, writing to Aaron Hill, "I declare to you I never imagined the least application of what I said of Timon could be made to the Duke of Chandos, than whom there is scarce a more blameless, worthy, and generous, beneficent character among all our nobility." Pope threw out a hint that Aaron Hill should take up his defence; it would have been a pleasure, he said, to have found some friend saying a word in his justification. Hill, however, did nothing. In his reply to Pope, he regretted the poet's "unguarded absence of caution" in this instance, and he remarked on the resemblance between the real and the poetical villa: "Such as the hundred footsteps, the exact number of his domestics for some years at Canons, and the pomp of the chapel and its music; for whether jiggish or solemn never struck the inquiry of a thousand who remembered the Duke's magnificence chiefly by that circumstance." A defence of Pope appeared in the newspapers in the form of a letter from Mr. Cleland to Mr. Gay, "written," says Warburton, "by the same hand that wrote the Letter to the Publisher prefixed to the Dunciad, and what hand that was, no one who reads this collection of letters can be at a loss to ascertain." Of course the hand was Pope's. A few weeks afterwards a pirated edition of the Epistle was published, with

* De Foe's Tour through Great Britain, continued by S. Richardson.

abusive notes, and with a frontispiece which told its tale more clearly than either the prose or verse of *Wolsted*. This was a print, designed by Hogarth, representing Pope standing on a builder's high stage or platform, engaged in whitewashing the gate at Burlington-house, and at the same time bespattering the coach of the Duke of Chandos then passing by. Pope repeated his denial in still stronger terms in the *Epistle to Arbuthnot*, 1734, but neither the Duke himself nor the public were satisfied. The number of servants, as mentioned by Aaron Hill, the musical choir led by Handel, and the magnificence of the whole establishment at Canons, appeared to identify it with *Timon's Villa*.



SATIRES.

EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT;

OR,

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

[*Motto to the first edition, published in folio, 1734.*]

"Neque sermonibus vulgi dederis te, nec in præmiis humanis spem posueris rerum
tearum; suis te oportet illecebris ipsa virtus trahat ad verum decus. Quid de te
alii loquantur, ipsi videant, aud loquantur tamen."—CICERO.

[And do not yield yourself up to the speeches of the vulgar, nor in your affairs place
hope in human rewards: virtue ought to draw you to true glory by its own allure-
ments. Why should others speak of you? Let them study themselves—yet they
will speak.]

ADVERTISEMENT.

This paper is a sort of bill of complaint, begun many years since, and
drawn up by snatches, as the several occasions offered. I had no thoughts
of publishing it, till it pleased some persons of rank and fortune (the authors
of *Verses to the Imitator of Horace*, and of an *Epistle to a Doctor of
Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton-court*) to attack, in a very extraor-
dinary manner, not only my writings (of which, being public, the public is
judge), but my person, morals, and family, whereof, to those who know me
not, a truer information may be requisite. Being divided between the
necessity to say something of myself, and my own laziness to undertake so
awkward a task, I thought it the shortest way to put the last hand to this
Epistle. If it have anything pleasing, it will be that by which I am most
desirous to please, the truth and the sentiment; and if anything offensive, it
will be only to those I am least sorry to offend, the vicious or the ungenerous.

Many will know their own pictures in it, there being not a circumstance
but what is true; but I have for the most part spared their names, and they
may escape being laughed at, if they please.

I would have some of them know, it was owing to the request of the
learned and candid friend to whom it is inscribed, that I make not as free use



"Shut, shut the door, good John! fatigued I said."

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES, line 1.

of theirs as they have done of mine. However, I shall have this advantage and honour on my side, that whereas, by their proceeding, any abuse may be directed at any man, no injury can possibly be done by mine, since a nameless character can never be found out but by its truth and likeness.

P. SHUT, shut the door, good John!¹ fatigued I said;
 Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.
 The Dog-star rages! nay 'tis past a doubt,
 All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out:
 Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand, 5
 They rave, recite, and madden round the land.
 What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?
 They pierce my thickets, through my grot they glide,
 By land, by water, they renew the charge,
 They stop the chariot, and they board the barge. 10
 No place is sacred, not the church is free;
 Ev'n Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me:
 Then from the Mint² walks forth the man of rhyme,
 Happy³ to catch me, just at dinner-time.
 Is there a parson, much bemused in beer, 15
 A mandlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
 A clerk, foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
 Who pens a stanza, when he should engross?
 Is there, who, lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls
 With desperate charcoal round his darken'd walls?³ 20
 All fly to Twitnam, and in humble strain
 Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.

¹ [John Serle, his old and faithful servant, remembered in his will. Curll speaks of "honest Serle, Mr. Pope's gardener at Twickenham," in 1735. After his master's death, in 1744, John published a plan of the poet's garden, with an account of the mineral and other curiosities it contained, which we have given in the appendix to the poet's life. He next went into the employment of Mr. Allen, at Bath.]

² [The Mint in Southwark was a sanctuary for insolvent debtors. It included several streets and alleys. Nahum Tate, the poet, died in the Mint, in 1716. An attempt was made to curtail the privilege, in the reign of William III., and it was finally suppressed in the reign of George I.]

³ After ver. 20, in the MS.—

"Is there a bard in durance? turn them free,
 With all their brandish'd reams they run to me:
 Is there a 'prentice, having seen two plays,
 Who would do something in his sempstress' praise—"

Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,⁴
 Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause:
 Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope, 25
 And curses wit, and poetry, and Pope.

Friend to my life! (which did not you prolong,
 The world had wanted many an idle song)
 What drop or nostrum can this plague remove?⁵
 Or which must end me, a fool's wrath or love? 30

A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped,
 If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead.
 Seized and tied down to judge, how wretched I!
 Who can't be silent, and who will not lie:

To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace, 35
 And to be grave, exceeds all power of face.
 I sit with sad civility, I read

With honest anguish, and an aching head;
 And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
 This saving counsel,—“Keep your piece nine years.” 40

“Nine years!” cries he, who, high in Drury-lane,
 Lull'd by soft zephyrs through the broken pane,
 Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before Term ends,
 Obliged by hunger, and request of friends:

“The piece, you think, is incorrect? why take it, 45
 I'm all submission; what you'd have it, make it.”

Three things another's modest wishes bound,
 My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound.

Pitholeon sends to me: “You know his grace,
 I want a patron; ask him for a place.” 50

Pitholeon⁶ libell'd me—“but here's a letter
 Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no better.
 Dare you refuse him? Curll invites to dine,
 He'll write a journal, or he'll turn divine.”⁷

⁴ [Arthur Moore, father of the poetical James Moore Smythe. See list of Pope, and Notes to Dunciad.]

⁵ In the first edition—

“Dear Doctor, tell me, is not this a curse?

Say, is their anger or their friendship worse?”

⁶ The name taken from a foolish poet of Rhodes, who pretended much to Greek. Schol. in Horat. l. i. Dr. Bentley pretends that this Pitholeon libell'd Caesar also. See notes on Hor. Sat. 10, l. i.

⁷ In the MS.—

“If you refuse, he goes, as fates incline,
 To plague Sir Robert, or to turn divine.”

Bless me! a packet.⁸ " 'Tis a stranger sues, 55
 A virgin tragedy, an orphan Muse."
 If I dislike it, "Furies, death and rage?"
 If I approve, "Commend it to the stage."
 There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,
 The players and I are, luckily, no friends;⁹ 60
 Fired that the house reject him, " 'Sdeath I'll print it,
 And shame the fools—Your interest, Sir, with Lintot."
 Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much:
 "Not, Sir, if you revise it, and retouch."
 All my demurs but double his attacks: 65
 And last he whispers, "Do: and we go snacks."
 Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door:
 Sir, let me see your works and you no more.
 'Tis sung, when Midas' ears began to spring,
 (Midas, a sacred person and a king) 70
 His very minister who spied them first,
 (Some say his queen) was forced to speak or burst:¹⁰
 And is not mine, my friend, a sorer case,
 When every coxcomb perks them in my face?
 A. Good friend forbear! you deal in dangerous things, 75
 I'd never name queens, ministers, or kings:
 Keep close to ears, and those let asses prick,
 'Tis nothing—P. Nothing? if they bite and kick?
 Out with it, DUNCIAD! let the secret pass,
 That secret to each fool, that he's an ass: 80

⁸ [Alludes to a tragedy called the *Virgin Queen*, by Mr. R. Barford, published 1729, who displeased Pope by daring to adopt the fine machinery of his sylphs in an heroic-comical poem called *The Assembly*.—*Warton*.]

⁹ [In first edit.—

"Gibber and I are luckily no friends."

Gibber, in his letter to Pope, 1742, notices this alteration. "You have taken off a little of its edge," he says. "This is so uncommon an instance of your checking your temper, and taking a little shame to yourself, that I cannot in justice omit my notice of it."]

¹⁰ The story is told by some of his barber, but by Chaucer of his Queen. See *Wife of Bath's Tale* in Dryden's *Fables*. [It is scarcely necessary to point out that the poet intends a sarcastic allusion to Queen Caroline and Sir Robert Walpole. The Queen's management of the King, as detailed by Lord Hervery in his *Memoirs*, was as artfully constructed and evolved as any dramatic plot. Walpole knew where the real power lay, and made his arrangements accordingly. Hervery, in a letter to Bishop Headley (1734) has the expression, "You know the King's two ears as well as I do."]

The truth once told (and wherefore should we lie?)
The Queen of Midas slept, and so may I.

You think this cruel? Take it for a rule,
No creature smarts so little as a fool.
Let peals of laughter, Codrus! round thee break, 85
Thou unconcerned canst hear the mighty crack:
Pit, box, and gallery in convulsions hurl'd,
Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.¹¹
Who shames a scribbler? break one cobweb through,¹²
He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anéw: 90
Destroy his fib or sophistry, in vain,
The creature's at his dirty work again,
Throned in the centre of his thin designs,
Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines!
Whom have I hurt? has poet yet, or peer, 95
Lost the arch'd eyebrow, or Parnassian sneer?
And has not Colley still his lord, and whore?
His butchers Henley, his free-masons Moore?¹³
Does not one table Bavus still admit?
Still to one bishop Philips seem a wit?¹⁴ 100
Still Sappho—A. Hold; for God's sake—you'll offend:
No names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend.

¹¹ Alluding to Horace,—

"Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinae."

[Or rather to Addison's version—

"Should the whole frame of Nature round him break,
In ruin and confusion hurl'd,
He unconcern'd would hear the mighty crack,
And stand secure amidst a falling world."]

¹² [In first edit,—

"Scribblers, like spiders, break one cobweb through,
Still spin," &c.

There are numerous small alterations in this Epistle.]

¹³ He was of this society, and frequently headed their processions.

[Orator Henley and James Moore Smythe. The former preached in Newport and Clare Markets.]

¹⁴ [The Bavus of this couplet has not been named. Shadwell used to represent the character, but he had been dead long ere this Epistle was written. Dennis died in January of the same year, 1733-4. The bishop alluded to was Bishop Boulter, Primate of Ireland, to whom Ambrose Philips was for some time secretary.]

I too could write, and I am twice as tall
 But foes like these—P. One flatterer's worse than all.
 Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right, 105
 It is the slaver kills, and not the bite.
 A fool quite angry is quite innocent:
 Alas! 'tis ten times worse when they repent.

One dedicates in high heroic prose,
 And ridicules beyond a hundred foes: 110
 One from all Grub-street will my fame defend,
 And, more abusive, calls himself my friend.¹⁵
 This prints my letters, that expects a bribe,
 And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe!"

There are, who to my person pay their court; 115
 I cough like Horace, and, though lean, am short.
 Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,—
 Such Ovid's nose,—and, "Sir! you have an eye." ¹⁶
 Go on, obliging creatures, make me see
 All that disgraced my betters met in me. 120
 Say, for my comfort, languishing in bed,
 "Just so immortal Maro held his head;"
 And, when I die, be sure you let me know
 Great Homer died three thousand years ago.¹⁷

Why did I write? what sin to me unknown 125
 Dipp'd me in ink, my parents', or my own?
 As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
 I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.

¹⁵ In the MS.—

"For song, for silence some expect a bribe:
 And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe!"
 Time, praise, or money, is the least they crave;
 Yet each declares the other fool or knave."

¹⁶ [Warburton mentions that Pope's eye was "fine, sharp, and piercing." He was, however, troubled with some complaint in his eyes, for which he placed himself under Dr. Cheselden.]

¹⁷ After ver. 124, in the MS.—

"But, friend, this shape which you and Curll admire,
 Came not from Ammon's son, but from my sire;
 And for my head, if you 'll the truth excuse,
 I had it from my mother, not the Muse.
 Happy, if he, in whom these frailties join'd
 Had heir'd as well the virtues of the mind."

[Curll set up his head for a sign. His father was crooked. His mother was much afflicted with headaches.—Warburton.]

I left no calling for this idle trade,
 No duty broke, no father disobey'd: 130
 The Muse but served to ease some friend, not wife,
 To help me through this long disease, my life;
 To second, ARBUTHNOT! thy art and care,
 And teach the being you preserved to bear.

But why then publish? Granville the polite, 135
 And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write;
 Well-natured Garth inflamed with early praise,
 And Congreve loved, and Swift endured my lays;
 The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield read,
 Even mitred Rochester would nod the head, 140
 And St. John's self (great Dryden's friends before)
 With open arms received one poet more.

Happy my studies, when by these approved!
 Happier their author, when by these beloved!
 From these the world will judge of men and books, 145
 Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cookes.¹⁸

Soft were my numbers; who could take offence
 While pure description held the place of sense?
 Like gentle Fanny's²⁰ was my flowery theme,
 A painted mistress, or a purling stream.²¹ 150
 Yet then did Gildon draw his venal quill;
 I wish'd the man a dinner, and sate still.
 Yet then did Dennis rave in furious fret;
 I never answer'd—I was not in debt.

¹⁸ All these were patrons or admirers of Mr. Dryden; though a scandalous libel against him, entitled *Dryden's Satyr to his Muse*, has been printed in the name of the Lord Somers, of which he was wholly ignorant. These are the persons to whose account the author charges the publication of his first pieces; persons, with whom he was conversant (and, he adds, beloved) at 16 or 17 years of age; an early period for such acquaintance. The catalogue might be made yet more illustrious, had he not confined it to that time when he writ the *Pastorals* and *Windsor Forest*, on which he passes a sort of censure in the lines following:—

"While pure description held the place of sense?"

¹⁹ Authors of secret and scandalous history. [They will all be found in the *Dunciad*, with Gildon, Dennis, &c., subsequently introduced.]

²⁰ [In first edit. "Like gentle Damon's," &c. Altered, no doubt, to apply to Lord Hervey, the Lord Fanny of many a satire.]

²¹ "A painted meadow, or a purling stream," is a verse of Mr. Addison's.

If want provoked, or madness made them print, 155
 I waged no war with Bedlam or the Mint.
 Did some more sober critic come abroad—
 If wrong, I smiled: if right, I kiss'd the rod.
 Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,
 And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense. 160
 Commas and points they set exactly right,
 And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite;
 Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel graced these ribalds,
 From slashing Bentley down to piddling Tibbalds;²³
 Each wight, who reads not, and but scans and spells, 165
 Each word-catcher, that lives on syllables,
 Even such small critics, some regard may claim,
 Preserved in Milton's or in Shakespear's name.
 Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
 Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms! 170
 The things we know are neither rich nor rare,
 But wonder how the devil they got there.²³
 Were others angry—I excused them too;
 Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
 A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find; 175
 But each man's secret standard in his mind,
 That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
 This, who can gratify, for who can guess?
 The bard whom pilfer'd Pastorals renown,
 Who turns a Persian tale for half a crown,²⁴ 180
 Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
 And strains from hard-bound brains, eight lines a-year;

²³ [In the first publication of these verses, as a fragment in the *Miscellanies*, 1727, this line stood—

"From sanguine Sew——" &c.

It was then altered to *daring* Bentley, and next to *slashing* Bentley. One of the poet's contemporary critics (Letter to Mr. Pope, 1739), says—"Who this Sew—— is I don't know, but why must Bentley come slashing and take his place? You are grown very angry, it seems, at Dr. Bentley of late. Is it because he said (to your face I have been told) that your Homer was miserable stuff; that it might be called Homer modernised, or something to that effect: but that there were very little or no vestiges of the old Grecian?"

²⁴ [In early editions—

"Not that the things are either rich or rare,
 But all the wonder is, how they got there?"]

²⁵ Amb. Philips translated a book called the *Persian Tales*.

He, who still wanting, though he lives on theft,
 Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left:
 And he, who now to sense, now nonsense leaning, 185
 Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:
 And he, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
 It is not poetry, but prose run mad:
 All these, my modest satire bade translate,
 And own'd that nine such poets made a Tate.²⁵ 190
 How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe!
 And swear, not Addison himself was safe.
 Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires
 True genius kindles, and fair ~~large~~ inspires;
 Blest with each talent, and each art to please, 195
 And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
 Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
 Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
 View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
 And hate for arts that caused himself to rise; 200
 Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
 And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer:
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
 All's reserved to blame, or to commend, 205
 A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend;
 Dreading e'en fools, by flatterers besieged,
 And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd:
 Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
 And sit attentive to his own applause; 210
 While wits and Templars every sentence raise,
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
 Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
 Who would not weep, if Atticus were he!²⁶

²⁵ See their works, in the translations of classical books by several hands.

²⁶ It was a great falsehood, which some of the libels reported, that this character was written after the gentleman's death: which see refuted in the Testimonies prefixed to the *Dunciad*. But the occasion of writing it was such as he would not make public out of regard to his memory; and all that could further be done was to omit the name, in the edition of his works. [Pope first published this celebrated Satire in the *Miscellanies*, 1727. But it had been published by Mr. Jeremiah Markland in 1728, in a pamphlet entitled "*Cytherea*;" and afterwards by Curll. See also *Life of Pope* in this edition, Vol. I, p. 101.]

What though my name stood rubric on the walls, 215
 Or plaster'd posts, with claps, in capitals?
 Or smoking forth, a hundred hawkers' load,
 On wings of winds came flying all abroad?²⁷
 I sought no homage from the race that write;
 I kept, like Asian monarchs, from their sight: 220
 Poems I heeded (now berhym'd so long)
 No more than thou, great George! a birthday song.
 I ne'er with wits or wittings pass'd my days,
 To spread about the itch of verse and praise;
 Nor like a puppy, daggled through the town, 225
 To fetch and carry, sing-song up and down;
 Nor at rehearsals sweat, and mouth'd, and cried,
 With handkerchief and orange at my side;

On the line, "Who would not weep if Atticus were he?" Warburton has the following note, dictated, no doubt, by Pope:—"But when we come to know it belongs to Atticus—i. e. to one whose more obvious qualities had before engaged our love or esteem, then friendship, in spite of ridicule, will make a separation: our old impressions will get the better of our new; or at least suffer themselves to be no further impaired than by the admission of a mixture of pity and concern."

It appears from a letter of Atterbury's that copies of the verses were circulated before February, 1721-2. "No small piece of your writing," he says, "has been ever sought after so much: it has pleased every man without exception to whom it has been read." Pope added a note to this passage in the correspondence, stating that "an imperfect copy had got out, *very much to the author's surprise, who never would give any.*" Even Spence doubts this. Most of the sentiments and imagery in the satire are contained in a letter to Craggs, July 18, 1716. "I translated Homer for the public in general; he (Tickell) to gratify the inordinate desires of one man only. We have, it seems, a great Turk in poetry, who can never bear a brother on the throne; and he has his nutes, too, a set of nodders, winkers, and whisperers, whose business is to stumgle all other offsprings of wit in their birth. The new translator of Homer is the humblest slave he has, that is to say, his first minister; let him receive the honours he gives me, but receive them with fear and trembling; let him be proud of the approbation of his absolute lord. I appeal to the people as my rightful judges and masters: and if they are not inclined to condemn me, I fear no arbitrary, high-flying proceeding from the small Court-faction at Button's. But after all I have said of this great man, there is no rupture between us. We are each of us so civil and obliging, that neither thinks he is obliged: and I, for my part, treat with him as we do with the Grand Monarch, who has too many good qualities not to be respected, though we know he watches any occasion to oppress us." With respect to the merits of this memorable quarrel, we have spoken in the sketch of Pope's life.]

²⁷ Hopkins in the 104th Psalm.

But sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
 To Bufo left the whole Castalian state. 230
 Proud as Apollo on his forked hill,
 Sate full-blown Bufo, puff'd by every quill:²⁸
 Fed with soft dedication all day long,
 Horace and he went hand in hand in song:²⁹
 His library (where busts of poets dead 235
 And a true Pindar stood without a head)³⁰
 Received of wits an undistinguish'd race,
 Who first his judgment asked, and then a place:
 Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his seat,
 And flatter'd every day, and some days eat: 240
 Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
 He paid some bards with port, and some with praise,
 To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd,
 And others (harder still) he paid in kind.
 Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh, 245
 Dryden alone escaped this judging eye:
 But still the great have kindness in reserve,
 He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve:³¹
 May some choice patron bless each grey goose quill!
 May every Bavius have his Bufo still! 250
 So when a statesman wants a day's defence,³²
 Or Envy holds a whole week's war with Sense,

²⁸ [The Earl of Halifax. See Note at the end of the Epistle.]

²⁹ After ver. 234, in the MS.—

"To bards reciting he vouchsafed a nod,

And snuff'd their incense like a gracious god."

³⁰ Ridicules the affectation of antiquaries, who frequently exhibit the headless trunks and terms of statues, for Plato, Homer, Pindar, &c. Vide Fulcrin, &c.

³¹ Mr. Dryden, after having lived in exigencies, had a magnificent Funeral bestowed upon him by the contribution of several persons of quality.

³² [Warburton remarks—"Notwithstanding this ridicule on the public necessities of the great, our Poet was candid enough to confess that they are not always to be imputed to them, as their private may. For (when uninfected by the neighbourhood of Party) he speaks of those distresses much more dispassionately.

'Our Ministers like gladiators live,
 'Tis half their business blows to ward, or give;
 The good their virtue would effect, or sense,
 Dies between exigents and self-defence.'—MS.]

Or simple pride for flattery makes demands,
 May dance by dance be "whistled off my hands!
 Bless'd be the great! for those they take away, 255
 And those they left me—for they left me GAY;
 Left me to see neglected Genius bloom,
 Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:
 Of all thy blameless life the sole return
 My verse, and QUEENSBERRY weeping o'er thy urn! 260
 Oh let me live my own, and die so too!
 (To live and die is all I have to do!)
 Maintain a poet's dignity and ease,
 And see what friends, and read what books I please:
 Above a patron, though I condescend 265
 Sometimes to call a minister my friend.
 I was not born for courts or great affairs:
 I pay my debts, believe, and say my prayers;
 Can sleep without a poem in my head,
 Nor know if Dennis be alive or dead.⁸³ 270
 Why am I ask'd what next shall see the light?
 Heavens! was I born for nothing but to write?
 Has life no joys for me? or (to be grave)
 Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save?
 "I found him close with Swift—Indeed? no doubt 275
 (Cries prating Balbus) something will come out."
 'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will:
 "No, such a genius never can lie still;"
 And then for mine obligingly mistakes
 The first lampoon Sir Will or Bubo makes.⁸⁴ 280

⁸³ After ver. 270 in the MS.,—

"Friendships from youth I sought, and seek them still:
 Fame, like the wind, may breathe where'er it will.
 The world I knew, but made it not my school,
 And in a course of flattery lived no fool."

⁸⁴ [Sir William Yonge, Secretary-at-War. He had been in Parliament from 1722, and filled various offices. Sir Robert Walpole used to say that nothing short of Yonge's talents could have supported his character, and nothing but his character could have kept down his talents. Horace Walpole remarks that his eloquence seemed to come upon him by inspiration, for he could scarce talk common sense in private on political subjects, on which in public he would be the most animated speaker. Yonge ventured also on poetical epistles, but was less successful than in prose. He died at his seat at Escott, near Honiton, in 1756. Bubo was Bubb Dodginton, afterwards Lord Melcombe. See Notes to Moral Essays, Ep. IV.]

Poor guiltless I! and can I choose but smile,
When every coxcomb knows me by my style?³⁵

Cursed be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give Virtue scandal, Innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-eyed virgin steal a tear!

But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,
Insults fall'n worth, or beauty in distress,
Who loves a lie, lame slander helps about,
Who writes a libel, or who copies out;

That fop, whose pride affects a patron's name,
Yet absent, wounds an author's honest fame;
Who can your merit selfishly approve,
And show the sense of it without the love;

Who has the vanity to call you friend,
Yet wants the honour, injured, to defend;
Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
And if he lie not, must at least betray;

Who to the dean and silver bell can swear,
And sees at Canons what was never there;³⁶
Who reads, but with a lust to misapply,
Make satire a lampoon, and fiction lie;

A lash like mine no honest man shall dread.
But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.

Let Sporus tremble³⁷—A. What? that thing of silk, 305
Sporus, that mere white curd of ass's milk?

³⁵ After ver. 282 in the MS.—

"P. What if I sing, Augustus, great and good?

A. You did so lately, was it understood?

Be nice no more, but, with a mouth profound,

As rumbling D—s [Dennis], or a Norfolk hound;

With George and Frederick roughen every verse,

Then smooth up all, and Caroline rehearse.

P. No—The high task to lift up kings to gods,

Leave to Court sermons, and to birth-day odes.

On themes like these, superior far to thine,

Let laurell'd Cæsar, and great Arnauld shine.

Why write at all?—A. Yes, silence if you keep.

The Town, the Court, the Wits, the Dunce weep."

³⁶ Meaning the man who would have persuaded the Duke of Chandos that Mr. P. meant him in those circumstances ridiculed in the Epistle on Taste.

³⁷ [Lord Hervey. See Note. In the first edition the name was "Paris."]]

Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel,
 Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
 E. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings.
 This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings: 310
 Whose buzz the witty and the fair annors,
 Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
 So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
 In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
 Eternal smiles his emptiness betray, 315
 As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
 Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
 And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks;
 Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad!²⁸
 Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad, 320
 In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
 Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies.²⁹
 His wit all see-saw, between that and this,
 Now high, now low, now master up, now miss.
 And he himself one vile antithesis. 325
 Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
 The trifling head, or the corrupted heart;
 Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,
 Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.
 Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have express'd, 330
 A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest.
 Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
 Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.
 Not Fortune's worshipper, nor Fashion's fool,
 Not Lucre's madman, nor Ambition's tool, 335
 Not proud, nor servile; be one poet's praise,
 That, if he pleased, he pleased by many ways:
 That flattery, even to kings, he held a shame,
 And thought a lie in verse or prose the same;

²⁸ See Milton, Book iv.

²⁹ [It is interesting to note the care with which Pope elaborated his high-coloured and vehement satires. In the first edition were the following lines:—

"Did ever snake-face act so vile a part—
 A trifling head, and a corrupted heart.
 Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have express'd,
 A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest.
 Beauty that shocks," &c.]

That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long;⁴⁰ 340
 But stoop'd to Truth, and moralized his song:
 That not for Fame, but Virtue's better end,
 He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
 The damning critic, half-approving wit,
 The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit; 345
 Laughed at the loss of friends he never had,
 The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
 The distant threats of vengeance on his head,
 The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed;⁴¹
 The tale revived, the lie so oft o'erthrown;⁴² 350
 The imputed trash, and dulness not his own;⁴³
 The moral, blacken'd when the writings 'scape,
 The libell'd person, and the pictured shape;
 Abuse, on all he loved, or loved him, spread;⁴⁴
 A friend in exile, or a father dead; 355
 The whisper, that to greatness still too near,
 Perhaps yet vibrates on his sovereign's ear—
 Welcome for thee, fair Virtue! all the past:
 For thee, fair Virtue! welcome even the last!
 A. But why insult the poor, affront the great? 360
 P. A knave's a knave, to me, in every state;

⁴⁰ [In first edit.—

"In Fancy's maze that wandering not too long."]

⁴¹ [In first edit.—

"The tales of vengeance, lies so oft o'erthrown.

The imputed trash, the dulness not his own.

The "blow unfelt" most probably alludes to the pretended whipping of Pope in *Bam Walks*, a piece of malicious mirth, which was ascribed to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. See *Life of Pope*.]

⁴² As, that he received subscriptions for Shakspeare, that he set his name to Mr. Broome's verses, &c. which, though publicly disproved, were, nevertheless, shamelessly repeated in the libels, and even in that called the *Nobleman's Epistle*.

⁴³ Such as profane psalms, Court-poems, and other scandalous things, printed in his name by Curll and others.

⁴⁴ Namely, on the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Burlington, Lord Natunest, Lord Bolingbroke, Bishop Afterbury, Dr. Swift, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Gay, his friends, his parents, and his very nurse, aspersed in printed papers, by James Moore, G. Duckett, L. Welsted, Tho. Bentley, and other obscure persons.

Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail,
 Sporus at court, or Japhet in a jail;⁴⁵
 A hireling scribbler, or a hireling peer,
 Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire : 365
 If on a pillory, or near a throne,
 He gain his prince's ear, or lose his own.⁴⁶
 Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
 Sappho can tell you how this man was bit :
 This dreaded satirist Dennis will confess 370
 Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress :
 So humble, he has knocked at Tibbald's door,
 Has drunk with Cibber, nay has rhymed for Moore.⁴⁷
 Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply ?⁴⁸
 Three thousand suns went down on Welsted's lie;⁴⁹ 375
 To please a mistress one aspersed his life ;
 He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife :

⁴⁵ [Japhet Crook. See Moral Essays, Ep. III. The comparison must have been "odorous" to Lord Fanny.]

⁴⁶ In the MS.,—

"Once, and but once, his headless youth was bit,
 And liked that dangerous thing, a female wit :
 Safe as he thought, though all the prudent child ;
 He writ no libels, but my Lady did :
 Great odds in amorous or poetic game,
 Where woman's is the sin, and man's the shame."

[“My Lady,” of course, was Lady Mary.]

⁴⁷ [See “Testimonies of Authors” prefixed to the Dunciad. Pope had given James Moore Smythe some lines, with leave to insert them in his comedy, the Rival Moles. At the same time, he told him they would be known for his (Mr. Pope’s), some copies being got abroad. The verses now form part of the Moral Essays, Ep. II., ver. 243 to 249, the first line being originally,—

“See how the world its pretty slaves rewards !”]

⁴⁸ It was so long after many libels before the author of the Dunciad published that poem, till when he never writ a word in answer to the many scurrilities and falsehoods concerning him.

[This must not be taken literally. The Miscellanies of Pope and Swift had been published before the Dunciad.]

⁴⁹ This man had the impudence to tell, in print, that Mr. P. had occasioned a lady's death, and to name a person he never heard of. He also published that he libelled the Duke of Chandos; with whom, it was added, that he had lived in familiarity, and received from him a present of five hundred pounds—the falsehood of both which is known to His Grace. Mr. P. never received any present, further than the subscriptions for Homer, from him, or from any great man whatsoever.

Let Budgell charge low Grub-street on his quill;⁵⁰
 And write whate'er he pleased, except his will;⁵¹
 Let the two Curls of town and court, abuse 380
 His father, mother, body, soul, and muse⁵²
 Yet why? that father held it for a rule,
 It was a sin to call our neighbour fool:
 That harmless mother thought no wife a whore:
 Hear this, and spare his family, James Moore! 385
 Unspotted names, and memorable long!
 If there be force in virtue, or in song.

⁵⁰ Budgell, in a weekly pamphlet called the *Boo*, bestowed much abuse on him, in the imagination that he writ some things about the Last Will of Dr. Tindal, in the Grub-street Journal; a paper wherein he never had the least hand, direction, or supervision, nor the least knowledge of its author.

⁵¹ Alluding to Tindal's will, by which, and other indirect practices, Budgell, to the exclusion of the next heir, a nephew, got to himself almost the whole fortune of a man entirely unrelated to him.

[There seems little doubt that Budgell forged the will, but he did not get the money, as the will was set aside.]

⁵² In some of Curll's and other pamphlets, Mr. Pope's father was said to be a mechanic, a hatter, a farmer, nay a bankrupt. But, what is stranger, a nobleman (Lord Hervey) (if such a reflection could be thought to come from a nobleman), had dropped an allusion to that pitiful untruth, in a paper called an *Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity*; and the following line,—

"Hard as thy heart, and as thy birth obscure,"

had fallen from a like scornful pen, in certain verses to the Imitator of Horace. Mr. Pope's father was of a gentleman's family in Oxfordshire, the head of which was the Earl of Downe, whose sole heiress married the Earl of Lindsey.—His mother was the daughter of William Turner, Esq. of York. She had three brothers, one of whom was killed, another died in the service of King Charles; the eldest following his fortunes, and becoming a general officer in Spain, left her what estate remained after the sequestrations and forfeitures of her family.—Mr. Pope died in 1717, aged 75: she in 1733, aged 93, a very few weeks after this poem was finished. The following inscription was placed by their son on their monument in the parish of Twickenham, in Middlesex.

D. O. M.

ALEXANDRO POPE, VIRGO INNOCENTIO PROBO, PIO,

QUI VIXIT ANNOS. LXXV. OB. MDCCXVII.

ET EDITHAE CONIUGI INVULSIBILI.

PARENTISSIMAE QVAE VIXIT ANNOS.

XCIII. OB. MDCCXXXIII.

PARENTIBVS. BENEDICENTIBVS. FOELIX ERGIT.

ET SIBI.

Of gentle blood (part shed in honour's cause,
 While yet in Britain honour had applause)
 Each parent sprung—A. What fortune, pray?—P. Their own,
 And better got, than Bestia's from the throne. 391
 Born to no pride, inheriting no strife,
 Nor marrying discord in a noble wife,⁵³
 Stranger to civil and religious rage,
 The good man walk'd innoxious through his age. 395
 No courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
 Nor dared an oath, nor hazarded a lie.
 Unlearn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,
 No language, but the language of the heart.
 By nature honest, by experience wise, 400
 Healthy by temperance, and by exercise,
 His life, though long, to sickness pass'd unknown,
 His death was instant, and without a groan.
 O grant me thus to live, and thus to die!
 Who sprung from kings shall know less joy than I.⁵⁴ 405
 O friend! may each domestic bliss be thine!
 Be no unpleasing melancholy mine;
 Me, let the tender office long engage,
 To rock the cradle of reposing age,
 With lenient arts extend a mother's breath, 410
 Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death.
 Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
 And keep awhile one parent from the sky!
 On cares like these if length of days attend,
 May Heaven, to bless those days, preserve my friend, 415
 Preserve him social, cheerful, and serene,
 And just as rich as when he served a queen.⁵⁵

⁵³ [Alluding to Addison's marriage with the Countess of Warwick, and Dryden's with Lady Elizabeth Howard. Neither of these connexions is said to have been happy, but in the case of Addison there is no distinct authentic information.]

⁵⁴ After ver. 405, in the MS.,—

"And of myself, too, something must I say?
 Take then this verse, the trifle of a day,
 And if it live, it lives but to commend
 The man whose heart has ne'er forgot a friend;
 Or head, an author; critic, yet polite,
 And friend to learning, yet too wise to write."

⁵⁵ [On the death of Queen Anne, Arbuthnot, like the attendants at the Court, was displaced, and had to leave his apartments at St. James's. He

A. Whether that blessing be denied or given,
Thus far was right, the rest belongs to Heaven.⁵⁶

removed to Dover Street, "hoping still," as he said, "to keep a little habitation warm in town," and to afford half-a-pint of claret to his old friends.]

[The beautiful conclusion of this Epistle, in which Pope's filial tenderness is so finely yet unobtrusively displayed, seems originally to have formed part of an address intended for some other person. In a letter to Aaron Hill, September 3, 1781, the passage is given as follows:—

"While every joy, successful youth! is thine,
Be no unpleasing melancholy mine.
Me long, ah long! may these soft cares engage,
To rock the cradle of reposing age,
With lenient arts prolong a parent's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death.
Me, when the cares my better years have shown
Another's age, shall hasten on my own,
Shall some kind hands, like B***'s [Bolingbroke's] or thine,
Lead gently down, and favour the decline?
In wants, in sickness, shall a friend be nigh,
Explore my thought, and watch my asking eye?
Whether that blessing be denied or given,
Thus far is right; the rest belongs to Heaven."

Pope had several young friends to whom these affectionate lines might have been inscribed—as Murray (Lord Mansfield) Lord Polwarth and George, afterwards Lord Lyttelton. The latter is most likely to have been the "successful youth." He had distinguished himself at college, had written poetry, and even joined the party against Walpole's Administration, though his father was then a Lord of the Admiralty. Murray in 1731 was merely a law student, and Polwarth did not enter Parliament till 1734.]

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

DR. ARBUTHNOT.

Ver. 21. *Friend to my life*.] Dr. John Arbuthnot, the celebrated wit and scholar to whom this masterly epistle is addressed, was the son of a nonjuring clergyman in Scotland, and born at Arbuthnot, in the county of Kincardine, about the period of the Restoration. He studied medicine in his native country, but early in life removed to London, and subsisted for some time as a teacher of mathematics. In 1697 he appeared as an author in a work entitled "An Examination of Dr. Woodward's Account of the Deluge." He afterwards published an "Essay on the Usefulness of Mathematical Learn-

ing." These works recommended him to the notice of the learned: a fortunate accident brought him into practice as a physician. He happened to be at Epsom on one occasion when Prince George was there and was suddenly taken ill. Arbuthnot was called in, and having effected a cure, he was soon afterwards appointed one of the physicians in ordinary to the queen. This appointment he held till the death of the queen in 1714. He continued to practise, though, as Swift said, "He knew his art but not his trade," and enjoyed considerable professional distinction. In 1710 he had been elected a member of the Royal College of Physicians; in 1723 he was chosen Second Censor of the College; in 1727 he was made an Elect of the same institution, and was selected to pronounce the Harveian oration for that year. About the same time he challenged more public distinction, and acquired greater honour, by his *Dissertations on Ancient Coins, Weights, and Measures*—a work of curious learning and elaborate research; and in 1732 he lent his powerful assistance to the detection and exposure of the frauds committed under the name of the Charitable Corporations. He also published two medical treatises—one on the nature of aliments, and the other on the effects of air on human bodies. He died in 1735. His farewell letter to Pope will be found in our sketch of the poet's life.

Arbuthnot's friendship with Swift and Pope, and the writings to which the tripartite connexion gave rise, are, with posterity, the great distinguishing features in his life and history. To this connexion we owe most of his peculiar wit and humour, and our knowledge of his fine manly character, so humane, so just and true, so sweet-tempered and unassuming, yet so impatient of vice and folly, and so sternly independent. Swift said, "He has more wit than we all have, and more humanity than wit." In many instances, however, Arbuthnot's wit was too recendite and scholastic to produce equal effect with the dean's. The follies which he satirized, like the *humours* of Ben Jonson, were so far removed from ordinary life that they appeared to be only the creations of a fertile and ingenious brain. There was nothing palpable or real in their oddities and absurdities. His happiest work is his *History of John Bull*, which is imitable as a political allegory, and parts of his *Martinus Scribleriæ* have a rich vein of Cervantes-like fancy and humour. "The Art of Political Lying," and "It never Rains but it Pours," are also worthy of Swift. Pope, we have no doubt, was indebted to Arbuthnot for many of his quaint illustrations and ludicrous images. The doctor had the greater share of wit as well as of learning, and was careless of his reputation as an author. The treasures thus scattered about in conversation, or jotted down on detached slips of paper, the poet would eagerly appropriate, and set them in that happy artistic style, in contrast or combination, and with that felicity of expression in which he has never been excelled. The friendship of Arbuthnot is one of the highest honours of Pope—more valuable than all the testimonials in prose and verse which he delighted to marshal in due order before his works.

THE EARL OF HALIFAX.

Ver. 292, *Fall-blown Bufo puff'd by every gull*.] Charles Montagu, Earl of Halifax, the celebrated statesman and once popular poet, seems to be the original of Bufo. He was ambitious to be considered the *Mæcenas* of his age, and his patronage of Addison, though not munificent, was well-timed and important in its results. Addison's "Letter from Italy to Charles, Lord Halifax," 1701, is the finest of his poems. Congreve, Steele, Rowe, and a host of minor authors, dedicated works to Halifax. Pope twice complimented him—first, in the preface to his *Iliad* where he says, "The Earl of Halifax was one of the first to favour me, of whom it is hard to say, whether the advancement of the polite arts is more owing to his generosity or his example." In the Epilogue to the *Satires* he again eulogizes him for his love of letters, and his abilities in Parliament. Pope stated to Spence that Halifax at one time, in the beginning of George the First's reign, proposed to settle a pension upon him; that he had taken time to consider the proposition, and about three months afterwards had written to the effect that all the difference he could find in having or not having a pension was, that if he had one he might live more at large in town, and that if he had not he might live happily enough in the country. Halifax does not seem to have pressed the matter; it dropped, and Pope said, "I had my liberty without a coach." Swift was probably not aware of this design of pensioning his friend, for he has remarked that Halifax's encouragements were only *good words and good dinners*. The death of this fortunate nobleman took place in 1715; and as Pope's satire was not published till 1734, it has been represented as highly improbable that the poet should have stigmatized him under the name of Bufo nineteen years after his death, and after having twice flattered him in his own name. The improbability is held to be greater when it is found that Pope alluded to Halifax in terms of respect and regard in a poem written four years later than the date of this character of Bufo. The objection is plausible, but it is overthrown by the evidence on the other side. All the circumstances in the character of Bufo apply to Halifax, and they will apply to no other.

"Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh,
 Dryden alone escaped this judging eye:
 But still the great have kindness in reserve:
 He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve."

Bufo, then, must have been living and dispensing patronage in the time of Dryden, though the poet "came not nigh." The reason is obvious. Halifax, in conjunction with Prior, had written the *City Mouse* and *Country Mouse* in ridicule of Dryden's *Hind and Panther*, and the success of this travesty for a time clouded Dryden's popularity, and it is said affected him even to the shedding of tears. Halifax was a minister of the Crown six years before Dryden's death, but he wholly overlooked his claims as the first poet of the age. Dryden died in the year 1700, when Halifax, Lord Jeffries, and other men of quality made a subscription for a public funeral, and the poet was interred with great pomp in Westminster Abbey. Thus Halifax "helped

to bury "him whom if he had not "helped to starve," he had at least seriously injured. Pope's real sentiments regarding Halifax may be seen from his conversations with Spence. He considered him to be rather a pretender to taste than possessed of it, and he illustrates this with an anecdote respecting his Homer. The poet read part of his translation to the peer, in presence of Addison, Congreve, and Garth. His lordship objected to certain passages, which he wished to be revised. Pope was distressed at the loose and general nature of the observations made by Halifax, when Garth, on their way home, suggested an easy remedy. "All you need do (said he) is to leave them just as they are; call on Lord Halifax two or three months hence, thank him for his kind observations on those passages, and then read them to him as altered. I have known him much longer than you have, and will be answerable for the event." Pope followed the advice, and found the result as predicted. The passages were read exactly as they were at first. "Ay, now, Mr. Pope," cried the peer, "they are perfectly right! nothing can be better." Mr. Roscoe disbelieves this anecdote, because Lord Halifax had at one time the manuscript of the two first books of Homer in his hands, "where they had certainly been placed by Pope for the purpose of obtaining his remarks upon them, in a more deliberate form than he could expect to receive them on a cursory reading." The reading scene, however, may have taken place at an earlier period. The anecdote is distinctly and circumstantially told by Pope; Spence could not have invented it; and Mr. Roscoe's argument leaves the *morality* of the case pretty much the same. To fabricate the anecdote in depreciation of Halifax was as bad as to satirise him at one time and praise him at another.

Tickell dedicated his translation of the First Book of the Iliad to the memory of Lord Halifax, lamenting the misfortune which had befallen the learned world by the death of so generous and universal a patron; adding, that he was prompted to make the dedication by gratitude for the protection with which Halifax had begun to honour him. This must have piqued Pope.

We ought to mention that the lines on Dryden are not in the first edition of the poem. They seem to have been introduced by Pope for the express purpose of identifying Bufo with Halifax.

LORD HERVEY.

Ver. 305. *Let Sporus tremble.*] John Lord Hervey, eldest son of the first Earl of Bristol. He was early attached to the Court of the Prince and Princess of Wales at Richmond, and in 1720 he married the "fair Lepell," one of the Princess's maids of honour. In the free language of that age, Pulteney and Lord Chesterfield signalized the event by a ballad in honour of both bride and bridegroom:—

"For Venus had never seen bedded
So perfect a bean and a belle,
As when Harvey the handsome was wedded
To the beautiful Molly Lepell."

Pulteney some years afterwards wrote of the "handsome Hervey" in a very different strain, as "half man, half woman," and showered on him every epithet of contempt. Another lampoon of the day describes him as—

"Ne'er made for use, just fit for show,
Half wit, half fool, half man, half beau."

His manliness was in one respect vindicated by a duel with Pulteney. Lord Hervey had written several defences of Walpole, in answer to attacks in the *Craftsman*; and to one of these Pulteney published A Proper Reply to a Late Scurrilous Libel. The reply was grossly personal. Hervey challenged his rival politician, and they fought with swords in St. James's Park. No serious result ensued, and Lord Hervey was left to the vengeance of Pope.

The germ of Pope's *Sporus* will be found in these party pasquinades; but the truth of the intellectual portrait was not fully disclosed till a very late period, 1848, when Mr. Croker published the long-hoarded *Memoirs of the Reign of George II.* by Lord Hervey. In this work the noble Vice-Chamberlain is seen more in the character of a malignant gossip than in that of an historian. He literally whispers at the ear of Eve—i. e. Queen Caroline, "half froth, half venom;" flatters all her prejudices, writes Court verses and lampoons for her gratification, evinces the grossest indelicacy in many of his communications, sneers at every high and sacred feeling; and throughout the whole work is seen to be destitute of all proper spirit and independence of character. As a politician Hervey was inconsistent, but evinced greater power in debate and more persevering application both in speaking and writing than would be surmised from Pope's satire. He never rose higher than Privy Seal, and this subordinate office he relinquished with great reluctance when Walpole's Administration was driven from power in 1742. His quarrel with the Prince, and secession from his party, had no ground of principle, but sprung originally from a desire for office, and, secondly, from jealousy as to a mistress.

"And Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring."

Lord Hervey's effeminacy arose partly from ill-health, but was carried to an extreme. Having been threatened with epileptic fits, he adopted a regimen fit for an anchorite. He took no wine or malt liquor, breakfasted on green tea, unsweetened by sugar, and biscuits without butter; at dinner, he ate no meat but a little chicken; and once a week he indulged in a *Scotch pill* and took thirty grains of Indian root *when his stomach was loaded*. To soften his ghastly appearance, he used rouge. Another account represents him as drinking ass's milk; and when once asked at dinner whether he would have some beef, he answered: "Beef? Oh, no! Faugh! Don't you know I never eat beef, nor horse, nor any of those things!" This is equal to Brumwell's having once tried vegetables, and ate *one pea*: but both stories are no doubt mere dinner-table pleasanties. Lord Hervey died on the 8th of August, 1743.

SATIRES AND EPISTLES OF HORACE IMITATED.

"Ludentis speciem dabit, et torquebitur."—HOR.

"He seems with freedom, what with pain he proves,
And now a Satyr, now a Cyclops moves,"—FRANCIS.]

[The first of these satires was published in 1733, and is addressed to Mr. Fortescue, then a barrister, and afterwards a Judge and Master of the Rolls. In one of his conversations with Spence, Pope said that when confined to his room one winter in London, with a slight attack of fever, Lord Bolingbroke called upon him, and taking up a Horace which lay on the table, dipped into the first satire of the second book. "He observed, how well that would suit my case if I were to imitate it in English. After he was gone, I read it over, translated it in a morning or two, and sent it to press in a week or a fortnight after. And this was the occasion of my imitating some other of the Satires and Epistles." They are among the happiest of his works, and, compared with other translations and imitations of Horace, realize Denham's lines,—

"They but preserve the ashes; he the flame,
True to his sense, but truer to his fame."

The legal friend to whom Pope applies for advice, as Horace applied to the Roman lawyer, C. Trebatius Testa, had previously given him proofs both of his wit and his judgment. Fortescue was the author of the humorous report in *Scriblerus*, "*Stradling versus Stiles*," in which this nice point is discussed with professional phraseology and due gravity: "Sir John Swale, of Swale Hall, in Swaledale, by the river Swale, Knight, made his last will and testament, in which, among other bequests was this, viz.: 'Out of the kind love and respect that I bear unto my much honoured and good friend, Mr. Matthew Stradling, gent., I do bequeath unto the said Matthew Stradling, gent., all my black and white horses.' The testator had six black horses, six white horses, and six pied horses. The debate, therefore, was whether or no the said Matthew Stradling should have the said pied horses by virtue of the said bequest." The case is ably debated, though not at such length as legal cases usually are, when it is suddenly terminated by a motion in arrest of judgment that the pied horses were mares; and thereupon an inspection

was prayed!" Fortescue would have been a valuable member of the Scriblers Club, if their extensive scheme had proceeded; but he found ample employment in his profession. Having been called to the bar in 1715, he soon gained extensive practice; was promoted to the bench of the Exchequer in 1735; from thence to the Common Pleas in 1738; and in 1741 he was made Master of the Rolls. He died in 1749. Fortescue was consulted by Pope about all his affairs, as well as those of Martha Blount, and, as may be gathered from the ninth and tenth lines in this satire, he gave his advice without a fee. The intercourse between the poet and his "learned counsel" was cordial and sincere, and of the letters that passed between them, sixty-eight have been published, ranging from 1714 to the last year of Pope's life. They are short, unaffected letters—more truly letters than any others in the series.

On publishing the second volume of his Poetical Works in 1735, the poet prefixed to the Satires the following

"ADVERTISEMENT.

"The occasion of publishing these Imitations, was the clamour raised on some of my Epistles. An answer from Horace was both more full, and of more dignity, than any I could have made in my own person; and the example of much greater freedom in so eminent a Divine as Dr. Donne, seemed a proof with what indignation and contempt a Christian may treat vice or folly, in ever so low or ever so high a station. Both these authors were acceptable to the Princes and Ministers under whom they lived. The Satires of Dr. Donne I versified at the desire of the Earl of Oxford, while he was Lord Treasurer, and of the Duke of Shrewsbury, who had been Secretary of State; neither of whom looked upon a Satire on vicious Courts as any reflection on those they served in. And indeed there is not in the world a greater error, than that which fools are so apt to fall into, and knaves with good reason to encourage, the mistaking a Satirist for a Libeller; whereas to a true Satirist nothing is so odious as a Libeller, for the same reason as to a man truly-virtuous nothing is so hateful as a hypocrite.

Uni æquus Virtuti atque ejus Amicis."]

SATIRE I.

TO MR. FORTESCUE.

P. THERE are (I scarce can think it, but am told)
 There are, to whom my satire seems too bold;
 Scarce to wise Peter complaisant enough,
 And something said of Chartres much too rough.
 The lines are weak, another's pleased to say,
 Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.
 Tim'rous by nature, of the rich in awe,
 I come to Counsel learned in the law:

You'll give me, like 'a friend both sage and free,
Advice; and (as you use) without a fee. 10

F. I'd write no more.

P. Not write? but then I think,
And, for my soul, I cannot sleep a wink:
I nod in company, I wake at night,
Bools rush into my head, and so I write.

F. You could not do a worse thing for your life. 15

Why, if the nights seem tedious—take a wife:

Or rather truly, if your point be rest,

Lettuce and cowslip wine; *Probatum est.*

But talk with Celsus, Celsus will advise

Hartshorn, or something that shall close your eyes. 20

Or, if you needs must write, write Caesar's praise,

You'll gain at least a knighthood or the bays.

F. What! like Sir Richard, rumbling, rough, and fierce,
With ARMS and GEORGE and BRUNSWICK crowd the verse,
Rend with tremendous sound your ears asunder, 25

With gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss, and thunder?

Or, nobly wild, with Budgell's fire and force,

Paint angels trembling round his falling horse?¹

F. Then all your Muse's softer art display,
Let Carolina smooth the tuneful lay, 30

Lull with Amelia's liquid name the Nine,²

And sweetly flow through all the Royal line.

P. Alas! few verses touch their nicer ear;

They scarce can bear their Laureate twice a year;

And justly Caesar scorns the poet's lays,— 35

It is to history he trusts for praise.

F. Better be Cibber, I'll maintain it still,

Than ridicule all taste, blaspheme quadrille,

Abuse the City's best good men in metre,

And laugh at peers that put their trust in Peter.³ 40

E'en those you touch not, hate you.

P. What should ail them?

F. A hundred smart in Timon and in Balaam:

¹ [The horse on which his majesty charged at the battle of Oudenarde; when the Pretender, and the princes of the blood of France, fled before him.—*Warburton.*]

² [Queen Caroline and the Princess Amelia.]

³ [Peter Walter, the scrivener and land-steward, whom Pope so frequently mentions.]

The fewer still you name, you wound the more:
Bond is but one, but Harpax is a score.

P. Each mortal has his pleasure: none deny 45

Scarsdale his bottle, Darty his ham-pie;¹

Ridotta sips and dances, till she see

The doubling lustres dance as fast as she;

F—— loves the senate, Hockley-hole his brother,²

Like, in all else, as one egg to another. 50

I love to pour out all myself, as plain

As downright Shippen, or as old Montaigne:

In them, as certain to be loved as seen,

The soul stood forth, nor kept a thought within;

In me what spots (for spots I have) appear, 55

Will prove at least the medium must be clear.

In this impartial glass, my Muse intends

Fair to expose myself, my foes, my friends;

Publish the present age; but, where my text

Is vice too high, reserve it for the next: 60

My foes shall wish my life a longer date,

And every friend the less lament my fate.

My head and heart thus flowing through my quill,

Verse-man or prose-man, term me which you will,³

Papist or Protestant, or both between, 65

Like good Erasmus, in an honest mean,

In moderation placing all my glory,

While Tones call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.

Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet

To run a-muck, and tilt at all I meet: 70

I only wear it in a land of hectors,

Thieves, supercargoes, sharpers, and directors.

Save but our Army! and let Jove incrust

Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlasting rust!

Peace is my dear delight—not Fleury's more;⁴ 75

But touch me, and no minister so sore.

¹ [Lord Scarsdale and Mr. Dartineuf. See Additional Notes.]

² [The F—— who loved the senate, was most likely the celebrated Henry Fox, first Lord Holland, and father of the more celebrated Charles James Fox. His brother, Stephen Fox (who was second to Lord Hervey in his duel with Pulteney) was raised to the Peerage in 1741, as Lord Hinchinbrooke. Pope again alludes to Henry Fox in the Epilogue to the Satires, Dial. I. verse 71.]

³ [Harley, Earl of Oxford, used to term Prier his verse-man, and Erasmus Lewis his prose-man.]

⁴ [Cardinal Fleury, prime minister of France under Louis XV.; born in

Who'er offends, at some unlucky time
 Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme,
 Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
 And the sad burthen of some merry song. 80

Slander or poison dread from Delia's rage;³
 Hard words or hanging, if your judge be Page.³
 From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate;¹⁰
 Pox'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.
 Its proper power to hurt each creature feels: 85
 Bulls aim their horns, and asses lift their heels;
 'Tis a bear's talent not to kick, but hug;
 And no man wonders he's not stung by pug.
 So drink with Walters, or with Chartres eat,
 They'll never poison you, they'll only cheat. 90

Then, learned sir! (to cut the matter short)
 Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at Court;
 Whether old age, with faint but cheerful ray,
 Attends to gild the evening of my day,
 Or death's black wing already be display'd, 95
 To wrap me in the universal shade;
 Whether the darken'd room to muse invite,
 Or whiten'd wall provoke the skewer to write:
 In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,
 Like Lee or Budgell,¹¹ I will rhyme and print. 100

F. Alas, young man! your days can ne'er be long,
 In flower of age you perish for a song!
 Plums and directors, Shylock and his wife,
 Will club their testers, now, to take your life!

1653; died in 1743. The good cardinal was not very successful in preserving peace, though it was more his study and "dear delight" than it was that of the poet who here claims sympathy with him in his pacific intentions.]

³ [Countess of Deloraine.]

³ [Judge Page. See Notes to Dunciad.]

¹⁰ [For remarks on this allusion see Notes at the end of the Satire. The line was originally,

"From furious Sappho yet a sadder fate."]

¹¹ [Budgell we have again in the Dunciad and Epistles. Nathaniel Lee, the dramatist, had frequent attacks of insanity, and was at one period of his life four years in Bedlam. He wrote eleven plays, and possessed genius (as Addison admitted), well adapted for tragedy, though clouded by occasional rant, obscurity, and bombast. Latterly, this ill-starred poet depended for subsistence on a small weekly allowance from the theatre. He died in 1691 or 1692.]

P. What! arm'd for Virtue, when I point the pen, 105
 Brand the bold front of shameless guilty men;
 Dash the proud gamester in his gilded car;
 Bare the mean heart that lurks beneath a star;
 Can there be wanting, to defend her cause,
 Lights of the Church, or guardians of the laws? 110
 Could pension'd Boileau lash, in honest strain,
 Flatterers and bigots even in Louis' reign?
 Could laureate Dryden pimp and friar engage,
 Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage?
 And I not strip the gilding off a knave, 115
 Unplaced, unpension'd, no man's heir, or slave?
 I will, or perish in the generous cause.
 Hear this and tremble! you, who 'scape the laws:
 Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave
 Shall walk the world, in credit, to his grave. 120
 To VIRTUE ONLY, AND HER FRIENDS, A FRIEND:
 The world beside may murmur, or commend.
 Know, all the distant din that world can keep,
 Rolls o'er my grotto, and but soothes my sleep.
 There, my retreat the best companions grace, 125
 Chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of place.
 There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl
 The feast of reason and the flow of soul:
 And he, whose lightning pierced the Iberian lines,
 Now forms my quincunx, and now ranks my vines, 130
 Or tames the genius of the stubborn plain,
 Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.¹²
 Envy must own, I live among the great,
 No pimp of pleasure, and no spy of state,
 With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats. 135
 Fond to spread friendships, but to cover heats;
 To help who want, to forward who excel;—
 This, all who know me, know; who love me, tell:
 And who unknown defame me, let them be
 Scribblers or peers, alike are mob to me. 140
 This is my plea, on this I rest my cause—
 What saith my counsel, learned in the laws?

¹² Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough, who, in the year 1705, took Barcelona, and, in the winter following, with only 280 horse and 300 foot, enterprising and accomplished the conquest of Valencia.

F. Your plea is good: but still I say, beware!
 Laws are explain'd by men—so have a care.
 It stands on record, that in Richard's times 145
 A man was hanged for very honest rhymes;
 Consult the statute, *quart.* I think it is,
Edwardi sext. or prim. et quint. Eliz.
 See Libels, Satires—here you have it—read.

P. Libels and Satires! lawless things indeed! 150
 But grave epistles, bringing vice to light,
 Such as a king might read, a bishop write;
 Such as Sir Robert would approve—

F. Indeed!
 The case is alter'd—you may then proceed;
 In such a cause the plaintiff will be hiss'd, 155
 My lords the judges laugh, and you're dismiss'd.

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

DARTINEUF.

Ver. 46. *Darty his ham pie.*] Charles Dartineuf, or Dartagnave, was Paymaster of the Board of Works, and Surveyor of the Royal Gardens, in 1738. He was, as Swift describes him, a "true epicure," and a man "that knows everything, and everybody; where a knot of rabble are going on a holiday, and where they were last." His partiality for ham pie has been confirmed by Warburton and Dodsley. Pope, he said, had done justice to his taste; if he had given him *sweet pie* he never could have pardoned him. Lord Lyttelton, in his *Dialogues of the Dead*, has introduced Dartineuf discoursing with Apicius on the subject of good eating, ancient and modern. His favourite dish, ham pie, is there commemorated; but Dartineuf is made to lament his ill-fortune in having lived before turtle-feasts were known in England. Swift, in his *Journal to Stella*, mentions dining with Dartineuf one day at James's. "James," he says, "is Clerk of the Kitchen to the Queen, and has a snug little house at St. James's, and we had the Queen's wine, and such fine victuals that I could not eat it." The masculine tastes of Swift made him reject the epicurism of his friend, as Sir Walter Scott preferred his simple Scotch fare—sheep's head and whisky punch—to French wines and French cookery. Pope and Gay would have had more sympathy with the accomplished epicure. But Dartineuf had higher tastes than those which the Clerk of the Kitchen gratified. He was a well-

educated, well-informed man, and a peculiarly agreeable companion. He was a writer in the *Tatler*, though only one of his papers has been ascertained. This is on a congenial subject—the cheerful use of wine, which he considers to be designed for a “leftier indulgence of nature” than merely satisfying thirst. He describes the beneficial effects of wine in the case of one of his friends, and this friend is supposed to have been Addison—

“I have the good fortune,” he says, “to be intimate with a gentleman who has an inexhaustible source of wit to entertain the curious, the grave, the humorous, and the frolic. He can transform himself into different shapes, and adapt himself to every company; yet in a coffee-house, or in the ordinary course of affairs, appears rather dull than sprightly. You can seldom get him to the tavern, but, when once he is arrived to his pint, and begins to look about, and like his company, you admire a thousand things in him which before lay buried. Then you discover the brightness of his mind and the strength of his judgment, accompanied with the most graceful mirth. In a word, by this enlivening aid, he is whatever is polite, instructive, and diverting. What makes him still more agreeable is, that he tells a story, serious or comical, with as much delicacy of humour as Cervantes himself. And for all this, at other times, even after a long knowledge of him, you shall scarce discern in this incomparable person a whit more than what might be expected from one of a common capacity. Doubtless there are men of great parts that are guilty of downright bashfulness; that, by a strange hesitation, and reluctance to speak, murder the finest and most elegant thoughts, and render the most lively conceptions flat and heavy. In this case, a certain quantity of my white or red cordial—which you will—is an easy, but an infallible remedy. It awakens the judgment, quickens memory, ripens understanding, disperses melancholy, cheers the heart; in a word, restores the whole man to himself and his friends, without the least pain or indisposition to the patient.”—*Tatler*, No. 252.

Dartineuf’s fine dishes and wines could not have much shortened his life. This paper in the *Tatler* was written in 1710, and he did not die till 1737. In some of the accounts of this gentleman, he is said to have been the *élève* of a refugee French family whose name he took; while others represent him as an illegitimate son of Charles II.

WILL SHIPPEN.

[Ver. 52. *As downright Shippen or as old Montaigne.*] Of the French essayist, Michael de Montaigne, it is useless here to speak. His delightful volumes, whether in the original or in the racy homespun English of Charles Cotton, are as popular and as likely to be lasting as the *Poetical Essays* of Pope, William Shippen, or “Honest Will Shippen,” as he was called, resembled Montaigne only in his plain speaking; and had it not been for this line of Pope, his name would long since have dropped from all but the byegone of history. He was, however, a noted Tory and Jacobite leader in the reigns

of George I. and George II. He was sent to the Tower for saying in the House of Commons, and refusing to retract the expression, that part of the King's speech (George I.) "seemed rather to be calculated for the meridian of Germany than Great Britain; and that 'twas a great misfortune that the King was a stranger to our language and constitution." Shippen was above thirty years in Parliament. He openly avowed his desire to have the Stuaris restored: and when asked how he would vote on certain occasions, he used jocularly to answer, "I cannot tell until I hear from Rome." Notwithstanding his Jacobitism, Shippen had a personal regard for Walpole, and would occasionally remark, "Robin and I are honest men; he is for King George and I for King James; but as for these fellows with the long cravats (Sandy, Rashout, and others), they only desire places either under King George or King James." Various efforts were made to silence or to soften Shippen, but he was incorruptible. At this time he had only about £400 a year, and, though bred to the law, had no professional practice. He afterwards married the daughter of Sir Richard Stote, of Northumberland, with whom he had a fortune of £70,000. Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, has also commemorated old Shippen. In his verses on the election of a poet laureate, he says,—

"To Shippen, Apollo was cold with respect,
But said in a greater assembly he shined,
As places are things he had ever declined."

This was as early as 1719, when Busden was appointed laureate. Shippen was fully as well qualified for the office, for he had written "*Faction Displayed*," and some other political verses. Considering the strong Jacobite predilection of this politician, it is surprising that he could take the oaths to the reigning sovereign. Walpole is said on one occasion to have charged him—no doubt as a mere piece of humour—with kissing his thumb instead of the New Testament, upon which the other exclaimed, "Ah, Robin, that's not fair." Shippen's speeches are described as "generally containing some pointed period, which he uttered with great animation; he usually spoke in a low tone of voice, with too great rapidity, and held his glove before his mouth." He died in 1749, aged seventy-one.

COUNTESS OF DELORAINE.

[Ver. 81. *Slander or poison dread from Delia's rage.*] Mary Howard, Countess of Deloraine, bears the "sad burden" of this imputation. She was the young widow of Henry Scott, second son of the Duke of Monmouth and Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch, and who had been created Earl of Deloraine in 1706. Delia was governess—apparently a very unfit one—to the young princesses, daughters of George II., and was a favourite with the king, with whom she generally played cards in the evenings in the princesses' apartments. Sir Robert Walpole considered Lady Deloraine as a dangerous person about the court, for she possessed, according to the shrewd minister, a weak head, a pretty face, a lying tongue, and a false heart. Lord Hervey, in his *Court Pallad*

written in 1742, sarcastically styles her "*virtuous, and sober, and wise Deloraine*;" and in his *Memoirs*, under date of 1735, he describes her as "one of the vainest as well as one of the simplest women that ever lived; but to this wretched head," he adds "there was certainly joined one of the prettiest faces that ever was formed; which, though she was now five-and-thirty, had a bloom upon it, too, that not one woman in ten thousand has at fifteen." Horace Walpole, the unrivalled court gossip and scandal-monger, gives a ludicrous anecdote illustrating the manners of the court circle. "There has been a great fracas at Kensington (1742). One of the mesdames (the princesses) pulled the chair from under Countess Deloraine at cards, who, being provoked that her monarch was diverted with her disgrace, with the malice of a hobby-horse gave him just such another fall. But what the monarch, like Louis XIV., is mortal in the part that touched the ground, and was so hurt and so angry, that the countess is disgraced, and her German rival remains in the sole and quiet possession of her royal master's favour." The story of the poisoning to which Pope alludes, was a common rumour at the time, the alleged victim being a Miss Mackenzie, a beauty, who died suddenly, and was said to have been poisoned in a fit of jealousy by Lady Deloraine. It was probably a mere piece of scandal at the expense of a *worthless* though no doubt *valued* court favourite. No proceedings appear to have followed upon the report; it did not affect the countess's position at court; nor did it prevent her getting a second husband in the person of a country squire, W. Wyndham, Esq., of Carsham. She died in 1744, when she could only have been about forty-two years of age.

In a contemporary rhyming Epistle to Pope, in the *Scots Magazine* for April, 1740, the poisoning case is alluded to in the following passage, but the writer appears to make Lord Deloraine (who died in 1730) the victim, and to hint at the recovery of Miss Mackenzie:—

"When that of late you lash'd the poisoning dame,
Did you do right to screen her guilty name?
B***'s fatal skill who has not heard?
A h—b—d victim the whole town has scared;
Esculapius' aid almost too late
To make M*** void the chocolate.
How is a secret rival to be fear'd,
When lust prevails and reason is debarr'd!"

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

VER. 82. *From various Sappho scarce a milder fate.*] Pope denied that this abominable couplet applied to Lady Mary, but it contains the same gross imputation which he had undoubtedly made against her five years before in the *Dunciad* (book ii. v. 136). The town seems also to have entertained the conviction that Lady Mary was nixed at, and Lord Marchmont, the poet's friend, concurred in the general belief. The lady herself (we must think

with singular indelicacy) applied to Lord Peterborough on the subject. His Lordship writes to her as follows:—

“Madam,—I was very unwilling to have my name made use of in an affair in which I have no concern, and, therefore, would not engage myself to speak to Mr. Pope; but he, coming to my house the moment you went away, I gave him as exact an account as I could of our conversation. He said to me, what I had taken the liberty to say to you, that he wondered how the town would apply these lines to any but some noted common woman; that he should be yet more surprised if you should take them to yourself. He named to me four remarkable poetesses and scribblers, Mrs. Centlivre, Mrs. Haywood, Mrs. Manly, and Mrs. Behn, ladies famous indeed in their generation, and some of them esteemed to have given very unfortunate favours to their friends, assuring me that such only were the objects of his satire. I hope this assurance will prevent your further mistake, and any consequences upon so odd a subject. I have nothing more to add.

“Your ladyship’s most humble and obedient servant,

“PETERBOROUGH.”

The authoresses here named were, with one exception, all dead, and pretty well forgotten. Mrs. Behn had died forty-four years before; Mrs. Centlivre ten years; and Mrs. Manly nine. Mrs. Haywood still lived; but her later works were unexceptionable in point of morality, and the poor woman was as far as possible from being a *ferocious* and *bellous* Sappho. That the miserable dead poetasters could inspire either fear or anger, is an idea too ridiculous to be entertained for a moment. The Sappho of Pope must have some resemblance in power to the Delia of the same passage—the courtly, sensual, false, and even murderous Countess Deloraine.

Lady Mary and the town felt this; the cry had gone out against her, and instead of adopting the sensible advice of the gallant Peterborough, the indignant lady prepared for a *ferocious* poetical war. She gained the willing assistance of her friend, Lord Hervey, who had already smarted under the lash of Pope; and, between them, was composed that crude, coarse, undignified, but not imbecile satire, entitled *Verses Addressed to the Imitator of the First Satire of the Second Book of Horace*. The opening lines refer to Pope’s system of printing the text of Horace in one page, and his own imitation on the opposite page:—

“In two large columns on thy motley page,
Where Roman wit is striped with English rage;
Where ribaldry to satire makes pretence,
And modern scandal rolls with ancient sense:
Whilst on one side we see how Horace thought,
And on the other how he never wrote:
Who can believe, who view the bad, the good,
That the dull copyist better understood
That spirit, he pretends to imitate,
Than heretofore that Greek he did translate?”

"Thine is just such an image of his pen,
As thou thyself art of the sons of men:
Where our own species in burlesque we trace,
A sign-post likeness of the human race;
That is at once resemblance and disgrace.

"Horace can laugh, is delicate, is clear,
You only coarsely rail, or darkly sneer:
His style is elegant, his diction pure,
Whilst none thy crabb'd numbers can endure;
Hard as thy heart, and as thy birth obscure."

The proper objects of satire are then defined, and Pope's enormities of course pointed out:—

"Is this the thing to keep mankind in awe,
To make those tremble who escape the law?
Is this the ridicule to live so long,
'The deathless satire and immortal song?'
No: like the self-blown praise, thy scandal flies;
And, as we're told of wasps, it stings and dies.
Then whilst with coward hand you stab a name,
And try, at least, to assassinate our fame,
Like the first bold assassin's be thy lot,
Ne'er be thy guilt forgiven or forgot;
But, as thou hast, be hated by mankind,
And, with the emblem of thy crooked mind,
Mark'd on thy back, like Cain, by God's own hand,
Wander, like him, accursed through the land."

Lady Mary knew well where the dreaded enemy was most vulnerable. The allusions to obscure birth and personal deformity—though utterly disagreeable to the noble writers of the verses—pierced most deeply, and were sure to provoke a reply. Pope, however, paused to collect his strength. He had higher game to fly at than the Dennises, Welsteds, and James Moore Smythes, and there was personal danger in attacking too fiercely even a Vice Chamberlain of the Court, and a lady who numbered so many lords as friends and relatives in her train. In this portentous calm, Lord Hervey tried a second blow. It does not appear that Lady Mary lent her aid to this new effort, and consequently it is vastly inferior to the first. It is in the form of a letter from a Nobleman at Hampton Court to a Doctor of Divinity (Dr. Sherwin). A few lines will suffice:—

"Godless of thought, each blockhead may compose
This nothing-meaning verse, as well as prose;
And Pope with justice of such lines may say,
His Lordship 'spins a thousand such a day.'
Such Pope himself might write, who ne'er could think.
He who at crambé plays with pen and ink,
And is called Poet, 'cause in rhyme he wrote
What Deuter construed, and what Homer thought."

Pope was now ready both in prose and verse. The former was a Letter to a Noble Lord, on occasion of some Libels written and propagated at Court in the Year 1732-3. The letter was shown to some friends, but not published. The poetical reply was contained in the Epistle to Arbuthnot, and included that most tremendous of all his invectives, the character of Sporus, in which Lord Hervey's appearance, character, tastes, and habits are so unmercifully, yet, in many points, so truly, satirized and delineated.

The year preceding his death, Lord Hervey published a poetical Essay—an attempt at ethics—on “The Difference between Verbal and Practical Virtue, exemplified in some Instances, both Ancient and Modern.” Pope is the modern instance, and he is charged with all manner of crimes—as lost to decency and honour, libelling the living, and aspersing the dead. The conclusion of this sketch is forcible and poetical:—

“Such is th’ injustice of his daily theme,
And such the lust that breaks his nightly dream,
That vestal fire of undecaying hate,
Which Time’s cold tide itself can ne’er abate.”

But, was Hervey’s resentment less durable or less vindictive?

Lady Mary wisely withdrew from the contest: there were poisoned arrows on both sides, but Pope’s were unerring and irresistible. She went abroad in 1739. Spence and Walpole met her next year in Rome. The good-natured Spence reported pretty favourably. “She is one of the most shining characters in the world, but shines like a comet; she is all irregularity, and always wandering; the most wise, most imprudent; loveliest, most disagreeable; best-natured, cruellest woman in the world: all things by turns and nothing long!” Walpole had as strong an aversion to Lady Mary as Pope himself, being from certain family connexions biassed from his birth against her. He mentions the wandering lady’s eccentricities: “Her dress, her avarice, and her impudence, must amaze any one that never heard her name. She wears a foul mob, that does not cover her greasy black locks, that hung loose, never combed or curled, an old mazarine blue wrapper, that gapes open and discovers a canvas petticoat. Her face swelled violently on one side, partly covered with a plaster, and partly with white paint, which for cheapness she has bought coarse,” &c. A libellous caricature! Lady Mary did not return till she was past seventy—a worn-out wanderer, and a victim to cancer. The scene was soon closed; but she has two imperishable claims on the world’s gratitude—her courageous perseverance in introducing the art of inoculation, which she had learned in Turkey, and her Letters from Abroad, so full of fine description and novel facts, of intelligence and animation.



THE SECOND SATIRE

OF THE

SECOND BOOK OF HORACE

TO MR. BETHEL.

[Hugh Bethel, Esq., to whom this Epistle is addressed, is the same gentleman alluded to by Pope in graceful and complimentary terms in his *Essay on Man*. He possessed landed property in the East Riding of Yorkshire, and appears to have been an amiable and excellent country gentleman. In a letter to Allen, Pope says—"I have known and esteemed him (Mr. Bethel) for every moral virtue these twenty years and more. He has all the chating, without any of the weakness of ———; and, I firmly believe, never said a thing he did not think, nor did a thing he could not tell." One of the last acts of the poet's life seems to have been dictating a letter to Mr. Bethel. Little is known of the poet's friend, "blameless Bethel." They were early acquainted, for a copy of the first edition of his poems, 1717, was presented by Pope to Mr. Bethel, with a highly complimentary Latin inscription. The *Gentleman's Magazine* thus announces the death of Mr. Bethel:—"Died at Ealing, Middlesex, on January 16th, 1748, Hugh Bethel, Esq. His estate of £2000 per annum goes to his brother, Slingsby Bethel, Esq. M.P. for London."]

WHAT, and how great, the virtue and the art

To live on little with a cheerful heart;

(A doctrine sage, but truly none of mine)

Let's talk, my friends, but talk before we dine.

Not when a gilt buffet's reflected pride

5

Turns you from sound philosophy aside;

Not when from plate to plate your eyeballs roll,

And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.

Hear Bethel's sermon, one not versed in schools,

But strong in sense, and wise without the rules.

10

Go, work, hunt, exercise! (he thus began)

Then scorn a homely dinner, if you can.

Your wine lock'd up, your butler stroll'd abroad,

Or fish denied (the river yet unthaw'd),

If then plain bread and milk will do the feat,

15

The pleasure lies in you and not the meat.

Preach as I please, I doubt our curious men
 Will choose a pheasant still before a hen;
 Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,
 Except you eat the feathers green and gold. 20
 Of carps and mullets why prefer the great,
 (Though cut in pieces ere my lord can eat.)
 Yet for small turbot's such esteem profess?
 Because God made these large, the other less.
 Oldfield with more than harpy throat endued,¹ 25
 Cries, "Send me, gods! a whole hog barbecued!"²
 Oh, blast it, south-winds! till a stench exhale
 Rank as the ripeness of a rabbit's tail.
 By what criterion do you eat, d'ye think,
 If this is prized for sweetness, that for stink? 30
 When the tired glutton labours through a treat,
 He finds no relish in the sweetest meat;
 He calls for something bitter, something sour,
 And the rich feast concludes extremely poor:
 Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives still we see; 35
 Thus much is left of old simplicity!
 The robin red-breast till of late had rest,
 And children sacred held a martin's nest,
 Till beccaficos sold so devilish dear
 To one that was, or would have been, a peer. 40
 Let me extol a cat, on oysters fed,
 I'll have a party at the Bedford-head;³
 Or e'en to crack live crawfish recommend;
 I'd never doubt at court to make a friend.
 'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother 45
 About one vice, and fall into the other;
 Between excess and famine lies a mean;
 Plain, but not sordid; though not splendid, clean.
 Avidien, or his wife (no matter which,
 For him you'll call a dog, and her a bitch.)⁴ 50

¹ [Warton says a glutton of the name of Oldfield ran through a fortune of £1500 a year in the simple luxury of good eating.]

² A West-Indian term of gluttony; a hog roasted whole, stuffed with spice, and basted with Madeira wine.

³ A famous eating-house.

⁴ [Avidien was Edward Wortley Montagu; his wife, the never-forgotten and never-forgiven Lady Alary. See Additional Notes.]

Sell their presented partridges and fruits,
And humbly live on rabbits and on roots:
One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine,
And is at once their vinegar and wine.
But on some lucky day (as when they found 55
A lost bank-bill, or heard their son was drown'd),
At such a feast, old vinegar to spare.

Is what two souls so generous cannot bear:
Oil, though it stink, they drop by drop impart,
But souse the cabbage with a bounteous heart. 60

He knows to live, who keeps the middle state,
And neither leans on this side nor on that;
Nor stops, for one bad cork, his butler's pay,
Swears, like Albutius, a good cook away:
Nor lets, like Nævius, every error pass, 65
The musty wine, foul cloth, or greasy glass.

Now hear what blessings temperance can bring:
(Thus said our friend, and what he said I sing.)
First health: the stomach (cramm'd from every dish,
A tomb of boil'd and roast, and flesh and fish, 70
Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,
And all the man is one intestine war.)
Remembers oft the school-boy's simple fare,
The temperate sleeps, and spirits light as air.

How pale each worshipful and reverend guest 75
Rise from a clergy, or a city feast!
What life in all that ample body, say?
What heavenly particle inspires the clay?
The soul subsides, and wickedly inclines
To seem but mortal, even in sound divines. 80

On morning wings how active springs the mind
That leaves the load of yesterday behind!
How easy every labour it pursues!
How coming to the poet every Muse!
Not but we may exceed, some holy time, 85
Or tired in search of truth, or search of rhyme;
Ill health some just indulgence may engage;
And more the sickness of long life, old age:
For fainting age what cordial drop remains,
If our intemperate youth the vessel drains? 90

Our fathers praised rank venison. You suppose,
Perhaps, young men! our fathers had no nose.

Not so: a buck was then a week's repast,
And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it last;
More pleased to keep it till their friends could come, 95
Than eat the sweetest by themselves at home.
Why had not I in those good times my birth,
Ere coxcomb-pies or coxcombs were on earth?

Unworthy he, the voice of fame to hear,
That sweetest music to an honest ear; 100
(For faith, Lord Fanny! you are in the wrong,
The world's good word is better than a song.)
Who has not learn'd fresh sturgeon and ham-pie
Are no rewards for want and infancy!
When luxury has licked up all thy pelf, 105
Cursed by thy neighbours, thy trustees, thyself,
To friends, to fortune, to mankind a shame,
Think how posterity will treat thy name;
And buy a rope, that future times may tell
Thou hast at least bestowed one penny well. 110

"Right," cries his Lordship, "for a rogue in need
To have a taste is insolence indeed:
In me 'tis noble, suits my birth and state,
My wealth unwieldy, and my heap too great."
Then, like the sun, let bounty spread her ray, 115
And shine that superfluity away.
Oh impudence of wealth! with all thy store,
How darest thou let one worthy man be poor?
Shall half the new-built churches round thee fall?
Make quays, build bridges, or repair Whitehall: 120
Or to thy country let that heap be lent,
As M**o's was, but not at five per cent.⁵

Who thinks that Fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind.
And who stands safest? tell me, is it he 125
That spreads and swells in puff'd prosperity;
Or, blest with little, whose preventing care
In peace provides fit arms against a war?

Thus Bethel spoke, who always speaks his thought,
And always thinks the very thing he ought; 130
His equal mind I copy what I can,
And, as I love, would imitate the man.

⁵ [The Duke of Marlborough.]

In South-sea days not happier, when surmised
 The lord of thousands, than if now excised;⁶
 In forest planted by a father's hand, 135
 Than in five acres now of rented land.
 Content with little, I can piddle here,
 On brocoli and mutton, round the year;
 But ancient friends (though poor, or out of play,)
 That touch my bell, I cannot turn away. 140
 'Tis true, no turbot's dignify my boards,
 But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords:
 To Hounslow Heath I point, and Bansted Down,
 Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my own:
 From yon old walnut-tree a shower shall fall; 145
 And grapes, long lingering on my only wall,
 And figs from standard and espalier join;
 The devil is in you if you cannot dine:
 Then cheerful healths (your mistress shall have place),
 And, what's more rare, a poet shall say grace. 150
 Fortune not much of humbling me can boast:
 Though double taxed, how little have I lost!⁷
 My life's amusements have been just the same,
 Before and after standing armies came.
 My land: are sold; my father's house is gone; 155
 I'll hire another's: is not that my own,
 And yours, my friends? through whose free opening gate
 None comes too early, none departs too late:
 (For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best,
 Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.) 160
 "Pray heaven it last! (cries Swift!) as you go on;
 I wish to God this house had been your own:
 Pity! to build without a son or wife;
 Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life."

⁶ [Warburton states that Pope had South-Sea stock, which he did not sell out, that was valued at between £20,000 and £30,000 when it fell. This must have been a *notum*—literally a *South-Sea* valuation. He could not have invested more than two or three thousand pounds, if so much, in the South-Sea stock, and its depreciation deprived him of none of the comforts or elegancies of life to which he had been accustomed. For an account of Warburton's Exeise Bill, here alluded to, see extract from Lord Berrey's Memoirs. Notes to Moral Essays, Ep. III.]

⁷ [Roman Catholics and Nonjurors had at that time to pay additional

Well, if the use be mine, can it concern one,
 Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon?⁸
 What's property? dear Swift! you see it alter
 From you to me, from me to Peter Walter;
 Or, in a mortgage, prove a lawyer's share;
 Or, in a jointure, vanish from the heir;
 Or, in pure equity (the case not clear)
 The Chancery takes your rents for twenty year:

165

170



GORBAMBY HOUSE.

At best, it falls to some ungracious son,
 Who cries, "My father's damn'd, and all's my own."
 Shades, that to Bacon could retreat afford,
 Become the portion of a booby lord;⁹

175

⁸ [Mrs. Vernon, from whom he had a lease for life of his house and garden at Twickenham. She died about a year before Pope. He had then some idea of purchasing the property (valued at about £1000), if any of his "particular friends" wished to have it as a residence. No such arrangement was made, and, after the poet's death, the house was bought by Sir William Stanhope. See Life of Pope.]

⁹ [William, the first Lord Grimston, then occupant of Gorbamby, near St. Alban's.]

And Helmsley,¹⁰ once proud Buckingham's delight,
Slides to a scrivener or a city knight:
Let lands and houses have what loads they will,
Let us be fix'd, and our own masters still.

180

¹⁰ [Helmsley, in Yorkshire, which had belonged to Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, was purchased by Sir Charles Duncombe, Knight, Lord Mayor of London in 1703, and M.P. for Downton, Wilts. The City Knight changed the name of the place to Duncombe Park.]

THE FIRST EPISTLE

OF THE

FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

[Written in 1738, when Pope was in his forty-ninth year. Hence the allusion in the opening lines to the *Sabbath of his days*. Bolingbroke was then sixty, and it is curious to find the younger friend gently reproach his older philosophical associate for breaking the sacred calm of his poetic retirement. The restless peer was then in France. Unable to procure a restoration to his seat in the House of Lords, he had for ten years waged a war of pamphlets and newspaper essays against the Walpole administration, till, tired of the fruitless contest, and quarrelling with his own party, he again retired to France, and remained there from 1739 to 1742.]

ST. JOHN, whose love indulged my labours past,
Matures my present, and shall bound my last!
Why will you break the Sabbath of my days?
Now sick alike of envy and of praise.
Public too long, ah, let me hide my age! 5
See modest Cibber now has left the stage:
Our generals now, retired to their estates,
Hang their old trophies o'er the garden gates;
In life's cool evening satiate of applause,
Nor fond of bleeding, even in Brunswick's cause. 10
A voice there is, that whispers in my ear,
(Tis Reason's voice, which sometimes one can hear)
"Friend Pope! be prudent, let your Muse take breath,
And never gallop Pegasus to death;
Lest stiff, and stately, void of fire or force, 15
You limp, like Blackmore on a Lord Mayor's horse."¹

¹ [Sir Richard Blackmore, also conspicuous in the *Dunciad*: a good man, but a heavy, pompous, and unreadable poet. His epics were a fair subject for ridicule, but the satirist might have stopped at the grave: Blackmore had been nine years dead when this Epistle was written.]

Farewell, then, verse, and love, and every toy,
 The rhymes and rattles of the man or boy;
 What right, what true, what fit we justly call.
 Let this be all my care, for this is all: 20
 To lay this harvest up, and hoard with haste,
 What every day will want, and most, the last.

But ask not, to what doctors I apply?
 Sworn to no master, of no sect am I:
 As drives the storm, at any door I knock: 25
 And house with Montaigne now, or now with Locke;
 Sometimes a patriot, active in debate,
 Mix with the world, and battle for the state,
 Free as young Lyttelton,^a her cause pursue,
 Still true to virtue, and as warm as true: 30
 Sometimes with Aristippus, or St. Paul,
 Indulge my candour, and grow all to all;
 Back to my native moderation slide,
 And win my way by yielding to the tide.

Long, as to him who works for debt, the day, 35
 Long as the night to her whose love's away,
 Long as the year's dull circle seems to run,
 When the brisk minor pants for twenty-one:
 So slow the unprofitable moments roll,
 That lock up all the functions of my soul: 40
 That keep me from myself; and still delay
 Life's instant business to a future day:
 That task, which as we follow or despise,
 The eldest is a fool, the youngest wise:
 Which done, the poorest can no wants endure; 45
 And which, not done, the richest must be poor.

^a [George, first Lord Lyttelton, then Secretary to the Prince of Wales, in which capacity he was highly serviceable to Thomson, Mallet, and other men of letters. His Poems, Dialogues of the Dead, History of Henry II., and Dissertation on the Conversion of St. Paul, have given him a respectable rank in literature. It appears from Lyttelton's Correspondence, published in 1816, that he wrote his treatise on St. Paul's conversion chiefly with a view to meet the case of Thomson, who, in that sceptical age was troubled with sceptical doubts. Lyttelton was anxious that the amiable poet should unite the *facta* to the *verba* of a Christian, "for the latter he always had." The circumstance is highly honourable to Lyttelton, and is another instance of that warmth of friendship which Thomson inspired.]

Late as it is, I put myself to school,
 And feel some comfort, not to be a fool.
 Weak though I am of limb, and short of sight,
 Far from a lynx, and not a giant quite : 50
 I'll do what Mead and Cheseiden advise,*
 To keep these limbs, and to preserve these eyes.
 Not to go back, is somewhat to advance.
 And men must wait at least before they dance.

Say, does thy blood rebel, thy bosom move 55
 With wretched avarice, or as wretched love?
 Know, there are words, and spells, which can control
 Between the fits this fever of the soul :
 Know, there are rhymes, which, fresh and fresh applied,
 Will cure the arrant'st puppy of his pride. 60
 Be furious, envious, slothful, mad, or drunk,
 Slave to a wife, or vassal to a punk,
 A Switz, a High-Dutch, or a Low-Dutch bear;
 All that we ask is but a patient ear.

'Tis the first virtue, vices to abhor : 65
 And the first wisdom, to be fool no more.
 But to the world no bugbear is so great,
 As want of figure, and a small estate.
 To either India see the merchant fly,
 Scared at the spectre of pale poverty! 70
 See him, with pains of body, pangs of soul,
 Burn through the tropic, freeze beneath the pole!
 Wilt thou do nothing for a noble end,
 Nothing, to make philosophy thy friend?
 To stop thy foolish views, thy long desires, 75
 And ease thy heart of all that it admires?

* [Dr. Mead's name occurs frequently in Pope. He was then physician to the king, and he kept his high position in his profession till his death. Dr. Cheseiden was a skilful and popular surgeon and anatomist—"the most noted and most deserving man in the whole profession of chirurgery," as Pope, in a letter to Swift, describes him. He obtained much praise for an operation performed on a youth who had been blind from his birth: the operation was completely successful in giving sight to the youth, and an account of it which Cheseiden drew up for the Philosophical Transactions is highly interesting. He was afterwards much employed as an oculist. This eminent surgeon attended Pope in his last illness. His own death took place in 1704.]

Here Wisdom calls: "Seek Virtue first, be bold!
 As gold to silver, virtue is to gold."
 There, London's voice: "Get money, money still;
 And then let Virtue follow, if she will." 80
 This, this the saving doctrine, preach'd to all,
 From low St. James's up to high St. Paul!
 From him whose quills stand quiver'd at his ear,
 To him who notches sticks at Westminster.⁴
 Barnard in spirit, sense, and truth abounds;⁵ 85
 "Pray, then, what wants he?" Fourscore thousand pounds;
 A pension, or such harness for a slave
 As Bug now has, and Dorimant would have?
 Barnard, thou art a cit, with all thy worth;
 But Bug and D^l. their honours, and so forth. 90

⁴ [An allusion to the *Low Church* opinions then prevalent at the Court at St. James's, and strongly patronized by Queen Caroline.]

⁵ [The Exchequer tallies. Payments used to be made into the Exchequer in coin by weight and *tale* (counting), and the sums engrossed upon parchment. Hence the office of Clerk of the Pells (*pellis*, a skin), who engrossed the bill upon parchment, and the Clerk of the Pipe, who tressed it down through a pipe or funnel to the court below. See the system described in Knight's London. The whole of this cumbrous machinery has been swept away.]

⁶ [Sir John Barnard, whom Chatham styled "the great commoner," was at this time Lord Mayor of London. He had been knighted some years before on occasion of presenting a congratulatory address from the city to her Majesty at Kensington. He represented the city in Parliament for forty years, and was an able, independent member. He had strenuously opposed Walpole's Excise Bill, and was mainly instrumental in defeating that minister; whence probably the warmth of Pope's eulogium. In 1749 Sir John became the father of the city, and his brother merchants erected a statue of him in the Royal Exchange. The death of this patriotic citizen took place in 1761, when he had attained to the age of seventy-nine. Sir John was a native of Reading in Berkshire, and was the son of Quaker parents. At the age of nineteen, as the result of study of the Scriptures, he renounced Quakerism, and was received into the church by Dr. Compton, Bishop of London.]

⁷ [Warton remarks, "It cannot now be discovered to whom these names belong—so soon does satire become unintelligible. The same may be said of verse 112." In the first edition the names are "Besna and Bug." The latter may have meant Lord Hervey (the "bug with gilded wings" in the Prologue to the *Satires*) and Dorimant may stand for that venal but good-humoured politician, Jubb Dodington. The circumstances and character in each case will apply. "D—" was probably Delaval, the first lord of that name.]

Yet every child another song will sing,
 "Virtue, brave boys! 'tis virtue makes a king,"
 True, conscious honour is to feel no sin;
 He's arm'd without that's innocent within;
 Be this thy screen, and this thy wall of brass;
 Compared to this a minister's an ass. 95

And say, to which shall our applause belong,
 This new Court-jargon, or the good old song?
 The modern language of corrupted peers,
 Or what was spoke at Cressy or Poitiers? 100

Who counsels best? who whispers, "Be but great,
 With praise or infamy leave that to fate;
 Get place and wealth—if possible with grace;
 If not, by any means, get wealth and place."
 For what? to have a box where eunuchs sing, 105
 And foremost in the circle eye a king.

Or he, who bids thee face with steady view
 Proud fortune, and look shallow greatness through:
 And, while he bids thee, sets the example too?
 If such a doctrine, in St. James's air, 110
 Should chance to make the well-dressed rabble stare;
 If honest S^tz⁸ take scandal at a spark,

That less admires the palace than the park:
 Faith I shall give the answer Reynard gave:
 "I cannot like, dread sir, your royal cave; 115
 Because I see, by all the tracks about,
 Full many a beast goes in, but none come out."
 Adieu to Virtue, if you're once a slave:
 Send her to court, you send her to her grave.

Well, if a king's a lion, at the least 120
 The people are a many-headed beast:
 Can they direct what measures to pursue,
 Who know themselves so little what to do?

⁸ [Augustus Schütz, "the elder of two sons of Baron Schütz, a German, who came over with George I., and settled his family in England. Augustus had been Equerry to George II., when Prince, and became Master of the Robes and Privy Purse to the King, with whom he was in great personal favour."—*Note by Mr. Croker to Lord Harvey's Memoirs*. Schütz seems to have been acquainted both with Pope and Martha Blount—no doubt through Mrs. Howard. Lord Harvey speaks of him as a dull courtier, and Pope's mention of him is to the same effect. He died in 1757.]

Alike in nothing but one lust of gold,
 Just half the land would buy, and half be sold: 125
 Their country's wealth our mightier misers drain,
 Or cross, to plunder provinces, the main.
 The rest, some farm the poor-box, some the pews;
 Some keep assemblies, and would keep the stews;
 Some with fat bucks on childless dotards' lawn; 130
 Some win rich widows by their chine and brawn;



"SOME WITH FAT BUCKS ON CHILDLESS DOTARDS' LAWN."

While with the silent growth of ten per cent.,
 In dirt and darkness, hundreds stink content.
 Of all these ways, if each pursues his own,
 Satire, be kind, and let the wretch alone: 135
 But show me one who has it in his power
 To act consistent with himself an hour.
 Sir Job sail'd forth, the evening bright and still,
 "No place on earth (he cried) like Greenwich Hill!"

Up starts a palace, lo, the obedient base 140
Slope: at its foot, the woods its sides embrace.
The silver Thames reflects its marble face.
Now let some whimsy, or that devil within
Which guides all those who know not what they mean,
But give the knight (or give his lady) spleen: 145
"Away, away! take all your scaffolds down,
For snug's the word: My dear! we'll live in town."

At amorous Flavio is the stocking thrown?
That very night he longs to lie alone.
The fool whose wife elopes some thrice a quarter, 150
For matrimonial solace dies a martyr.
Did ever Proteus, Merlin, any witch,
Transform themselves so strangely as the rich?
Well, but the poor—the poor have the same itch:
They change their weekly barber, weekly news, 155
Prefer a new japanner to their shoes.
Discharge their garrets, move their beds, and run
(They know not whither) in a chaise and one;
They hire their sculler, and, when once aboard,
Grow sick, and damn the climate—like a lord. 160

You laugh, half beau, half sloven if I stand,
My wig all powder, and all snuff my band;
You laugh, if coat and breeches strangely vary,
White gloves, and linen worthy Lady Mary!
But, when no prelate's lawn with hair-shirt lined 165
Is half so incoherent as my mind;
When (each opinion with the next at strife,
One ebb and flow of follies all my life)
I plant, root up; I build, and then confound;
Turn round to square, and square again to round; 170
You never change one muscle of your face,
You think this madness but a common case,
Nor once to Chancery, nor to Hale apply;⁹
Yet hang your lip, to see a scamp awry!
Careless how ill I with myself agree, 175
Kind to my dress, my figure, not to me.
Is this my guide, philosopher, and friend?
This he who loves me, and who ought to mend;

⁹ [Dr. Hale, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, a physician employed in cases of insanity.]

Who ought to make me, (what he can, or none)
 That man divine whom wisdom calls her own; 180
 Great without title, without fortune bless'd;
 Rich, e'en when plunder'd, honour'd while oppress'd;
 Loved without youth, and follow'd without power;
 At home, though exiled—free, though in the Tower;
 In short, that reasoning, high, immortal thing, 185
 Just less than Jove, and much above a king.
 Nay, half in heaven—except (what's mighty odd)
 A fit of vapours clouds this demi-god?

ADDITIONAL NOTE.

EDWARD WORTLEY MONTAGU AND HIS SON.

Ver. 10. *Avilion or his wife.* Mr. Wortley, the husband of Lady Mary, was the son of the Hon. Sidney Montagu, and by his mother, Mrs. Anne Wortley, he inherited the large Wortley estate in Yorkshire, where most of his latter years were passed. At the date of Pope's satire, Mr. Wortley and Lady Mary were living together. She went abroad a second time in 1729, and did not return till after the death of her husband in 1781. They seem to have parted by mutual consent; there was nothing domestic in the witty lady's character; but she kept up a friendly correspondence with her husband to the last. Writing to him from Avignon, in 1745, she says, "Since the death of Pope I know nobody that is an enemy to either of us." She was never without enemies, or at least quarrels, the natural result of her own caprice, violence, and proneness to satire. Mr. Wortley continued quietly in his retreat near Sheffield, hoarding up money, and watching over his health. He amassed an immense fortune, nearly a million of money, exclusive of his estates, and lived to a great age. In 1766, Horace Walpole looked in upon him at Wharfedale. "Old Wortley Montagu," he says, "lives on the very spot where the dragon of Wantley did; only I believe the latter was much better lodged. You never saw such a wretched hovel; lean, unpainted, and half its nakedness barely shaded with harateen, stretched till it cracks. Here the miser hoards health and money, his only two objects. He has chronicles in behalf of the air, and bantons on Tokay, his single indulgence, as he has heard it is particularly salutary. But the savageness of the scene would charm your Alpine taste. It is tumbled with fragments of mountains, that look ready for building the world. One scrambles over a huge detrace, on which mountain ashes and various trees spring out of the very rocks; and at the brow is the den, but not spacious enough for such an inmate. However,

I am persuaded it furnished Pope with this line, so exactly it answers to the picture:—

‘On rifted rocks, the dragon’s late abodes.’

I wanted to ask if Pope had not visited Lady Mary Wortley here during their intimacy, but could one put this question to Avidien himself? There remains an ancient odd inscription here, which has such a whimsical mixture of devotion and romanticness, that I must transcribe it:—*Praye for the soul of Sir Thomas Wortley, Knight of the body to the Kings Edward IV., Richard III., Henry VII., Henry VIII., whose faults God pardon. He caused a Lodge to be built on this crag in the midst of Wharncliffe to hear the hart’s bell, in the year our Lord 1510. It was a chase, and what he meant to hear was the noise of the stags.*”

Pope alludes (ver. 16) to the son of Wortley and Lady Mary. The allusion is harsh and unjust, for there was no want of proper feeling on the part of the parents towards this most extraordinary and prodigal youth. This second Edward Wortley was worthy of a niche in Pope’s gallery of originals. He ran off on three separate occasions from Westminster school, sailed as a cabin boy to Spain, was discovered, and restored to his parents. He next travelled with a tutor on the continent, returned to England, and sat for two parliaments in the House of Commons. Extravagance brought debt, and debt forced him abroad; in France he cheated a Jew—a marvellous instance of his adroitness—and was subjected to a short imprisonment; in Italy he adopted the Roman Catholic religion; and in Turkey he became a strict Mahometan. His father deprived him by his will of the succession to the family estate.

“But even this step,” says Lord Wharncliffe, “was not taken without a sufficient provision being made for him; and, in the event of his having an heir legitimately born, the estate was to return to that heir, to the exclusion of his sister Lady Kate’s children. This provision in Mr. Wortley’s will he endeavoured to take advantage of in a manner which is highly characteristic. Mr. Edward Wortley, early in life, was married in a way not then uncommon, namely, a Fleet marriage. With that wife he did not live long, and he had no issue. After his father’s death he lived several years in Egypt, and there is supposed to have professed the religion of Mahomet, and indulged in the plurality of wives permitted by that faith. In the year 1776, Mr. E. Wortley, then living at Venice, his wife being dead, through the agency (as is supposed) of his friend Romney the painter, caused an advertisement to be inserted in the Public Advertiser of April 16th in that year, in the following words:—

“A gentleman who has filled two successive seats in Parliament, is nearly sixty years of age, lives in great splendour and hospitality, and from whom a considerable estate must pass if he dies without issue, hath no objection to marry a widow or single lady, provided the party be of gentle birth, polite manners, and is five or six months gone in her pregnancy. Letters directed to——Brecknock, Esq., at Wills Coffee House, will be honoured with due attention, secrecy, and every mark of respect.”

"It has always been believed in the family that this advertisement was successful, and that a woman having the qualifications required by it was actually sent to Paris to meet Mr. E. Wortley, who got as far as Lyons on his way thither. There, however, while eating a beccafico for supper, a bone stuck in his throat, and occasioned his death; thus putting an end to this honest scheme."

The scheme could not have stood an examination in a court of law, but it formed a fitting close to such a life.

Lord Wharncliffe's edit. of Lady Mary W. Montagu's Works.

THE SIXTH EPISTLE

OF THE

FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

TO MR. MURRAY.

[The Hon. William Murray, Lord Mansfield. He was the fourth son of David, Lord Stormont, and was born in 1705. At the date of this Epistle (1737) Murray had not obtained any Government appointment, but in 1742 he was made Solicitor-General. In 1754, he succeeded to the office of Attorney-General, which he held till 1756, when he was appointed Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, and was created Baron Murray, of Mansfield. He held the office of Chief Justice (having repeatedly declined that of Lord Chancellor), till his resignation in 1788. He died in 1793. As a strenuous supporter of high monarchical principles, Lord Mansfield was for a time unpopular, and was attacked by Junius with all the virulence and brilliant invective of that writer. His votes in favour of Catholic Relief also exposed him to the fury of the mob, and, in the riots of 1780, his town house, with a valuable library and collection of manuscripts, was burned to the ground. In his legal capacity, no judge has been more eminent than Mansfield. He possessed a clear and penetrating judgment, an intellect at once refined, subtle, and comprehensive, and great powers of eloquence adapted to the bar and the bench. In Parliament he was not so successful, nor was he ambitious of shining as a politician. In private life he possessed those graces and accomplishments which early attracted the admiration of Pope, and which continued to delight his friends after he had passed his eightieth year. The poet's prediction that he should be interred "where kings and poets lie" was realised. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, and a costly monument, one of the best works of Flaxman, covers his remains.]

NOT to admire, is all the art I knew,
To make men happy, and to keep them so.
(Plain truth, dear Murray, needs no flowers of speech,
So take it in the very words of Creech.)¹
This vault of air, this congregated ball,
Self-centred sun, and stars that run and fall,

¹ From whose translation of Horace the first two lines are taken.

There are, my friend, whose philosophic eyes
 Look through, and trust the Ruler with his shies;
 To him commit the hour, the day, the year,
 And view this dreadful All without a fear. 10
 Admire we then what earth's low entrails hold,
 Arabian shores, or Indian seas infold;
 All the mad trade of fools and slaves for gold?
 Or popularity? or stars and strings?
 The mob's applauses, or the gifts of kings? 15
 Say with what eyes we ought at Courts to gaze,
 And pay the great our homage of amaze?
 If weak the pleasure that from these can spring,
 The fear to want them is as weak a thing:
 Whether we dread, or whether we desire, 20
 In either case, believe me, we admire:
 Whether we joy or grieve, the same the curse,
 Surprised at better, or surprised at worse.
 Thus good or bad, to one extreme betray
 The unbalanced mind, and snatch the man away. 25
 For Virtue's self may too much zeal be had;
 The worst of madmen is a saint run mad.
 Go then, and, if you can, admire the state
 Of beaming diamonds, and reflected plate;
 Procure a taste to double the surprise, 30
 And gaze on Parian charms with learned eyes:
 Be struck with bright brocade, or Tyrian dye,
 Our birthday nobles' splendid livery.
 If not so pleased, at council-board rejoice,
 To see their judgments hang upon thy voice; 35
 From morn to night, at senate, rolls, and hall,
 Plead much, read more, dine late, or not at all.
 But wherefore all this labour, all this strife?
 For fame, for riches, for a noble wife?
 Shall one whom nature, learning, birth conspired 40
 To form, not to admire but be admired,
 Sigh while his Chloe, blind to wit and worth,
 Weds the rich dulness of some son of earth?
 Yet time ennobles, or degrades each line;
 It brighten'd Craggs's, and may darken thine. 45

2 [From the mention of "Chloe" in this passage, it has been assumed that Murray was rejected by some lady to whom he had paid his addresses. The

And what is fame? the meanest have their day,
 The greatest can but blaze, and pass away.
 Graced as thou art, with all the power of words,
 So known, so honour'd, at the House of Lords:
 Conspicuous scene! another yet is nigh, 50
 (More silent far) where kings and poets lie;
 Where Murray (long enough his country's pride)
 Shall be no more than Tully, or than Hyde!
 Rack'd with sciatics, martyr'd with the stone,
 Will any mortal let himself alone? 55
 See Ward by batter'd beaux invited over,
 And desperate Misery lays hold on Dover.
 The ease is easier in the mind's disease;
 There all men may be cured, whene'er they please.
 Would ye be bless'd? despise low joys, low gains; 60
 Disdain whatever Cornbury disdains;³
 Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains.

lines do not seem to warrant such an interpretation: the ease is purely hypothetical. He was married shortly afterwards to Lady Betty Finch, daughter of Daniel, Earl of Nottingham. Pope's allusion to his friend Craggs's humble ancestry is not marked by his usual taste. The elder Craggs was originally a footman to Lady Morlaunt, Duchess of Norfolk, and according to Lady M. W. Montagu, "he was trusted by the duchess in all her intrigues, particularly in that with King James II., and scraped a good deal of money from the bounty of the royal lover." Lady Mary, however, adds that the meanness of his education never appeared in his conversation. The bulk of Craggs's fortune was made as an army contractor, and he was afterwards joint Postmaster-General with Lord Cornwallis. He was deeply involved in the South Sea delusion, and had profited by the public credulity to such an extent that his estate was seized by the House of Commons. He left about a million and a-half of money—amassed, it is said, on purpose to give wealth and honours to his son, the friend of Pope, and one of the Secretaries of the Treasury. The son died of the small-pox, and the old man, broken-hearted, died a few weeks afterwards of apoplexy, brought on, as was supposed, partly by grief, and partly by dread of the examination and exposure of his delinquencies in the South Sea case before the House of Commons.]

³ [Cornbury disdained a pension. On his return from travelling abroad, the Earl of Essex, his brother-in-law, said he had got a pension for him. He replied, "How could you tell, my lord, that I was to be sold, or, at least, how came you to know my price so exactly?" Henry, Viscount Cornbury, was great grandson of Lord Chancellor Clarendon, and brother of the Duchess of Queensberry. He died in 1763, aged forty-three. His lordship was a very amiable and accomplished man, and as a politician, one of the party denominated "Hanoverian Tories."]

But art thou one, whom new opinions sway,
 One who believes as Tindal leads the way,
 Who virtue and a church alike disowns, 65
 Thinks that but words, and this but brick and stones?
 Fly then, on all the wings of wild desire,
 Admire whate'er the maddest can admire.
 Is wealth thy passion? Hence! from pole to pole,
 Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll, 70
 For Indian spices, for Peruvian gold,
 Prevent the greedy, or outbid the bold:
 Advance thy golden mountain to the skies;
 On the broad base of fifty thousand rise,
 Add one round hundred, and (if that's not fair) 75
 Add fifty more, and bring it to a square.
 For, mark the advantage; just so many score
 Will gain a wife with half as many more.
 Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaste,
 And then such friends—as cannot fail to last. 80
 A man of wealth is dubb'd a man of worth,
 Venus shall give him form, and Anstis birth.
 (Believe me, many a German prince is worse,
 Who, proud of pedigree, is poor of purse.)
 His wealth brave Timon gloriously confounds; 85
 Ask'd for a great, he gives a hundred pounds;
 Or if three ladies like a luckless play,
 Take the whole house upon the poet's day.
 Now, in such exigencies not to need,
 Upon my word, you must be rich indeed; 90
 A noble superfluity it craves,
 Not for yourself, but for your fools and knaves:
 Something, which for your honour they may cheat,
 And which it much becomes you to forget.
 If wealth alone then make and keep us bless'd, 95
 Still, still be getting, never, never rest.
 But if to power and place your passion lie,
 If in the pomp of life consist the joy;
 Then hire a slave, or (if you will) a lord 100
 To do the honours, and to give the word;
 Tell at your levée, as the crowds approach,
 To whom to nod, whom take into your coach,
 Whom honour with your hand; to make remarks,
 Who rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks. 105

"This may be troublesome, is near the chair:
That makes three members, this can choose a mayor."
Instructed thus, you bow, embrace, protest,
Adopt him son, or cousin at the least,
Then turn about, and laugh at your own jest. 110

Or if your life be one continued treat,
If to live well means nothing but to eat;
Up, up! cries Gluttony, 'tis break of day,
Go drive the deer, and drag the finny-prey;
With sounds and horns go hunt an appetite— 115
So Russel did, but could not eat at night,
Call'd, happy dog! the beggar at his door,
And envied thirst and hunger to the poor.

Or shall we every decency confound,
Through taverns, stews, and bagnios take our round, 120
Go dine with Chartres, in each vice outdo
K—'s lewd cargo, or Ty—y's crew,⁴
From Latian syrens, French Circæan feasts,
Return'd well travell'd, and transform'd to beasts;
Or for a titled punk, or foreign flame, 125
Renounce our country, and degrade our name?

If, after all, we must with Wilmot own,⁵
The cordial drop of life is love alone,
And Swift cry wisely, "Vive la Bagatelle!"
The man that loves and laughs, must sure do well. 130

Adieu—if this advice appear the worst,
E'en take the counsel which I gave you first:
Or better precepts if you can impart,
Why do, I'll follow them with all my heart.

⁴ [Lords Kinnoul and Tyrwley, two ambassadors noted for wild immorality. The latter returned from Lisbon in 1742, and, as Horace Walpole states, brought three wives and fourteen children with him, one of the wives being a Portuguese, with long black hair plaited down to the bottom of her back. He lived to the age of eighty-five, dying in 1773.]

⁵ The Earl of Rochester.

THE FIRST EPISTLE

OF THE

SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

[Published in 1737. Pope prefixed to it the following

ADVERTISEMENT.

The reflections of Horace, and the judgments passed in his Epistle to Augustus, seemed so reasonable to the present times, that I could not help applying them to the use of my own country. The author thought them considerable enough to address them to his Prince, whom he paints with all the great and good qualities of a Monarch, upon whom the Romans depended for the increase of an absolute empire. But to make the poem entirely English, I was willing to add one or two of those which contribute to the happiness of a free people, and are more consistent with the welfare of our neighbours.

This Epistle will show the learned world to have fallen into two mistakes: one, that Augustus was a patron of Poets in general, whereas he not only prohibited all but the best writers to name him, but recommended that one even to the civil magistrate: *Admonerat Prætores, ne palcerentur Nomen solum obsistere*, &c. The other, that this piece was only a general Discourse of Poetry, whereas it was an Apology for the Poets, in order to render Augustus more their patron. Horace here pleads the cause of his contemporaries, first, against the taste of the town, whose humour it was to magnify the authors of the preceding age; secondly, against the Court and nobility, who encouraged only the writers for the Theatre; and lastly, against the Emperor himself, who had conceived them of little use to the Government. He shows (by a View of the Progress of Learning, and the change of taste among the Romans) that the introduction of the polite arts of Greece had given the writers of his time great advantages over their predecessors; that their morals were much improved, and the licence of those ancient poets restrained: that Satire and Comedy were become more just and useful; that whatever extravagances were left on the stage, were owing to the ill taste of the nobility; that poets, under due regulations, were in many respects useful to the State; and concludes, that it was upon them the Emperor himself must depend for his fame with posterity.

"We may further learn from this Epistle, that Horace made his court to

this great Prince by writing with a decent freedom toward him, with a just contempt of his low flatterers, and with a manly regard to his own character."

Pope's imitation is a Satire on George II.—the British Augustus—and on the follies and flatteries of the age. He also reviews the literature of that and preceding reigns; and concludes with an ironical panegyric on the King, conceived and expressed in his happiest manner.]

TO AUGUSTUS.

WHILE you, great patron of mankind! sustain
 The balanced world, and open all the main;
 Your country, chief, in arms abroad defend,
 At home, with morals, arts, and laws amend;
 How shall the Muse, from such a monarch, steal 5
 An hour, and not defraud the public weal?
 Edward and Henry, now the boast of fame,
 And virtuous Alfred, a more sacred name,
 After a life of gen'rous toils endured,
 The Gaul subdued, or property secured, 10
 Ambition humbled, mighty cities storm'd,
 Or laws establish'd, and the world reform'd;
 Closed their long glories with a sigh, to find
 The unwilling gratitude of base mankind!
 All human virtue, to its latest breath, 15
 Finds envy never conquer'd, but by death.
 The great Alcides, every labour pass'd,
 Had still this monster to subdue at last.
 Sure fate of all, beneath whose rising ray
 Each star of meaner merit fades away! 20
 Oppress'd we feel the beam directly beat,
 Those suns of glory please not till they set.
 To thee, the world its present homage pays,
 The harvest early, but mature the praise:
 Great friend of liberty! in kings a name 25
 Above all Greek, above all Roman fame:
 Whose word is truth, as sacred and revered,
 As Heaven's own oracles from altars heard.
 Wonder of kings! like whom, to mortal eyes
 None e'er has risen, and none e'er shall rise. 30
 Just in one instance, be it yet confess'd
 Your people, sir, are partial in the rest:

Then, by the rule that made the horse-tail bare,
 I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,
 And melt down ancients like a heap of snow: 65
 While you, to measure merits, look in Stowe,
 And estimating authors by the year,
 Bestow a garland only on a bier.

Shakspeare (whom you and every play-house bill⁴
 Style the divine, the matchless, what you will), 70
 For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
 And grew immortal in his own despite.
 Ben, old and poor, as little seem'd to heed
 The life to come, in every poet's creed.
 Who now reads Cowley? if he pleases yet, 75
 His moral pleases, not his pointed wit;
 Forget his epic, nay Pindaric art,
 But still I love the language of his heart.

"Yet surely, surely, these were famous men!
 What boy but hears the sayings of old Ben? 80
 In all debates where critics bear a part,
 Not one but nods, and talks of Jonson's art,
 Of Shakspeare's nature, and of Cowley's wit;
 How Beaumont's judgment check'd what Fletcher writ;
 How Shadwell hasty, Wycherley was slow; 85
 But, for the passions, Southern sure and Rowe.
 These, only these, support the crowded stage,
 From eldest Heywood down to Cibber's age."

All this may be; the people's voice is odd,
 It is, and it is not, the voice of God. 90
 To Gammer Gurton if it give the bays,⁵
 And yet deny the careless husband praise,

⁴ Shakspeare and Ben Jonson may truly be said not much to have thought of this immortality; the one in many pieces composed in haste for the stage; the other in his later works in general, which Dryden called his dotages.

⁵ A piece of very low humour, one of the first printed plays in English, and therefore much valued by some antiquaries.

[This comedy was written about the year 1565 by Dr. John Still, Bishop of Bath and Wells. The humour of the piece, it must be admitted, is low enough, for it turns upon the loss and recovery of a needle with which Dame Gurton was mending the breeches of Hodge her husband. The song of "Jolly Good Ale" in this rude drama is the best part of it, and is still deservedly a favourite:—

"I have no roast but a nut-brown toast,
 And a crab-fad in the fire;

Which Betterton's grave action dignified,⁷
 Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphasis proclaims,
 (Though but perhaps, a muster-roll of names,)⁸
 How will our fathers rise up in a rage, 125
 And swear, all shame is lost in George's age!
 You'd think no fools disgraced the former reign,
 Did not some grave examples yet remain,
 Who scorn a lad should teach his father skill,
 And, having once been wrong will be so still. 130
 He, who to seem more deep than you or I,
 Extols old bards, or Merlin's prophecy,
 Mistake him not; he envies, not admires,
 And to debase the sons, exalts the sires.
 Had ancient times conspired to disallow 135
 What then was new, what had been ancient now?
 Or what remain'd, so worthy to be read
 By learned critics, of the mighty dead?
 In days of ease, when now the weary sword
 Was sheath'd, and luxury with Charles restored; 140
 In every taste of foreign courts improved,
 "All, by the king's example, lived and loved."⁹
 Then peers grew proud in horsemanship to excel,¹⁰
 Newmarket's glory rose, as Britain's fell:
 The soldier breathed the gallantries of France, 145
 And every flowery courtier writ romance.
 Then marble, soften'd into life, grew warm,
 And piccing metal flow'd to human form:
 Lely on animated canvas stole¹¹
 The sleepy eye, that spoke the melting soul. 150

7 [Thomas Betterton (born in 1635, died in 1710), was the Roscius of his times; a man of literary taste and excellent character. One of Pope's few existing attempts at the art of painting is a portrait of this actor. Barton Booth was born in 1681 and died in 1733. He was a splendid declaimer, and the original Cato in Addison's tragedy.]

⁸ An absurd custom of several actors, to pronounce with emphasis the mere proper names of Greeks or Romans, which (as they call it) fills the mouth of the player.

⁹ A verse of the Lord Lansdowne.

¹⁰ The Duke of Newcastle's Book of Horsemanship; the Romance of Parthenissa, by the Earl of Orrery; and most of the French romances translated by persons of quality.

¹¹ This was the characteristic of this excellent colourist's expression, who was an excessive mannerist.

No wonder then, when all was love and sport,
 The willing Muses were debauch'd at court:
 On each enervate string they taught the note¹²
 To pant, or tremble through an eunuch's throat.

But Britain, changeful as a child at play, 155
 Now calls in princes, and now turns away.
 Now Whig, now Tory, what we loved we hate;
 Now all for pleasure, now for Church and State;
 Now for prerogative, and now for laws;
 Effects unhappy! from a noble cause. 160

Time was, a sober Englishman would knock
 His servants up, and rise by five o'clock;
 Instruct his family in every rule,
 And send his wife to church, his son to school.
 To worship like his fathers was his care; 165
 To teach their frugal virtues to his heir:
 To prove that luxury could never hold;
 And place, on good security, his gold.

Now times are changed, and one poetie itch
 Has seized the court and city, poor and rich: 170
 Sons, sires, and grandsires, all will wear the bays,
 Our wives read Milton, and our daughters plays,
 To theatres, and to rehearsals throng,
 And all our grace at table is a song.

I, who so oft renounce the Muses, lie, 175
 Not —'s self e'er tells more fibs than I;¹³
 When sick of muse, our follies we deplore,
 And promise our best friends to rhyme no more;
 We wake next morning in a raging fit,
 And call for pen and ink to show our wit. 180

He served a 'prenticeship, who sets up shop;
 Ward tried on puppies, and the poor, his drop;¹⁴
 E'en Radcliffe's doctors travel first to France,
 Nor dare to practis' till they've learn'd to dance.
 Who builds a bridge that never drove a pile? 185
 (Should Ripley venture, all the world would smile)

¹² The Siege of Rhodes, by Sir William Davenant, the first opera sung in England.

¹³ [Probably Prior, who had many broken resolutions of this sort.]

¹⁴ A famous empiric, whose pill and drop had several surprising effects, and were one of the principal subjects of writing and conversation at this time.

But those who cannot write, and those who can,
All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble, to a man.

Yet, sir, reflect, the mischief is not great;
These madmen never hurt the Church or State: 190
Sometimes the folly benefits mankind:

And rarely avarice taints the tuneful mind.
Allow him but his plaything of a pen,
He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men;
Flight of cashiers, or mobs he'll never mind: 195

And knows no losses while the muse is kind.
To cheat a friend, or ward, he leaves to Peter;
The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre,
Enjoys his garden and his book in quiet;
And then—a perfect hermit in his diet. 200

Of little use the man you may suppose,
Who says in verse what others say in prose;
Yet let me show a poet's of some weight,
And (though no soldier) useful to the state.
What will a child learn sooner than a song? 205

What better teach a foreigner the tongue?
What's long or short, each accent where to place,
And speak in public with some sort of grace.
I scarce can think him such a worthless thing,
Unless he praise some monster of a king; 210

Or virtue or religion turn to sport,
To please a lewd or unbelieving court.
Unhappy Dryden!—in all Charles's days,
Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays;
And in our own (excuse from courtly stains) 215
No whiter page than Addison remains.

He, from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,
And sets the passions on the side of truth,
Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,
And pours each human virtue in the heart. 220
Let Ireland tell, how wit upheld her cause,
Her trade supported, and supplied her laws;

15. [alluding to the flight of Mr. Knight, the principal cashier of the South Sea Company. By means of bribery and court favour, Knight was allowed to return to England, where he lived many years in wealth and ease. He died in 1741.]

And leave on Swift this grateful verse engraved,
 "The rights a court attack'd, a poet saved."¹⁶
 Behold the hand that wrought a nation's cure, 225
 Stretch'd to relieve the idiot and the poor;¹⁷
 Proud vice to brand, or injured worth adorn,
 And stretch the ray to ages yet unborn.
 Not but there are, who merit other palms;
 Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with psalms;¹⁸ 230
 The boys and girls whom charity maintains,
 Implore your help in these pathetic strains:
 How could devotion touch the country pews,
 Unless the gods bestow'd a proper muse?
 Verse cheers their leisure, verse assists their work, 235
 Verse prays for peace, or sings down Pope and Turk.
 The silenced preacher yields to potent strain,
 And feels that grace his prayer besought in vain;
 The blessing thrills through all the labouring throng,
 And Heaven is won by violence of song. 240
 Our rural ancestors, with little blest,
 Patient of labour when the end was rest,
 Indulged the day that housed their annual grain,
 With feasts, and offerings, and a thankful strain:
 The joy their wives, their sons, and servants share, 245
 Ease of their toil, and partners of their care:
 The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,
 Smooth'd every brow, and open'd every soul:
 With growing years the pleasing license grew,
 And taunts alternate innocently flew. 250
 But times corrupt, and nature ill-inclined,
 Produced the point that left a sting behind;
 Till friend with friend, and families at strife,
 Triumphant malice raged through private life.
 Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took the alarm, 255
 Appeal'd to law, and justice lent her arm.

¹⁶ [Pope, it is said, was threatened with a prosecution in consequence of this verse.]

¹⁷ A foundation for the maintenance of idiots, and a fund for assisting the poor by lending small sums of money on demand.

¹⁸ Sternhold, one of the versifiers of the old singing psalms. He was a courtier, and Groom of the Robes to Henry VIII., and of the Bedchamber to Edward VI. Fuller, in his Church History, says he was esteemed an excellent poet.

At length, by wholesome dread of statutes bound,
The poets learn'd to please, and not to wound:
Most warpd to flattery's side; but some, more nice,
Preserved the freedom, and forbore the vice. 260
Hence satire rose, that just the medium hit,
And heals with morals what it hurts with wit.

We conquer'd France, but felt our captive's charms;
Her arts victorious triumph'd o'er our arms:
Britain to soft refinements less a foe, 265
Wit grew polite, and numbers learn'd to flow.
Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full-resounding line,
The long majestic march and energy divine.¹⁹
Though still some traces of our rustic vein 270
And splayfoot verse remain'd, and will remain.
Late, very late, correctness grew our care,
When the tired nation breathed from civil war.
Exact Racine, and Corneille's noble fire,
Show'd us that France had something to admire. 275
Not but the tragic spirit was our own,
And full in Shakespear, fair in Otway shone:
But Otway fail'd to polish or refine,
And fluent Shakespear scarce effaced a line.
Even copious Dryden wanted, or forgot, 280
The last and greatest art, the art to blot.
Some doubt, if equal pains, or equal fire,
The humbler muse of comedy require.
But in known images of life, I guess
The labour greater, as the indulgence less. 285
Observe how seldom even the best succeed:
Tell me if Congreve's fools are fools indeed?
What pert low dialogue has Farquhar writ!
How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit!
The stage how loosely does Astræa tread,²⁰ 290
Who fairly puts all characters to bed!
And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
To make poor Pinky eat with vast applause!

¹⁹ Mr. Waller about this time, with the Earl of Dorset, Mr. Godolphin, and others, translated the *Pompey* of Corneille; and the more correct French poets began to be in reputation.

²⁰ A name taken by Mrs. Behn, authoress of several obscene plays, &c.

But fill their purse, our poets' work is done,
Alike to them, by pathos or by pun. 295

O you! whom Vanity's light bark conveys
On Fame's mad voyage by the wind of praise,
With what a shifting gale your course you ply,
For ever sunk too low, or borne too high!
Who pants for glory finds but short repose, 300
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.
Farewell the stage! if just as thrives the play,
The silly bard grows fat, or falls away.

There still remains, to mortify a wit,
The many-headed monster of the pit; 305
A senseless, worthless, and unhonour'd crowd;
Who, to disturb their betters mighty proud,
Clattering their sticks before ten lines are spoke,
Call for the farce, the bear, or the black-joke.
What dear delight to Britons farce affords! 310

Ever the taste of mobs, but now of lords;
(Taste, that eternal wanderer, which flies
From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes).
The play stands still; damn action and discourse,
Back fly the scenes, and enter foot and horse; 315

Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,
Peers, heralds, bishops, ermine, gold and lawn;
The champion, too! and to complete the jest,
Old Edward's armour beams on Cibber's breast.²¹
With laughter sure Democritus had died, 320
Had he beheld an audience gape so wide.

Let bear or elephant be e'er so white,
The people, sure, the people are the sight!
Ah, luckless poet! stretch thy lungs and roar,
That bear or elephant shall heed thee more; 325
While all its throats the gallery extends,
And all the thunder of the pit ascends!
Loud as the wolves, on Orcas' stormy steep,²²
Howl to the roarings of the Northern deep.

²¹ The coronation of Henry VIII. and Queen Anne Bolyn, in which the nobles entered with each other to represent all the pomp of a coronation. In this noble contention, the armour of one of the kings of England was borrowed from the Tower to dress the champion.

²² The furthest northern promontory of Scotland, opposite the Orkades.

- Such is the shout, the long-applauding note,
 At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's petticoat;
 Or when from court a birthday suit bestow'd,
 Sinks the lost actor in the tawdry load.
 Booth enters—hark! the universal peal!
 "But has he spoken?" Not a syllable. 330
 What shook the stage, and made the people stare?
 Cato's long wig, flower'd gown, and lacquer'd chair.
 Yet lest you think I rally more than teach,
 Or praise malignly arts I cannot reach,
 Let me for once presume to instruct the times, 340
 To know the poet from the man of rhyme:
 'Tis he who gives my breast a thousand pains,
 Can make me feel each passion that he feigns,
 Enrage, compose, with more than magic art,
 With pity, and with terror, tear my heart; 345
 And snatch me, o'er the earth, or through the air,
 To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.
 But not this part of the poetic state
 Alone, deserves the favour of the great:
 Think of those authors, sir, who would rely 350
 More on a reader's sense, than gazer's eye.
 Or who shall wander where the Muses sing?
 Who climb their mountain, or who taste their spring?
 How shall we fill a library with wit,²³
 When Merlin's cave is half unfurnish'd yet?²⁴ 355
 My liege! why writers little claim your thought,
 I guess; and, with their leave, will tell the fault:
 We poets are (upon a poet's word)
 Of all mankind, the creatures most absurd:

* *Munus Apolline dignum.* The Palatine library then building by Augustus.

²⁴ A building in the royal gardens of Richmond, where is a small but choice collection of books.

[The collection was made by Queen Caroline, who appointed Stephen Duck, the thresher poet, librarian, besides advancing the sale of his works, and otherwise benefiting the poor rhymester. Hence Swift's Epigram beginning,

"The thresher Duck could o'er the queen prevail,
 The proverb says, no fence against a flail.
 From threshing corn he turns to threshing brains,
 For which her Majesty allows him grains."

For Stephen Duck, see next Epistle, verse 140.]

The season, when to come, and when to go,
To sing, or cease to sing, we never know;

360



MEULIN'S CAVE.

And if we will recite nine hours in ten,
You lose your patience just like other men.
Then, too, we hurt ourselves, when to defend
A single verse, we quarrel with a friend; 365
Repeat unask'd; lament, the wit's too fine
For vulgar eyes; and point out every line.
But most, when straining with too weak a wing,
We needs will write epistles to the king;
And from the moment we oblige the town, 370
Expect a place, or pension from the crown;
Or dubb'd historians by express command,
To enrol your triumphs o'er the seas and land,
Be call'd to Court to plan some work divine,
As once for Louis, Boileau and Racine. 375

Yet think, great sir! (so many virtues shown)
Ah think, what poet best may make them known?

Or choose, at least, some minister of grace;
Fit to bestow the laureate's weighty place.



MEDAL OF GEORGE II. AND CAROLINE.

Charles, to late times to be transmitted fair, 380
Assign'd his figure to Bernini's care;
And great Nassau to Kneller's hand decreed
To fix him graceful on the bounding steed;
So well in paint and stone they judg'd of merit;
But kings in wit may want discerning spirit. 385
The hero William, and the martyr Charles,
One knighted Blackmore, and one pension'd Quarles;²⁵

²⁵ [Quarles held a small sinecure place in the court of James I., but there is no record of his being pensioned by Charles in support of whose cause he lost his property, books, &c., by which his death (1644) was supposed to be hastened. There may have been some instance of royal favour shown to Quarles which made "Old Ben" swear over his cups; and Dennis was an habitual grumbler.]

Which made old Ben, and early Dennis swear,
 "No Lord's anointed, but a Russian bear."

Not with such majesty, such bold relief, 396

The forms august of king, or conqu'ring chief,
 E'er swell'd on marble, as in verse have shined
 (In polish'd verse) the manners and the mind.

Oh' could I mount on the Mæonian wing,
 Your arms, your actions, your repose to sing! 398

What seas you traversed, and what fields you fought!

Your country's peace, how oft, how dearly bought!

How barb'rous rage subsided at your word,

And nations wonder'd, while they dropp'd the sword!

How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep, 400

Peace stole her wing, and wrapp'd the world in sleep:

Till earth's extremes your mediation own,

And Asia's tyrants tremble at your throne.

But verse, alas! your Majesty disdains;

And I'm not used to panegyric strains: 405

The zeal of fools offends at any time.

But most of all the zeal of fools in rhyme.

Besides, a fate attends on all I write,

That when I aim at praise, they say I bite.

A vile encomium doubly ridiculous: 410

There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.

If true, a woeful likeness; and if lies,

"Praise undeserved is scandal in disguise:"

Well may he blush, who gives it, or receives;

And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves 415

(Like journals, odes, and such forgotten things

As Fusden, Philips, Settle, writ of kings)

Clothe spice, line trunks, or flut'ring in a row,

Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Scho.

THE SECOND EPISTLE

OF THE

SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

[This Second Epistle was also published in 1737. Colonel Cotterell, to whom it is addressed, was son of Sir Charles Ludowick Cotterell, who succeeded his father in 1686, as Master of the Ceremonies, and in 1697 was appointed one of the Commissioners of the Privy Seal. The family had been long established at their seat of Rousham Hall, near Oxford, and Pope's friend was the founder of the Cotterells of Hadley, in Middlesex. Sir William Trumbull, the poet's early patron and friend in "the Forest," was married into this family. Colonel Cotterell died at Bath, October 13, 1746.]

DEAR Colonel, Cobham's and your country's friend!

You love a verse, take such as I can send.
 A Frenchman comes, presents you with his boy,
 Bows and begins:—"This lad, sir, is of Blois:¹
 Observe his shape how clean! his locks how curl'd! 5
 My only son;—I'd have him see the world:
 His French is pure; his voice too—you shall hear.
 Sir, he's your slave, for twenty pound a year.
 Mere wax as yet, you fashion him with ease,
 Your barber, cook, upholsterer, what you please: 10
 A perfect genius at an opera song—
 To say too much, might do my honour wrong.
 Take him, with all his virtues, on my word;
 His whole ambition was to serve a lord:
 But, sir, to you, with what would I not part? 15
 Though faith, I fear, 'twill break his mother's heart.
 Once (and but once) I caught him in a lie,
 And then, unwhipp'd, he had the grace to cry:
 The fault he has I fairly shall reveal,
 (Could you o'erlook but that) it is, to steal." 20

¹ A town in Beauce, where the French tongue is spoke in great purity.

If, after this, you took the graceless lad,
 Could you complain, my friend, he proved so bad?
 Faith, in such case, if you should prosecute,
 I think Sir Godfrey should decide the suit;²
 Who sent the thief that stole the cash away, 25
 And punish'd him that put it in his way.

Consider then, and judge me in this light;
 I told you when I went, I could not write;
 You said the same; and are you discontent
 With laws, to which you gave your own assent? 30
 Nay, worse, to ask for verse at such a time!
 D'ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme?

In Anna's wars, a soldier, poor and old,
 Had dearly earn'd a little purse of gold:
 Tired with a tedious march, one luckless night, 35
 He slept, poor dog! and lost it, to a doit.

This put the man in such a desperate mind,
 Between revenge, and grief, and hunger join'd,
 Against the foe, himself, and all mankind,
 He leap'd the trenches, scaled a castle-wall, 40
 Tore down a standard, took the fort and all.

"Prodigious well," his great commander cried,
 Gave him much praise, and some reward beside.
 Next, pleas'd his excellence a town to batter;
 (Its name I know not, and 'tis no great matter;) 45

"Go on, my friend, (he cried) see yonder walls!
 Advance and conquer! go where glory calls!
 More honours, more rewards, attend the brave."
 Don't you remember what reply he gave?

"D'ye think me, noble general, such a sot?" 50
 Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat."

Bred up at home, full early I begun
 To read in Greek the wrath of Pelens' son.
 Besides, my father taught me, from a lad,
 The better art to know the good from bad: 55
 (And little sure imported to remove,
 To hunt for Truth in Maudlin's learned grove.)

² An eminent justice of peace, who decided much in the manner of *patente Pancha*.

[Sir Godfrey Kneller was the eminent justice. The egregious vanity and absurdities of Sir Godfrey seem to have been a fertile source of amusement to Pope and his friends.]

But knottier points, we knew not half so well,
Deprived us soon of our paternal cell;
And certain laws, by sufferers thought unjust, 60
Denied all posts of profit or of trust:
Hopes, after hopes of pious papists fail'd,
While mighty William's thundering arm prevail'd.
For right hereditary tax'd and fin'd,
He stuck to poverty with peace of mind; 65
And me, the muses help'd to undergo it;
Convict a papist he, and I a poet.
But (thanks to Homer) since I live and thrive,
Indebted to no prince or peer alive,
Sure I should want the care of ten Monroes,* 70
If I would scribble, rather than repose.

Years following years, steal something every day,
At last they steal us from ourselves away;
In one our frolics, one amusements end,
In one a mistress drops, in one a friend: 75
This subtle thief of life, this paltry time,
What will it leave me, if it snatch my rhyme?
If every wheel of that unwearied mill,
That turn'd ten thousand verses, now stands still?

But, after all, what would you have me do? 80
When out of twenty I can please not two;
When this Heroics only deigns to praise,
Sharp Satire that, and that Pindaric lays?
One likes the pheasant's wing, and one the leg;
The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg. 85
Hard task! to hit the palate of such guests,
When Oldfield loves what Dartineuf detests.

But grant I may relapse, for want of grace,
Again to rhyme: can London be the place?
Who there his muse, or self, or soul attends, 90
In crowds and courts, law, business, feasts, and friends?
My counsel sends to execute a deed:
A poet begs me I will hear him read:
In Palace-yard at nine you'll find me there—
At ten for certain, sir, in Bloomsbury-square— 95
Before the Lords at twelve my cause comes on—
There's a rehearsal, sir, exact at one.—

* Dr. Monroe, physician to Bedlam Hospital.

"Oh, but a wit can study in the streets,
 "And raise his mind above the mob he meets."
 Not quite so well however as one ought; 100
 A hackney-coach may chance to spoil a thought;
 And then a nodding beam, or jing of lead,
 God knows, may hurt the very ablest head.
 Have you not seen, at Guildhall's narrow pass,
 Two aldermen dispute it with an ass? 105
 And peers give away, excited as they are,
 Even to their own S-r-v-ice in a car?

Go, lofty poet? and, in such a crowd,
 Sing thy sonorous verse—but not aloud.
 Alas! to grottoes and to groves we run, 110
 To ease and silence, every muse's son:
 Blackmore himself, for any grand effort,
 Would drink and doze at Tooting or Earl's-Court.
 How shall I rhyme in this eternal roar?
 How match the bards whom none e'er match'd before? 115

The man, who, stretch'd in Isis' calm retreat,
 To books and study gives seven years complete,
 See! strow'd with learned dust, his nightcap on,
 He walks, an object new beneath the sun!
 The boys flock round him, and the people stare: 120
 So stiff, so mute! some statue you would swear,
 Stepp'd from its pedestal to take the air!
 And here, while town, and court, and city roars,
 With mobs, and duns, and soldiers, at their doors:
 Shall I, in London, act this idle part? 125
 Composing songs, for fools to get by heart?

The Temple late two brother serjeants saw,
 Who deem'd each other oracles of law;
 With equal talents, these congenial souls,
 One lull'd the Exchequer, and one stunn'd the Rolls; 130
 Each had a gravity would make you split,
 And shook his head at Murray, as a wit.
 'Twas, "Sir, your law"—and "Sir, your eloquence."
 "Yours, Cowper's manner—and yours, Talbot's sense."
 Thus we dispose of all poetic merit, 135
 Yours Milton's genius, and mine Habber's spirit.

* Two villages within a few miles of London.

Call Tibull! Shakspeare, and he'll swear the Nine
 Dear Cibber! never match'd one ode of thine.
 Lord! how we strut through Merlin's Cave, to see
 No poets there, but Stephen, you, and me. 140
 Walk with respect behind, while we at ease
 Weave laurel crowns, and take what names we please.
 "My dear Tibullus!" if that will not do.
 "Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you:
 Or, I'm content, allow me Dryden's strains, 145
 And you shall rise up Otway for your pains."
 Much do I suffer, much, to keep in peace
 This jealous, waspish, wrong-head, rhyming race;
 And much must flatter, if the whim should bite
 To court applause by printing what I write. 150
 But let the fit pass o'er, I'm wise enough
 To stop my ears to their confounded stuff.
 In vain, bad rhymers all mankind reject,
 They treat themselves with most profound respect:
 'Tis to small purpose that you hold your tongue, 155
 Each, praised within, is happy all day long:
 But how severely with themselves proceed
 The men, who write such verse as we can read!
 Their own strict judges, not a word they spare,
 That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care, 160
 Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place,
 Nay though at court (perhaps) it may find grace:
 Such they'll degrade; and sometimes, in its stead,
 In downright charity revive the dead;
 Mark where a bold expressive phrase appears, 165
 Bright through the rubbish of some hundred years;
 Command old words, that long have slept, to wake;
 Words that wise Bacon or brave Raleigh spake;
 Or bid the new be English, ages hence,
 (For use will father what's begot by sense,) 170
 Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
 Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong,
 Rich with the treasures of each foreign tongue;
 Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine
 But show no mercy to an empty line; 175
 Then polish all, with so much life and ease,
 You think 'tis nature, and a knack to please:

"But ease in writing flows from art, not chance;
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance."¹

If such the plague and pain to write by rule, 180

Better (say I) be pleased, and play the fool;

Call, if you will, bad rhyming a disease,

It gives men happiness, or leaves them ease.

There lived *in primo Georgii* (they record)

A worthy member, no small fool, a lord; 185

Who, though the House was up, delighted sate,

Heard, noted, answer'd, as in full debate:

In all but this, a man of sober life,

Fond of his friend, and civil to his wife;

Not quite a madman, though a pasty fell, 190

And much too wise to walk into a well.

Him, the damn'd doctors and his friends immured,

They bled, they cupp'd, they purged; in short, they cur'd:

Whereat the gentleman began to stare—

"My friends!" he cried, "pox take you for your care! 195

That, from a patriot of distinguish'd note,

Have bled and purged me to a simple vote."

Well, on the whole, plain prose must be my fate:

Wisdom (curse on it!) will come soon or late.

There is a time when poets will grow dull: 200

I'll e'en leave verses to the boys at school:

To rules of poetry no more confined,

I'll learn to smooth and harmonize my mind,

Teach every thought within its bounds to roll,

And keep the equal measure of the soul. 205

Soon as I enter at my country door,

My mind resumes the thread it dropp'd before;

Thoughts, which at Hyde-park-corner I forgot,

Meet, and rejoin me, in the pensive grot.

There all alone, and compliments apart, 210

I ask these sober questions of my heart:

If, when the more you drink, the more you crave,

You tell the doctor; when the more you have,

The more you want, why not with equal ease

Confess as well your folly, as disease? 215

The heart resolves this matter in a trice,

"Men only feel the smart, but not the vice."

¹ [Two lines in the *Essay on Criticism*.]

When golden angels cease to cure the evil:
 You give all royal witchcraft to the devil:
 When servile chaplains⁶ cry, that birth and place
 220 Endue a peer with honour, truth, and grace,
 Look in that breast, most dirty D——: be fair;⁷
 Say, can you find out one such lodger there?
 Yet still, not heeding what your art can teach,
 You go to church to hear these flatterers preach. 225
 Indeed, could wealth bestow or wit or merit,
 A grain of courage, or a spark of spirit,
 The wisest man might blush, I must agree,
 If D—— loved sixpence more than he.⁸
 If there be truth in law, and use can give 230
 A property, that's yours on which you live,
 Delightful Abbs Court,⁹ if its fields afford
 Their fruits to you, confesses you its lord:
 All Worldly's hens, nay, partridge, sold to town,
 His venison too, a guinea makes your own: 235
 He bought at thousands, what with better wit
 You purchase as you want, and bit by bit;
 Now, or long since, what difference will be found?
 You pay a penny, and he paid a pound.
 Heathcote himself, and such large-acred men,¹⁰ 240
 Lords of fat E'sham, or of Lincoln-fen,

⁶ Dr. Kennet.

[Dr. White Kennet had made a fulsome dedication of one of his works to the Duke of Devonshire, through whose influence he was made Dean of Peterborough. In 1718 he was promoted to the bishopric of Peterborough, which he held till his death in 1728. There were two circumstances which must have marked out this divine as a fit object for Pope's satire. He had written against Atterbury on the subject of the Convocation, and he had seceded from the Tory party to join the Whigs. Dr. Walton, the rector of Whitechapel, put up a painting of the Last Supper as an altar-piece in his church, and Dr. Kennet was represented in the character of Judas.]

⁷ [The "dirty D——," was the Duke of Devonshire—William, the third Duke, a staunch Whig, of whom Horace Walpole said, "the Duke's example was unpolished, his insinuations unpolishable."]]

⁸ [Devonshire, the Duke previously alluded to.]]

⁹ [Abbs Court, near Hampton Court. The "Worldly" mentioned in the next couplet was probably Edward Wotton Montagu, whose general maxims, and practice of selling his game, Pope satirizes in his imitation of the second satire of the second book of Horace.]]

¹⁰ [Sir Gilbert Heathcote. See Moral Essays, Ep. III.]]

Buy every stick of wood that lends them heat;
 Buy every pullet they afford to eat;
 Yet these are wights, who fondly call their own
 Half that the devil o'erlooks from Lincoln town. 245
 The laws of God, as well as of the land,
 Abhor a perpetuity should stand:
 Estates have wings, and hang in Fortune's power
 Loose on the point of every wavering hour:
 Ready, by force, or of your own accord, 250
 By sale, at least by death, to change their lord.
 Man? and for ever? wretch! what wouldst thou have?
 Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave.
 All vast possessions (just the same the case
 Whether you call them villa, park, or chase,) 255
 Alas, my Bathurst! what will they avail?
 Join Cotswood hills to Saperton's fair dale,
 Let rising granaries and temples here,
 There mingled farms and pyramids appear,
 Link towns to towns with avenues of oak, 260
 Enclose whole downs in walls,—'tis all a joke!
 Inexorable Death shall level all,
 And trees, and stones, and farms, and farmer fall.
 Gold, silver, ivory, vases sculptured high,
 Paint, marble, gems, and robes of Persian dye, 265
 There are who have not—and thank Heaven there are.
 Who, if they have not, think not worth their care.
 Talk what you will of taste, my friend, you'll find
 Two of a face, as soon as of a mind.
 Why, of two brothers, rich and restless one 270
 Ploughs, burns, manures, and toils from sun to sun;
 The other slights, for women, sports, and wines,
 All Townshend's turnips,¹¹ and all Grosvenor's mines:

¹¹ Lord Townshend, Secretary of State to George the First and Second.—When this great statesman retired from business, he amused himself in husbandry: and was particularly fond of that kind of rural improvement which arises from turnips: it was the favourite subject of his conversation.

[Charles, the second Viscount Townshend, brother-in-law of Sir Robert Walpole. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's notice of this nobleman is to the same effect as Pope's sarcasm. He had that sort of understanding, she observes, "which commonly makes men honest in the first part of their lives: they follow the instruction of their tutor, and till somebody thinks it worth



GENERAL OGLESBY.

Why one like Bu—— with pay and scorn content,¹²
 Bows and votes on, in court and parliament;

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while to show them a new path, go regularly on in the road where they are
 set."

¹² ["Bu——," Sir John Dodington, afterwards Lord Melcombe.]

One, driven by strong benevolence of soul,
 Shall fly, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole;¹³
 Is known alone to that Directing Power
 Who forms the genius in the natal hour;
 That God of Nature, who, within us still, 280
 Inclines our action, not constrains our will:
 Various of temper, as of face or frame,
 Each individual: his great end the same.
 Yes, sir, how small soever be my heap,
 A part I will enjoy, as well as keep; 285
 My hair may sigh, and think it want of grace
 A man so poor would live without a place:
 But sure no statute in his favour says,
 How free, or frugal, I shall pass my days;¹⁴
 I, who at sometimes spend, at others spare, 290
 Divided between carelessness and care.
 'Tis one thing madly to disperse my store;
 Another, not to heed to treasure more;
 Glad, like a boy, to snatch the first good day,
 And pleased, if sordid want be far away, 295
 What is't to me (a passenger, God wot,)
 Whether my vessel be first-rate or not?
 The ship itself may make a better figure,
 But I that sail am neither less nor bigger:

¹³ Employed in settling the colony of Georgia.

[General Oglethorpe was a remarkable man. He had served under Prince Eugene, and in 1733 he entered upon those services for founding the colony of Georgia which the poet has so finely commemorated. The two eminent brothers, John and Samuel Wesley, accompanied him to Georgia. He returned in 1734, bringing some Indian chiefs with him; and two years afterwards he repaired again to Georgia, accompanied by a second body of emigrants. The war with Spain threatened the destruction of the colony, but Oglethorpe repelled the Spaniards, though he was unsuccessful in an expedition he made against St. Augustin. On his return to England he was employed against the followers of Charles Edward in Scotland, in 1745. He could not come up with them, and was tried for neglect of duty, but acquitted. The circumstance that Oglethorpe was a decided Jacobite, perhaps led to this slur on his military character, as it led to subsequent neglect on the part of the court and ministry. The general, however, was repaid by the praises of Pope, Thomson, and Dr. Johnson, and by the regard which his amiable character and intelligence inspired. He died in 1785.]

¹⁴ Alluding to the statutes made in England and Ireland, to regulate the succession of Papists, &c.

I neither strut with every favouring breath,
Nor strive with all the tempest in my teeth.
In power, wit, figure, virtue, fortune, placed
Behind the foremost, and before the last.

"But why all this of avarice? I have none."
I wish you joy, sir, of a tyrant gone;

But does no other lord it at this hour

As wild and mad? the avarice of power?

Does neither rage inflame, nor fear appal?

Not the black fear of death, that saddens all?

With terrors round, can reason hold her throne,

Despise the known, nor tremble at the unknown?

Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire,

In spite of witches, devils, dreams, and fire?

Pleased to look forward, pleased to look behind,

And count each birthday with a grateful mind?

Has life no sourness, drawn so near its end?

Canst thou endure a foe, forgive a friend?

Has age but melted the rough parts away,

As winter-fruits grow mild ere they decay?

Or will you think, my friend, your business done,

When, of a hundred thorns, you pull out one?

Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;

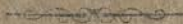
You've play'd, and loved, and eat, and drunk your fill:

Walk sober off, before a sprightlier age

Comes tittering on, and shoves you from the stage:

Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease,

Whom folly pleases, and whose follies please.



THE SATIRES OF DR. JOHN DONNE.

DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S.

VERSIFIED.

*"Quid totum et nosmet Lucili scripta legentes
Quætere, cum illius, cum rerum dura negant
Versiculos naturæ magis factos, et cunctas
Mollus?"*—HON.

"What then forbids our equal right to know
Why his own verses inharmonious flow?
Or whether in his subject lies the fault,
Or in himself, that they're not higher wrought?"—PARNASS.

[Dr. John Donne, the precursor of Cowley and the other metaphysical poets, wrote Latin verses much smoother and more correct than his English numbers. The latter, however, abound in sense and wit, and Dryden has suggested the modernisation of his satires. Donne died in 1633, having survived many schools of poetry and politics: he was in his eighty-ninth year. The style of this old poet, though rugged and most unclassical, is not very antiquated in expression. The following is the opening of his second satire:—

"Sir, though (I thank God for it) I do hate
Perfectly all this town; yet there's one state
In all til things so excellently best,
That hate towards them, breeds pity towards the rest.
Though poetry, indeed, be such a sin,
As I think, that brings dearth and Spaniards in:
Though, like the pestilence and old-fashion'd love,
Kiddingly it catch men, and doth remove
Never, till it be starved out; yet their state
Is poor, disarm'd, like Papists, not worth hate.
One (like a wretch, which at barre judged as dead,
Yet prompts him which stands next, and cannot read,
And saves his life) gives idiot-actors means,
(Starving himself) to live by 's laboured scenes:
As in some organs, puppets dance above,
And bellows pant below which them do move.
One would move love by rhymes; but witchcraft's charms
Bring not now their old fears, nor their old harms;

Rams and slings now are silly battery,
 Fusilets are the best artillery
 And they who write to lords, rewards to get,
 Are they not like singers at doors for meat?
 And they who write, because all write, have still
 That 'sense for writing, and for writing ill.'"]



DONNE.

SATIRE II.

YES, thank my stars! as early as I knew
 This town, I had the sense to hate it too:
 Yet here, as e'en in hell, there must be still
 One giant-vice, so excellently ill,
 That all beside, one pities, not abhors;
 As who knows Sappho, smiles at other whores.

I grant that poetry is a crying sin;
 It brought (no doubt) the Excise and Army in:
 Cate'd like the plague, or love, the Lord knows how.
 But that the cure is starving, all allow.
 Yet like the papists is the poet's state,
 Poor and disarm'd, and hardly worth your hate!

Here a lean bard, whose wit could never give
Himself a dinner, makes an actor live:
The thief condemn'd, in law already dead, 15
So prompts, and saves a rogue who cannot read.
Thus as the pipes of some carved organ move,
The gilded puppets dance and mount above,
Heaved by the breath the inspiring bellows blow:
The inspiring bellows lie and pant below. 20

One sings the fair: but songs no longer move;
No rat is rhymed to death, nor maid to love:
In love's, in nature's spite, the siege they hold,
And scorn the flesh, the devil, and all—but gold.

These write to lords, some mean reward to get, 25
As needy beggars sing at doors for meat.
Those write because all write, and so have still
Excuse for writing, and for writing ill.

Wretched indeed! but far more wretched yet
Is he who makes his meal on others' wit: 30
'Tis changed, no doubt, from what it was before;
His rank digestion makes it wit no more:
Sense, pass'd through him, no longer is the same;
For food digested takes another name.

I pass o'er all those confessors and martyrs, 35
Who live like S—tt—n,¹ or who die like Chartres,
Out-cant old Esdras, or out-drink his heir,
Out-usure Jews, or Irishmen out-swear;
Wicked as pages, who in early years
Act sins which Priests's confessor scarce hears, 40
E'en those I pardon, for whose sinful sake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make;
Of whose strange crimes no canonist can tell
In what commandment's large contents they dwell.

One, one man only, breeds my just offence; 45
Whom crimes gave wealth, and wealth gave impudence:
Time, that at last matures a clap to pox,
Whose gentle progress makes a calf an ox,
And brings all natural events to pass,
Hath made him an attorney of an ass. 50

¹ [Sir Robert Sutton, a privy councillor, and M. P. for Northamptonshire. He was one of the parties implicated in the frauds of the company called the Charitable Corporation, and was expelled the House of Commons.]

No young divine, new-beneficed, can be
 More pert, more proud, more positive than he.
 What further could I wish the fop to do,
 But turn a wit, and scribble verses too?
 Pierce the soft labyrinth of a lady's ear 55
 With rhymes of this per cent. and that per year?
 Or count a wife, spread out his wily parts,
 Like nets or lime-twigs, for rich widow's hearts;
 Call himself barrister to every wench,
 And woo in language of the Pleas and Bench? 60
 Language, which Boreas might to Auster hold,
 More rough than forty Germans when they scold.
 Cursed be the wretch, so venal and so vain:
 Follry and proud, as drabs in Drury-lane.
 'Tis such a bounty as was never known, 65
 If Peter deigns to help you to your own:²
 What thanks, what praise, if Peter but supplies?
 And what a solemn face, if he denies!
 Grave, as when prisoners shake the head and swear
 'Twas only suretyship that brought 'em there. 70
 His office keeps your parchment fates entire,
 He starves with cold to save them from the fire;
 For you he walks the streets through rain or dust,
 For not in chariots Peter puts his trust;
 For you he sweats and labours at the laws, 75
 Takes God to witness he affects your cause,
 And lies to every lord in every thing,
 Like a king's favourite, or like a king.
 These are the talents that adorn them all,
 From wicked Waters e'en to godly * * *. 80
 Not more of simony beneath black gowns,
 Not more of bastardy in heirs to crowns.
 In shillings and in pence at first they deal,
 And steal so little, few perceive they steal;
 Till, like the sea, they compass all the land, 85
 From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover strand:
 And when rank widows purchase luscious nights,
 Or when a duke to Jansen punts at White's,

² [Peter Walter, whose name occurs so often in Pope's satires.]

³ [Perhaps Paul Beufield, M.P., who was engaged in the jobbing transactions of that period.]

Or city heir in mortgage melts away;
 Satan himself feels far less joy than they. 90
 Piecemeal they win this acre first, then that,
 Gleau on, and gather up the whole estate.
 Then, strongly fencing ill-got wealth by law,
 Indentures, covenants, articles they draw,
 Large as the fields themselves, and larger far 95
 Than civil codes, with all their glosses, are;
 So vast, our new divines, we must confess,
 Are fathers of the church for writing less.
 But let them write for you, each rogue impairs
 The deeds, and dexterously omits, *ses heires*: 100
 No commentator can more shily pass
 O'er a learn'd, unintelligible place:
 Or, in quotation, shrewd divines leave out
 Those words, that would against them clear the doubt.
 So Luther thought the Pater-noster long, 105
 When doom'd to say his beads and even-song;
 But, having cast his cowl, and left those laws,
 Adds to Christ's prayer, the power and glory clause.¹
 The lands are bought; but where are to be found
 Those ancient woods, that shaded all the ground? 110
 We see no new-built palaces aspire,
 No kitchens emulate the vestal fire.
 Where are those troops of poor, that throng'd of yore
 The good old landlord's hospitable door?
 Well, I could wish, that still in lordly domes 115
 Some beasts were kill'd, though not whole hecatombs;
 That both extremes were banish'd from their walls,
 Carthusian fasts, and fulsome Bacchanals;
 And all mankind might that just mean observe,
 In which none e'er could surfeit, none could starve. 120
 These, as good works, 'tis true we all allow,
 But oh! these works are not in fashion now:
 Like rich old wardrobes, things extremely rare,
 Extremely fine, but what no man will wear.
 Thus much I've said, I trust, without offence: 125
 Let no court sycophant pervert my sense,
 Nor sly informer watch these words to draw
 Within the reach of treason, or the law.

¹ [The doxology to the Lord's Prayer, Matthew vi. 13, has been pronounced spurious by biblical critics.]

SATIRE IV.

WELL, if it be my time to quit the stage,
 Adieu to all the follies of the age!
 I die in charity with fool and knave,
 Secure of peace at least beyond the grave.
 I've had my purgatory here betimes, 5
 And paid for all my satires, all my rhymes.
 The poet's hell, its tortures, fiends, and flames,
 To this were trifles, toys, and empty names.
 With foolish pride my heart was never fired,
 Nor the vain itch to admire, or be admired; 10
 I hoped for no commission from his grace;
 I bought no benefice, I begg'd no place:
 Had no new verses, nor new suit to show;
 Yet went to Court! the devil would have it so.
 But, as the fool that in reforming days 15
 Would go to mass in jest (as story says)
 Could not but think, to pay his fine was odd.
 Since 'twas no form'd design of serving God;
 So was I punish'd, as if full as proud,
 As prone to ill, as negligent of good, 20
 As deep in debt, without a thought to pay,
 As vain, as idle, and as false, as they
 Who live at Court, for going once that way!
 Scarcely was I enter'd, when, behold! there came
 A thing which Adam had been pos'd to name; 25
 Noah had refused it lodging in his ark,
 Where all the race of reptiles might embark:
 A verier monster than on Afric's shore
 The sun e'er got, or slimy Nilus bore,
 Or Sleane or Woodward's wondrous shelves contain, 30
 Nay, all that lying travellers can feign.
 The watch would hardly let him pass at noon;
 At night would swear him dropp'd out of the moon.
 One, whom the mob, when next we find or make
 A popish plot, shall for a Jesuit take, 35

And the wise justice starting from his chair
Cry, By your priesthood tell me what you are⁹

Such was the wight; The apparel on his back,
Though coarse, was reverend, and though bare, was black:
The suit, if by the fashion one might guess, 40

Was velvet in the youth of good Queen Bess,

But mere tuff-taffety what now remain'd;

So time, that changes all things, had ordain'd!

Our sons shall see it leisurely decay,

First turn plain rash, then vanish quite away. 45

This thing has travell'd, speaks each language too,

And knows what's fit for every state to do;

Of whose best phrase and courtly accent join'd,

He forms one tongue, exotic and refined.

Talkers I've learn'd to bear; Motteux I knew, 50

Henley himself I've heard, and Budgell too,

The Doctor's wormwood style, the hash of tongues

A pedant makes, the storm of Gonsen's lungs.

The whole artillery of the terms of war;

And (all those plagues in one) the bawling Bar: 55

These I could bear; but not a rogue so civil,

Whose tongue will compliment you to the devil.

A tongue that can cheat widows, cancel scores,

Make Scots speak treason, cozen subtlest whores,

With royal favourites in flattery vie, 60

And Oldmixon and Burnet both outlie.

He spies me out; I whisper, Gracious God!

What sin of mine could merit such a rod?

That all the shot of dulness now must be

From this thy blunderbuss discharged on me! 65

Permit (he cries) no stranger to your fame

To crave your sentiment, if ——'s your name.

What speech esteem you most? "The King's," said I,

But the best words? "O, sir, the Dictionary."

You miss my aim; I mean the most acute 70

And perfect speaker? "Onslow, past dispute."

But, sir, of writers? "Swift, for closer style;

"But Ho * * y for a period of a mile."}

Why yes, 'tis granted, those indeed may pass

Good common linguists, and so Panurge was; 75

Nay truth, the apostles (though perhaps too rough)
 Had once a pretty gift of tongues enough:
 Yet these were all poor gentlemen! I dare
 affirm, 'twas travel made them what they were.

Thas others' talents having nicely shown, 80
 He came, by sure transition, to his own:

Then I cried out, You prove yourself so able,
 Pity you was not druggerman at Babel;
 For had they found a linguist half so good,
 I make no question but the tower had stood. 85

"Obliging sir! for Courts you sure were made—
 Why then for ever buried in the shade?
 Spirits like you should see and should be seen,
 The king would smile on you—at least the queen."
 Ah, gentle Sir! you courtiers so cajole us— 90

But Tully has it, *Auquam mirus, solus*:
 And as for Courts, forgive me, if I say
 No lessons now are taught the Spartan way:
 Though in his pictures lust be full display'd,
 Few are the converts Aretine has made; 95

And though the Court show vice exceeding clear,
 None should, by my advice, learn virtue there.

At this, entranced, he lifts his hands and eyes,
 Squeaks, like a high-stretch'd lutestring, and replies;
 "Oh, 'tis the sweetest of all earthly things 100
 To gaze on princes, and to talk of kings!"

Then, happy man, who shows the tombs! said I,
 He dwells amidst the royal family;
 He every day from king to king can walk,
 Of all our Harries, all our Edwards talk. 105

and gets by speaking truth of monarchs dead,
 What few can of the living, ease and bread.

"Lord, sir, a mere mechanic! strangely low,
 And coarse of phrase,—your English all are so.

"How elegant you Frenchmen!" Mine, d'ye mean? 110
 I have but one, I hope the fellow's clean.

"Oh, sir, politely so! nay, let me die:
 Your only wearing is your paduasoy."

Not, sir, my only, I have better still,
 And this, you see, is but my dishabille.— 115

Wild to get loose, his patience I provoke,
 Mistake, confound, object at all he spoke.

But as coarse iron, sharpen'd, mangles more,
 And itch most hurts when anger'd to a sore:
 So when you plague a fool, 'tis still the curse, 120
 You only make the matter worse and worse.

He pass'd it o'er; affects an easy smile
 At all my perverseness, and turns his style.
 He asks, "What news?" I tell him of new plays,
 New eunuchs, harlequins, and operas. 125

He hears, and as a still with simples in it,
 Between each drop it gives, stays half a minute,
 Loth to enrich me with too quick replies,
 By little, and by little, drops his lies.
 Mere household trash! of birthnights, balls, and shows, 130
 More than ten Hollinsheds, or Halls, or Stowes.

When the queen frown'd, or smiled, he knows; and what
 A subtle minister may make of that:
 Who sins with whom: who got his pension rug,
 Or quicken'd a reversion by a drug: 135

Whose place is quarter'd out, three parts in four,
 And whether to a bishop, or a whore:
 Who, having lost his credit, pawn'd his rent,
 Is therefore fit to have a government:

Who, in the secret, deals in stocks secure, 140
 And cheats the unknowing widow and the poor:
 Who makes a trust of charity a job,
 And gets an act of parliament to rob:

Why turnpikes rise, and now no cit nor clown
 Can gratis see the country or the town: 145
 Shortly no lad shall chuck, or lady vole,
 But some excising courtier will have toll.

He tells what strumpet places sells for life,
 What squire his lands, what citizen his wife:
 At last (which proves him wiser still than all) 150
 What lady's face is not a whited wall.

As one of Woodward's patients, sick and sore,
 I puke, I nauseate,—yet he thrusts in more:
 Trims Europe's balance, tops the statesman's part,
 And talks Gazettes and Postboys o'er by heart. 155

Like a big wife at sight of loathsome meat
 Ready to cast, I yawn, I sigh, and sweat.
 Then, as a licensed spy, whom nothing can
 Silence or hurt, he libels the great man;

Swears every place entail'd for years to come,
In sure succession to the day of doom: 160

He names the price for every office paid,
And says our wars thrive ill, because delay'd:
Nay hints, 'tis by connivance of the Court,
That Spain robs on, and Dunkirk's still a port. 165

Not more amazement seized on Cære's guests,
To see themselves fall endlong into beasts,
Than mine to find a subject, staid and wise,
Already half turn'd traitor by surprise.
I felt the infection slide from him to me, 170

As in the pox, some give it to get free;
And quick to swallow me, methought I saw
One of our giant statutes ope its jaw.

In that nice moment, as another lie
Stood just a-tilt, the minister came by. 175

To him he flies, and bows, and bows again,
Then, close as Umbra, joins the dirty train.
Not Fannius' self more impudently near,
When half his nose is in his prince's ear.^a
I quaked at heart; and still afraid, to see 180
All the Court fill'd with stranger things than he,
Ran out as fast as one that pays his bail,
And dreads more actions, hurries from a jail.

Bear me, some god! oh quickly bear me hence
To wholesome solitude, the nurse of sense: 185

Where Contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,^b
And the free soul looks down to pity kings!
There sober thought pursued the amusing theme,
Till fancy colour'd it, and form'd a dream.

A vision hermits can to hell transport,
And forced e'en me to see the damn'd at Court. 190

Not Dante dreaming all the infernal state,
Behold such scenes of envy, sin, and hate.
Base fear becomes the guilty, not the free;
Suits tyrants, plunderers, but suits not me:
Shall I, the terror of this sinful town, 195
Care, if a liveried lord or smile or frown?

^a [Lord Fanny, or Harvey, whispering gossip or scandal at Court.]

^b [From Milton's Comus.]

Who cannot flatter, and detest who can,
 Tremble before a noble serving-man?
 O my fair mistress, Truth! shall I quit thee 200
 For huffing, braggart, puff'd nobility?
 Thou, who since yesterday, hast roll'd o'er all
 The busy, idle blockheads of the ball,
 Hast thou, oh Sun! beheld an emptier sort,
 Than such as swell this bladder of a Court? 205
 Now pox on those who show a Court in wax!⁴
 It ought to bring all courtiers on their backs:
 Such painted puppets! such a varnish'd race
 Of hollow gewgaws, only dress and face!
 Such waxen noses, stately, staring things— 210
 No wonder some folks bow, and think them kings.
 See! where the British youth engaged, no more,
 At Fig's, at White's, with felons, or a whore,⁵
 Pay their last duty to the Court, and come
 All fresh and fragrant, to the drawing-room; 215
 In hues as gay, and odours as divine,
 As the fair fields they sold to look so fine.
 "That's velvet for a king!" the flatterer swears—
 'Tis true, for ten days hence 't will be King Lear's.
 Our Court may justly to our stage give rules, 220
 That helps it both to fools' coats and to fools,
 And why not players strut in courtiers' clothes?
 For these are actors, too, as well as those:
 Wants reach all states; they beg, but better dress'd,
 And all is splendid poverty at best. 225
 Painted for sight, and essenced for the smell,
 Like frigates fraught with spice and cochineil,
 Sail in the ladies: how each pirate eyes
 So weak a vessel, and so rich a prize!
 Top-gallant he, and she in all her trim, 230
 He boarding her, she striking sail to him:
 "Dear Countess! you have charms all hearts to hit!"
 And "Sweet Sir Popling! you have so much wit!"

⁴ A famous show of the court of France, in wax-work.

⁵ White's was a noted gaming-house; Fig's, a prize-fighter's academy, where the young nobility received instruction in those days: it was the customary for the nobility and gentry to visit the condemned criminals in Newgate.

Such wits and beauties are not praised for nought,
 For both the beauty and the wit are bought. 235
 'T would burst e'en Heracitus with the spleen,
 To see those antics. Fopling and Courtin:
 The presence seems, with things so richly odd,
 The mosque of Mahound, or some queer pagod.
 See them survey their limbs by Durer's rules,⁶ 240
 Of all beau-kind the best proportion'd fools!
 Adjust their clothes, and to confession draw
 Those venial sins, an atom, or a straw;
 But oh! what terrors must distract the soul,
 Convicted of that mortal crime, a hole; 245
 Or should one pound of powder less bespread
 Those monkey-tails that wag behind their head.
 Thus finish'd, and corrected to a hair,
 They march, to prate their hour before the fair.
 So first to preach a white-gloved chaplain goes, 250
 With band of lily, and with cheek of rose,
 Sweeter than Sharon, in immaculate trim,
 Neatness itself impertinent in him.
 Let but the ladies smile, and they are blest:
 Prodigious! how the things protest, protest: 255
 Peace, fools, or Gosson will for papists seize you,
 If once he catch you at your Jesu! Jesu!
 Nature made every fop to plague his brother,
 Just as one beauty mortifies another.
 But here's the captain, that will plague them both, 260
 Whose air cries, Arm! whose very look's an oath:
 The captain's honest, sirs, and that's enough,
 Though his soul's bullet, and his body buff.
 He spits fore-right; his haughty chest before,
 Like battering rains, beats open every door: 265
 And with a face as red, and as awry,
 As Herod's hangdogs in old tapestry,
 Scarecrow to boys, the breeding woman's curse,
 Has yet a strange ambition to look worse:
 Confounds the civil; keeps the rude in awe; 270
 Jests like a licensed fool, commands like law.
 Frighted, I quit the room; but leave it so
 As men from jails to execution go;

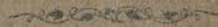
⁶ Albert Durer.

For, hung with deadly sins, I see the wall;⁷
And lined with giants deadlier than 'em all: 275
Each man an Askapart,⁸ of strength to toss
For quoits, both Temple-bar and Charing-cross.
Scared at the grisly forms, I sweat, I fly,
And shake all o'er, like a discover'd spy.

Courts are too much for wits so weak as mine: 280
Charge them with Heaven's artillery, bold divine!
From such alone the great rebukes endure,
Whose satire's sacred, and who rage secure:
'Tis mine to wash a few light stains, but theirs
To deinge sin, and drown a Court in tears. 285
Howe'er, what's now Apocrypha, my wit,
In time to come, may pass for Holy Writ.

⁷ The room hung with old tapestry, representing the seven deadly sins.

⁸ A giant famous in romances.



EPILOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

IN TWO DIALOGUES.

WRITTEN IN MDCCXXXIII.

[And published separately the same year; the first under the title of "One Thousand Seven Hundred and Thirty-eight: a Dialogue something like Horace"]

DIALOGUE I.

FR. NOT twice a twelvemonth you appear in print;¹
 And when it comes, the Court see nothing in't.
 You grow correct, that once with rapture writ,
 And are, besides, too moral for a wit.
 Decay of parts, alas! we all must feel— 5
 Why now, this moment, don't I see you steal?
 'Tis all from Horace; Horace long before ye
 Said, "Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs a Tory;"
 And taught his Romans, in much better metre,
 "To laugh at fools who put their trust in Peter." 10
 But Horace, sir, was delicate, was nice;
 Bubo observes, he lash'd no sort of vice:²

¹ These two lines are from Horace: and the only lines that are so in the whole poem; being meant to give a handle to that which follows in the character of an impertinent censurer: "'Tis all from Horace," &c.

After ver. 2 in the MS.—

"You don't, I hope, pretend to quit the trade,
 Because you think your reputation made;
 Like good Sir Paul, of whom so much was said,
 That when his name was up, he lay a-bed.
 Come, come, refresh us with a livelier song,
 Or, like Sir Paul, you'll lie a-bed too long."

P. Sir, what I write, should be correctly writ.

F. Correct: 'tis what no genius can admit.
 Besides, you grow too moral for a wit."

² Some guilty persons very fond of making such an observation. [Bubb Dodington.]

Horace would say, Sir Billy served the Crown,
 Bunt could do business, Huggins knew the town;³
 In Sappho touch the failings of the sex, 15
 In reverend bishops note some small neglects,⁴
 And own the Spaniard did a waggish thing,
 Who cropp'd our ears, and sent them to the king.⁵
 His sly, polite, insinuating style
 Could please at Court, and make Augustus smile: 20
 An artful manager, that crept between
 His friend and shame, and was a kind of screen.⁶

³ Formerly jailor of the Fleet Prison, enriched himself by many elections, for which he was tried and expelled.

Huggins was warden of the prison, a patent office. The actual jailor was Thomas Baimbridge, to whom Huggins had let the appointment. This Baimbridge was guilty of cruelty and extortion, and was satirized by Hogarth. His gross abuse of his office at length led to inquiry, and he was subsequently expelled, and committed to Newgate. Huggins was also deprived of his patent. Swift, in his description of morning, touches on one of these prison abuses:—

"The turnkey now his flock returning sees,
 Lately let out a-nights to steal for fees."

This was literally true under the reign of Huggins and Baimbridge.]

⁴ [In early editions "reverend Sa——n," or Sir Robert Sutton. Warburton prevailed on Pope to make the alteration.]

⁵ Said to be executed by the captain of a Spanish ship on one Jenkins, a captain of an English one. He cut off his ears, and bade him carry them to the king his master.

[Jenkins had only one ear cut off, which he used to carry about with him in his pocket. He had been boarded and searched by a Spanish guardacosta, and though he had, as he alleged, no contraband goods on board, and had not violated the regulations of the Spanish government, he had been barbarously treated by the officers and crew of the guard-ship. The case occurred in 1731, but it made little noise till 1739, when it was taken up by the opposition in the House of Commons to show the barbarity of the Spaniards, and the pusillanimity of the British government. Jenkins was examined before the House of Commons, and his statement had the effect of swelling the popular cry against Spain. After all, it is doubtful whether the story was not an invention. Some said that Jenkins lost his ear in the gallory! Burke seems to have disbelieved the evidence, for he mentions the affair as "the fable of Jenkins's ear."]

⁶ "Omne vafer vitium ridendū Flareus amico

Tangit, et admissus circum precordia laetit."—*Pers.*

A metaphor peculiarly appropriated to a certain person in power.

But faith your very friends will soon be sore;
 Patriots there are, who wish you'd jest no more—⁷
 And where's the glory? 'twill be only thought
 The great man never⁸ offer'd you a groat.

25



STRAWBERRY HILL.

Go see Sir ROBERT!—

P. See Sir ROBERT!—hum—
 And never laugh—for all my life to come?
 Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
 Of social pleasure, ill-exchanged for power;
 Seen him, mouncher'd with a venal tribe,
 Smile without art, and win without a bribe.⁹

30

⁷ This appellation was generally given to those in opposition to the Court. Though some of them (which our author hints at) had views too mean and interested to deserve that name.

[Opposite the word "patriots," Lord Marchmont, Fox's friend and executor, wrote "Carteret and Pulteney." See Marchmont Papers.]

⁸ A phrase, by common use, appropriated to the first minister.

⁹ A very pleasant and graceful allusion to the great Whig minister, whose *bonhomie* and good humour were remarkable considering his position.

Would he oblige me? let me only find,
 He does not think me what he thinks mankind.
 Come, come, at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt;
 The only difference is, I dare laugh out. 35

F. Why yes: with Scripture still you may be free:
 A horse-laugh, if you please, at Honesty;
 A joke on Jekyl, or some odd old Whig.¹³
 Who never changed his principle or wig: 40
 A patriot is a fool in every age,
 Whom all Lord Chamberlains allow the stage:
 These nothing hurts: they keep their fashion still,
 And wear their strange old virtue, as they will.

and his difficulties. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu has some verses to the same effect on seeing a portrait of Walpole:—

"Such were the lively eyes and rosy hue
 Of Robin's face, when Robin first I knew;
 The gay companion and the favourite guest
 Loved without awe and without fear caressed;
 His cheerful smile and open honest look
 Added new graces to the truth he spoke:
 Then every man found something to commend
 The pleasant neighbour and the worthy friend," &c.

Walpole's greatest error was in laughing at all public virtue and consistency, and in believing that men were only swayed by venal and selfish motives. He lowered the tone of public opinion, and in this respect degraded the character of a statesman. The immense sums which he lavished on hiring writers and in secret bribery are also indefensible. But let it be remembered that his strong good sense, his love of peace, and his generally able management of affairs, preserved the country from war, and frustrated all the senseless efforts and plots of the Jacobites. Walpole did not long enjoy his retirement from public life. He was created Earl of Orford in 1742, and died April 18, 1745, aged sixty-nine.]

¹³ Sir Joseph Jekyl, Master of the Rolls, a true Whig in his principles, and a man of the utmost probity. He sometimes voted against the Court, which drew upon him the laugh here described of One who bestowed it equally upon religion and honesty. He died a few months after the publication of this poem.

[Jekyl, the brother-in-law of Lord Somers, had a seat in Parliament in the reign of Queen Anne, and was one of the managers in the trial of Sacheverell. He was knighted by George I. The word "One," printed consonantly in Pope's note, seems to point to some important person, and Mr. Croker conjectures that the Queen was meant. This is a very probable supposition, though the horse-laugh at honesty is more in the style of the King or of Walpole. Pope picked up various items of Court scandal and gossip from Mrs. Howard.]

If any ask you, "Who's the man, so near 45
 His prince, that writes in verse, and has his ear?"
 Why answer, Lyttelton,¹² and I'll engage
 The worthy youth shall ne'er be in a rage:
 But were his verses vile, his whisper base:
 You'd quickly find him in Lord Fanny's case.¹³ 50
 Sejanus, Wolsey,¹⁴ hurt not honest Fleury,¹⁴
 But well may put some statesmen in a fury.
 Laugh then at any, but at fools or foes;
 These you but anger, and you mend not those.
 Laugh at your friends, and, if your friends are sore, 55
 So much the better, you may laugh the more.
 To vice and folly to confine the jest,
 Sets half the world, God knows, against the rest:
 Did not the sneer of more impartial men
 At sense and virtue balance all again. 60
 Judicious wits spread wide the ridicule,
 And charitably comfort knave and fool.
 P. Dear Sir, forgive the prejudice of youth:
 Adieu distinction, satire, warmth, and truth!
 Come, harmless characters, that no one hit; 65
 Come, Henley's oratory, Osborne's wit!¹⁵
 The honey dropping from Favonio's tongue,
 The flowers of Bubbo, and the flow of Y—ng!¹⁶
 The gracious dew of pulpit eloquence,
 And all the well-whipt cream of courtly sense, 70

¹² George Lyttelton, Secretary to the Prince of Wales, distinguished both for his writings and speeches in the spirit of liberty.

¹³ [Lord Fanny—Lord Hervey—was then Vice-Chamberlain to the King.]

¹⁴ The one the wicked minister of Tiberius, the other of Henry VIII. The writers against the Court usually bestowed these and other odious names on the minister, without distinction, and in the most injurious manner. See Dial. ii. ver. 137.

¹⁵ Cardinal, and Minister to Louis XV. It was a patriot-fashion, at that time, to cry up his wisdom and honesty.

¹⁶ See them in their places in the Dunciad.

¹⁶ In first edition—

"The honey dropping from Ty—I's tongue,

The flowers of Bub—ton, the flow of Young."

In the small edition of 1739 (Works, vol. ii.) the last name is given "Y—nge," showing that Sir William Yenge, not Dr. Young, the poet and friend of "Bubbo," or Dodington, was meant. "Ty—I," was doubtless Lord Lyttelton.]

That first was H—vy's, F—'s next, and then,
 The S—te's, and then H—vy's once again.¹⁷
 O come, that easy, Ciceronian style,
 So Latin, yet so English all the while,
 As, though the pride of Middleton and Bland, 75
 All boys may read, and girls may understand!
 Then might I sing, without the least offence,
 And all I sung should be the nation's sense;
 Or teach the melancholy Muse to mourn,
 Hang the sad verse on Carolina's urn, 80
 And hail her passage to the realms of rest.¹⁸
 All parts perform'd, and all her children bless'd!
 So—Satire is no more—I feel it die—
 No gazetteer more innocent than I—
 And let, a-God's name, every fool and knave 85
 Be graced through life, and flatter'd in his grave.
 F. Why so? if Satire knows its time and place,
 You still may lash the greatest—in disgrace:
 For merit will by turns forsake them all:
 Would you know when? exactly when they fall. 90
 But let all satire in all changes spare
 Immortal S—k, and grave De—re.¹⁹

¹⁷ Alludes to some Court sermons, and florid panegyrical speeches: particularly one very full of puerilities and flatteries; which afterwards got into an address in the same pretty style: and was lastly serc'd up in an epitaph, between Latin and English, published by its author.

[Lord Harvey wrote an epitaph, or *loge*, on Queen Caroline: Mr. H. Fox moved for and drew up the address of the House of Commons to his Majesty on their first meeting after the Queen's death: Dr. Alured Clarke wrote an essay on the Queen's character; and Bishop Gilbert preached at Court on the occasion; and was said to cry in his sermon. The caution and prudence of Pope, in the midst of all his satirical allusions, is shown by his not mentioning even the name of the senate at length.]

¹⁸ Queen Consort of King George II. She died in 1737. Her death gave occasion, as is observed above, to many indiscreet and mean performances unworthy of her memory, whose last moments manifested the utmost courage and resolution.

[The four lines containing this bitter satire on the Queen's dying moments are not in this first edition, but appear in that of the following year. See Note at the end of this poem.]

¹⁹ A title given that lord by King James II. He was of the Bedchamber to King William; he was so to King George I., he was so to King George II.

Silent and soft, as saints removed to heaven,
 All ties dissolved, and every sin forgiven,
 These may some gentle ministerial wing, 65
 Receive, and place for ever near a king!
 There, where no passion, pride, or shame transport,
 Buil'd with the sweet Nectar of a Court,
 There, where no father's, brother's, friend's disgrace
 Once break their rest, or stir them from their place: 100
 But past the sense of human miseries,
 All tears are wiped for ever from all eyes;
 No cheek is known to blush, no heart to throb,
 Save when they lose a question, or a job.
 P. Good Heaven forbid, that I should blast their glory, 105
 Who know how like Whig ministers to Tory.
 And when three sovereigns died, could scarce be vex'd,
 Considering what a gracious prince was next.

This lord was very staid in all the forms of the House, in which he discharged himself with great gravity.

[Charles, Earl of Selkirk, died in March, 1733. Lord Hervey, in a poetical Epistle to the Queen, 1736, speaks very unceremoniously of the old courtier:—

Let nauseous Selkirk shake his empty head
 Through six Courts more, when six have wish'd him dead."

In a sort of Court interlude or drama, drawn up for the amusement of the queen, the scene being laid in her Majesty's drawing-room, Lord Hervey introduces old Selkirk as one of the *dramatis personæ*. The dialogue confirms Pope's remarks as to the earl's knowledge of Court forms:—

"*Queen* (to the Duke of Argyll). Where have you been, my lord? One has not had the pleasure to see you a great while, and one always misses you."

"*Duke of Argyll*. I have been in Oxfordshire, my lady; and so long, that I was asking my father here, Lord Selkirk, how to behave: I know nobody that knows the ways of a Court so well, nor that has known them so long."

"*Lord Selkirk*. By G—, my lord, I know nobody knows them better than the Duke of Argyll."

"*Duke of Argyll*. All I know, father, is as your pupil; but I told you I was grown a country gentleman."

"*Lord Selkirk*. You often tell me things I do not believe."

"*Queen* (chuckling). Ha, ha, ha! You are always so good together, and my Lord Selkirk is so lively."

The second courtier in Pope's verse was Lord Delaware,

Have I, in silent wonder, seen such things
 As pride in slaves, and avarice in kings; 110
 And at a peer, or peeress, shall I fret,
 Who starves a sister, or forswears a debt?²⁰
 Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boast;
 But shall the dignity of Vice be lost?
 Ye gods! shall Cibber's son, without rebuke,²¹ 115
 Swear like a lord, or rich outwore a duke?
 A favourite's porter with his master vie,
 Be bribed as often, and as often lie?
 Shall Ward draw contracts with a statesman's skill?
 Or Japhet pocket, like his grace, a will?²² 120
 Is it for Bond, or Peter, (paltry things,)
 To pay their debts, or keep their faith, like kings?
 If Blount dispatch'd himself, he play'd the man,²³
 And so may'st thou, illustrious Passeran!²⁴

²⁰ [In the first edition, "Who starves a mother." Lady Mary Wortley Montagu had 2500 a year for supporting her sister, the Countess of Mar, when suffering from mental alienation, and is said to have treated the countess harshly. The "debt" is an allusion to the affair of M. Burnmong. See Duncinal and Life of Pope.]

²¹ Two players; look for them in the Duncinal.

²² [The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Wake, was said to have secreted the will of King George I.]

²³ Author of an impious foolish book called *The Oracles of Reason*, who, being in love with a near kinswoman of his, and rejected, gave himself a stab in the arm, as pretending to kill himself; of the consequence of which he really died.

[This is not correct. Blount shot himself with a pistol. After the death of his wife, he had proposed marriage to her sister; she declined on religious grounds, and continuing inflexible, the unhappy man committed suicide. He was the younger son of Sir Henry Blount, of Hertfordshire; the lady who was the cause of the catastrophe was a daughter of Sir P. Tyrrel, of Shroton, Oxfordshire. Mr. Charles Blount was a man of learning and amiable character, but of infidel opinions. His miscellaneous works were published in 1695, by Charles Gildon, so often mentioned in the Duncinal. We have the volumes now before us, and it appears that Gildon vindicated the death of Sir Blount, and shared in his unbelief.]

²⁴ Author of another book of the same stamp, called *A Philosophical Treatise on Death*, being a defence of suicide. He was a nobleman of their rank, banished from his country for his impieties, and lived in the utmost misery; yet teased to practise his own precepts. This unhappy man at last died a penitent.

But shall a printer, weary of his life;²⁵ 125
 Learn, from their books, to hang himself and wife?²
 This, this, my friend, I cannot, must not bear;
 Vice thus abused, demands a nation's care;
 This calls the church to deprecate our sin,
 And hurls the thunder of the laws on gin;²⁶ 130
 Let modest Foster, if he will, excel
 Ten Metropolitans in preaching well;²⁷
 A simple Quaker, or a Quaker's wife;²⁸
 Outdo Landaff in doctrine,—yea, in life;²⁹
 Let humble Allen,³⁰ with an awkward shame, 135
 Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame,
 Virtue may choose the high or low degree,
 'Tis just alike to virtue, and to me;

²⁵ A fact that happened in London a few years past. The unhappy man left behind him a paper justifying his actions by the reasonings of some of these authors.

[This case is reported in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for April, 1732. The man Richard Smith and his wife, were in the King's Bench. They were found hanging in their room, and their infant child shot through the head in its cradle. In one of the letters which Smith left to be delivered after his death, there is a curious touch of feeling, "If you can find," he says, "any chev (puyer) for my dog and ancient cat, it would be kind."]

²⁶ A spirituous liquor, the exorbitant use of which had almost destroyed the lowest rank of the people, till it was restrained by an Act of Parliament, in 1736.

²⁷ [Mr. James Foster, a minister of the sect called Independents, and afterwards a Baptist. He was long a popular preacher in London, and author of sermons and theological treatises which fill four volumes. He died in 1723. According to Bolingbroke, Dr. Foster was author of the pointed remark that *where mystery begins religion ends*, a saying exactly suited to that peer, and not unwelcome to the poet.]

²⁸ [The Quaker's wife was a Mrs. Drummond, one of the notabilities of her day. Spence describes his going to the meeting with her: "No winning when she spoke, and scarce any action; very good language, particularly full of metaphors, but pretty and well-managed ones."]

²⁹ A poor bishopric in Wales, as poorly supplied.

[It was then supplied by Dr. John Harris, whose son, Dr. George Harris, became a distinguished lawyer, and writer on civil law.]

³⁰ [In the first edition it was, "low-born Allen" and "humble Foster." Pope wrote to Mr. Allen, that he had found him possessed of humility, and, in justice to his own conscience, he would change the epithet in the poem from *low-born* to *humble*. As Mr. Allen was a man of fortune, and Mayor of Bath, he was probably not much flattered by either epithet.]

Dwell in a monk, or light upon a stag,
 She's still the same beloved, contested thing. 140
 Vice is undone, if she forgets her birth,
 And stoops from angels to the dregs of earth:
 But 'tis the fall degrades her to a whore;
 Let greatness own her, and she's mean no more,
 Her birth, her beauty, crowds and courts confess, 145
 Chaste matrons praise her, and grave bishops bless:
 In golden chains the willing world she draws,
 And hers the gospel is, and hers the laws,
 Mounts the tribunal, lifts her scarlet head,
 And sees pale Virtue carted in her stead. 150
 Lo! at the wheels of her triumphal car,
 Old England's genius, rough with many a scar,
 Dragg'd in the dust! his arms hang idly round;
 His flag inverted trails along the ground!
 Our youth, all liveried o'er with foreign gold, 155
 Before her dance; behind her, crawl the old!
 See thronging millions to the pagod run,
 And offer country, parent, wife, or son!
 Hear her black trumpet through the land proclaim,
 That NOT TO BE CORRUPTED IS THE SHAME.³¹ 160
 In soldier, churchman, patriot, man in power,
 'Tis avarice all, ambition is no more!
 See, all our robes begging to be slaves!
 See, all our fools aspiring to be knaves!
 The wit of cheats, the courage of a whore, 165
 Are what ten thousand envy and adore:
 All, all look up, with reverential awe,
 At crimes that 'scape, or triumph o'er the law:
 While truth, worth, wisdom, daily they decry—
 "Nothing is sacred now but villany." 170
 Yet may this verse (if such a verse remain)
 Show there was one who held it in disdain.

³¹ [Warton thought this passage the noblest in all Pope's works, without
 an exception whatever—"A group of allegorical personages, worthy the
 pencil of Rubens, and described in expressions worthy of Virgil." The
 personification of England's Genius is certainly grand, and picturesque.
 Cowper has remembered it in two or three passages of the Task, and Burns
 echoes it in his description of Edinburgh Castle:—

"Like some old veteran, grey in arms,
 And mark'd with many a seamy scar."



"Old England's genius, rough with many a scar."

EPILOGUE TO THE SATIRES, *Dial. i. line 152.*

DIALOGUE II.

PA. 'TIS all a libel—Paxton (Sir) will say.¹

P. Not yet, my friend! to-morrow 'faith it may;
And for that very cause I print to-day.

How should I fret to mangle every line,

In reverence to the sins of thirty-nine!

5

Vice with such giant strides comes on amain,

Invention strives to be before in vain;

Feign what I will, and paint it e'er so strong,

Some rising genius sins up to my song.

F. Yet none but you by name the guilty lash;

10

Even Guthrie² saves half Newgate by a dash.

Spare then the person, and expose the vice.

P. How, Sir! not damn the sharper, but the dice?

Come on, then, Satire! general, unconfined,

Spread thy broad wing, and souse on all the kind.

15

Ye statesmen, priests, of one religion all!

Ye tradesmen vile, in army, court, or hall!

Ye reverend atheists. F. Scandal! name them, who?

P. Why that's the thing you bid me not to do.

Who starved a sister, who forswore a debt,

20

I never named; the town's inquiring yet.

The poisoning dame—F. You mean—P. I don't—F. You do.

P. See, now I keep the secret, and not you!

The bribing statesman—F. Hold, too high you go.

P. The bribed elector—F. There you stoop too low.

25

P. I fain would please you, if I knew with what;

Tell me, which knave is lawful game, which not?

Must great offenders, once escaped the crown,

Like royal harts, be never more run down?

¹ [Michael Paxton, Solicitor to the Treasury, who died in 1744. Two years before this, Paxton was examined by the Secret Committee appointed to inquire into the conduct of Walpole, then Lord Orford. In eleven years, according to the Committee's Report, Mr. Paxton received £94,000 *unaccounted for*. He refused to answer inquiries respecting a sum of £560 given at Lord Limerick's election, and was committed to Newgate, where he remained from April to July.]

² The ordinary of Newgate, who publishes the *Memoirs of the Malefactors*, and is often prevailed upon to be so tender of their reputation, as to set down no more than the initials of their name.

Admit your law to spare the knight requires? 30
 As beasts of nature may we hunt the squires?
 Suppose I censure—you know what I mean—
 To save a bishop, may I name a dean?

F. A dean, sir? no; his fortune is not made,
 You hurt a man that's rising in the trade. 35

P. If not the tradesman who set up to-day,
 Much less the 'prentice who to-morrow may
 Down, down, proud Satire! though a realm be spoil'd,
 Arraign no mightier thief than wretched Wild;³
 Or, if a court or country's made a job, 40
 Go drench a pickpocket, and join the mob.

But, sir, I beg you (for the love of vice!)
 The matter's weighty, pray consider twice;
 Have you less pity for the needy cheat,
 The poor and friendless villain, than the great? 45
 Alas! the small discredit of a bribe
 Scarce hurts the lawyer; but undoes the scribe.
 Then better sure it charity becomes
 To tax directors, who (thank God) have plums;
 Still better, ministers; or, if the thing 50
 May pinch e'en there—why lay it on a king.

F. Stop! stop!

P. Must Satire, then, nor rise nor fall?
 Speak out, and bid me blame no rogues at all.

F. Yes, strike that Wild, I'll justify the blow.

P. Strike? why the man was hang'd ten years ago: 55
 Who now that obsolete example fears?⁴
 E'en Peter trembles only for his ears.⁵

F. What, always Peter? Peter thinks you mad,
 You make men desperate, if they once are bad:
 Else might he take to virtue some years hence— 60

P. As S——k, if he lives, will love the Prince.

F. Strange spleen to S——k!

P. Do I wrong the man?
 God knows, I praise a courtier where I can.

³ Jonathan Wild, a famous thief, and thief-impeacher, who was at last caught in his own train, and hanged. [In the year 1725.]

⁴ [How often did the poet forget this himself!]

⁵ Peter had, the year before this, narrowly escaped the pillory for forgery, and got off with only a severe rebuke from the bench.

When I confess there is who feels for fame,
 And melts to goodness, need I Scarborough name?⁶ 65
 Pleased let me own, in Esher's peaceful grove,⁷
 (Where Kent and Nature vie for Pelham's love)
 The scene, the master, opening to my view;
 I sit and dream I see my Craggs anew!
 E'en in a bishop I can spy desert; 70
 Secker is decent, Rundle has a heart,
 Manners with candour are to Benson given,
 To Berkeley, every virtue under heaven.⁸

⁶ Earl of, and Knight of the Garter, whose personal attachments to the king appeared from his steady adherence to the royal interest, after his resignation of his great employment of Master of the Horse; and whose known honour and virtue made him esteemed by all parties. [Richard Lumley, second Earl of Scarborough, resigned his post of Master of the Horse in 1738-4. On the 4th of February, 1740, he committed suicide by shooting himself with a pistol. There was no apparent cause for the rash act.]

⁷ The house and gardens of Esher, in Surrey, belonging to the Honourable Mr. Pelham, brother to the Duke of Newcastle. The author could not have given a more amiable idea of his character than in comparing him to Mr. Craggs. [After the downfall of Walpole, Pelham became First Lord of the Treasury, and Chancellor of the Exchequer. He was an honest and popular minister but possessed of no very shining talents. His death took place March 6th, 1754, when he was barely sixty-one years of age. Pelham's place of Esher was embellished under the direction of Kent, whom Pope had instructed in landscape gardening. Horace Walpole admired Esher above all the villas he had seen, and said Kent was Kentissime there.]

⁸ [The clerical group here "dwelling in decencies," may be briefly noticed. Dr. Thomas Secker (born in 1693, died in 1768) rose to be Archbishop of Canterbury, and, as Primate, placed the crown upon the head of George III., at the coronation of that sovereign. He wrote numerous theological works and sermons, and was a wise and moderate head of the Anglican Church. Dr. Thomas Rundle (born in 1680, died in 1743,) was conceived to be less orthodox, but finally was made Bishop of Derry, in Ireland. Swift, who liked the man, ridiculed the objections to Rundle's orthodoxy.

"Make Rundle bishop! fie for shame!

An Arian to usurp the name!

A bishop in the Isle of Saints.

How will his brethren make complaints!"

The Benson alluded to is, we suppose, Dr. George Benson, a learned Non-conformist divine, who officiated many years in London, and wrote some valuable theological treatises. He was on terms of friendship with most of the English prelates. He died in 1762, aged sixty-three. Dr. George Berkeley, bishop of Cloyne (born in 1684, died in 1753), is too well known

But does the Court a worthy man remove?
 That instant, I declare, he has my love: 75
 I shun his zenith, court his mild decline:
 Thus Somers⁹ once, and Halifax,¹⁰ were mine.
 Oft, in the clear, still mirror of retreat,
 I studied Shrewsbury,¹¹ the wise and great:
¹² Carleton's calm sense, and ¹³ Stanhope's noble flame, 80
 Compared, and knew their generous end the same.
 How pleasing Atterbury's softer hour!¹⁴
 How shined the soul, unconquer'd in the Tower!

as a philosopher and friend of Pope, Swift, Chesterfield and other eminent persons of that period, to require mention here. In his mind and character so many excellences were combined, that Pope's memorable line is scarcely an exaggeration.]

⁹ John Lord Somers, died in 1716. He had been Lord Keeper in the reign of William III., who took from him the seals in 1709. The author had the honour of knowing him in 1708. A faithful, able, and incorrupt minister; who, to the qualities of a consummate statesman, added those of a man of learning and politeness.

¹⁰ A peer, no less distinguished by his love of letters than his abilities in Parliament. He was disgraced in 1710, on the change of Queen Anne's ministry.

¹¹ Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury, had been Secretary of State, Ambassador in France, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Treasurer. He several times quitted his employments, and was often recalled. He died in 1718.

¹² Hen. Boyle, Lord Carleton (nephew of the famous Robert Boyle) who was Secretary of State under William III., and President of the Council under Queen Anne. [Boyle was created Baron Carleton in 1714, and died in 1725. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, in announcing Lord Carleton's death to her sister, says, "he disposed of his estate as he did of his time, between Lady Charendon and the Duchess of Queensberry. Jewels to a great value he has given, as he did his affections, first to the mother and then to the daughter. He was taken ill in my company, at a concert at the Duchess of Marlborough's, and died two days after, holding the fair duchess by the hand, and being fed at the same time with a fine fat chicken; thus dying, as he had lived indulging his pleasures."]

¹³ James, Earl Stanhope. A nobleman of equal courage, spirit, and learning. General in Spain, and Secretary of State. [Lord Stanhope died in 1721. He replied to a speech of the Duke of Wharton's, on the South Sea scheme, with so much warmth, that he burst a blood vessel, and died soon afterwards.]

¹⁴ [Of all the parties here named, Atterbury only was the friend of Pope. The remarkable history of this prelate, will be found noticed in the sketch of

How can I Pulteney,¹⁵ Chesterfield,¹⁶ forget,
 While Roman spirit charms, and Attic wit?⁸⁵
 Argyll,¹⁷ the state's whole thunder born to wield,
 And shake alike the senate and the field?
 Or Wyndham,¹⁸ just to freedom and the throne,
 The master of our passions, and his own?

Pope's life. His turbulence and ambition were strangely contrasted with the gentle, affectionate tone of his letters; and in his correspondence with Pope he is seen to great advantage as a Christian, divine, and man of letters.

¹⁵ [William Pulteney, Earl of Bath, the successful antagonist of Walpole, whom he finally drove from power in 1741. The defeated minister, however, had the address to procure Pulteney's elevation to the peerage, upon which both of them became (as Walpole expressed it) two of the most insignificant fellows in England! As Earl of Bath, Pulteney's popularity immediately declined. He died in 1764.]

¹⁶ [The witty Lord Chesterfield, Philip Dormer Stanhope. He was then in his forty-fourth year, and had been several years in opposition. He lost his office of Steward of the Household in consequence of his votes and speeches against Walpole's Excise Bill. He afterwards was Ambassador at the Hague and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and he held the seals of Secretary of State for two years. Chesterfield's reputation as a senator is inferior to that which he attained as a wit and an author. His celebrated Letters to his Son lowered his character, but evinced his taste and acuteness of observation; and his recently published correspondence is honourable to him both as a wit and a politician. He was an able diplomatist, and a sound and sagacious statesman. After a long series of ill-health and infirmities, he died in 1773, aged seventy-nine.]

¹⁷ [John, the second and great Duke of Argyll, born in 1678; served, when only seventeen, under William III., and afterwards under Marlborough; was Ambassador in Spain, and, after the peace of Utrecht, Commander-in-Chief of the forces in Scotland. He was engaged in suppressing the rebellion of 1715. As a politician, he was grasping, versatile, and ambitious. He opposed Walpole's Administration at the date of this Satire, and, on the defeat of the Whig minister, was again employed. His death took place soon afterwards, in September, 1743.]

¹⁸ [Sir William Wyndham, Chancellor of the Exchequer under Queen Anne, made early a considerable figure; but since a much greater both by his ability and eloquence, joined with the utmost judgment and temper.

[In first edition, —

"Wyndham arm'd for freedom."

Wyndham was a man of fine taste and accomplishments, as well as an effective orator. He died in 1700.]



SIR WILLIAM WYNDHAM.

Names, which I long have loved, nor loved in vain, 90
 Rank'd with their friends, not number'd with their train;
 And, if yet higher the proud list should end,
 Still let me say,—No follower, but a friend.¹⁹

Yet think not, Friendship only prompts my lays:—
 I follow Virtue; where she shines, I praise: 95
 Point she to priest or elder, Whig or Tory,
 Or round a Quaker's beaver cast a glory.
 I never (to my sorrow I declare)
 Dined with the Man of Ross, or my Lord Mayor.
 Some, in their choice of friends, (nay, look not grave,) 100
 Have still a secret bias to a knave:
 To find an honest man I beat about,
 And love him, court him, praise him, in or out.

F. Then why so few commended?

P. Not so fierce;

Find you the virtue, and I'll find the verse. 105
 But random praise—the task can ne'er be done:
 Each mother asks it for her booby son,
 Each widow asks it for "the best of men,"
 For him she weeps, for him she weds again.
 Praise cannot stoop, like satire, to the ground: 110
 The number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd.

¹⁹ [an allusion by Pope to his intimacy with the Prince of Wales.]

Enough for half the greatest of these days,
 To 'scape my censure, not expect my praise.
 Are they not rich? what more can they pretend?
 Dare they to hope a poet for their friend? 115
 What Richelieu wanted, Louis scarce could gain,
 And what young Ammon wish'd, but wish'd in vain.
 No power the Muse's friendship can command;
 No power, when Virtue claims it, can withstand:
 To Cato, Virgil paid one honest line; 120
 O let my country's friends illumine mine!
 —What are you thinking? F. Faith the thought's no sin:
 I think your friends are out, and would be in.
 P. If merely to come in, sir, they go out,
 The way they take is strangely round about. 125
 F. They, too, may be corrupted, you'll allow?
 P. I only call those knaves who are so now.
 Is that too little? Come then, I'll comply—
 Spirit of Arnall!²⁰ aid me while I lie.
 Cobham's a coward, Polwarth is a slave,²¹ 130
 And Lyttelton a dark designing knave;
 St. John has ever been a wealthy fool—
 But, let me add, Sir Robert's mighty dull;
 Has never made a friend in private life,
 And was, besides, a tyrant to his wife. 135
 But pray, when others praise him, do I blame?
 Call Verres, Wolsey, any odious name?
 Why rail they then, if but a wreath of mine,
 Oh all accomplished St. John! deck thy shrine?
 What! shall each spur-galled hackney of the day, 140
 When Paxton gives him double pots and pay,

²⁰ Look for him in his place. Dunc. B. ii. ver. 215.

²¹ The Hon. Hugh Hume, son of Alexander, Earl of Marchmont, grandson of Patrick, Earl of Marchmont, and distinguished, like them, in the cause of liberty.

[He became Earl of Marchmont in 1749, and died in January, 1794, aged eighty-six.]

²² [An ironical allusion to Walpole's carelessness and unconcern as a husband. His maxim was "to go his own way, and let madam go hers." Horace Walpole was commonly believed to be the son, not of his putative father, but of Carr, Lord Hervey, an elder brother of Lord Ebury.]

Or each new-pension'd sycophant, pretend
To break my windows if I treat a friend;²³
Then wisely plead, to me they meant no hurt,
But 'twas my guest at whom they threw the dirt? 145
Sure, if I spare the minister, no rules
Of honour bind me, not to maul his tools;
Sure, if they cannot cut, it may be said
His saws are toothless, and his hatchets lead.

It anger'd Turenne, once upon a day, 150
To see a footman kick'd that took his pay;
But when he heard the affront the fellow gave,
Knew one a man of honour, one a knave;
The prudent general turn'd it to a jest,
And begg'd, he'd take the pains to kick the rest: 155
Which not at present having time to do—

F. Hold, Sir! for God's sake, where's the affront to you?
Against your worship when had S——k writ?
Or P——ge pour'd forth the torrent of his wit?²⁴
Or grant the bard whose distich all commend 160
["In power a servant, out of power a friend,"]²⁵
To W——le guilty of some venial sin;
What's that to you who ne'er was out nor in?

The priest whose flattery bedropp'd the Crown.²⁶
How hurt he you? he only stain'd the gown. 165
And how did, pray, the florid youth offend,
Whose speech you took, and gave it to a friend?

P. Faith, it imports not much from whom it came;
Whoever borrow'd, could not be to blame,
Since the whole House did afterwards the same. 170
Let courtly wits to wits afford supply,
As hog to hog in huts of Westphaly:

²³ [The poet's windows were actually broken one day when he had Belling-broke and Bathurst at dinner with him. This shows that the Opposition could not have been very popular.]

²⁴ [Lord Selkirk and Judge Page. The latter was an orator in the style of Judge Jeffreys. See Notes to *Dunciad*.]

²⁵ A verse taken out of a poem to Sir R. W.

[The poem was written by Bubb Dodington, Lord Melcombe; and having done duty to one premier, was afterwards addressed to another, Lord Bute.]

²⁶ Spoken not of any particular priest, but of many priests.

[Not chancing at Dr. Alured Clarke's panegyric on Queen Caroline as the "florid youth" means Lord Bervey.]

If one, through Nature's bounty or his Lord's,
 Has what the frugal, dirty soil affords,
 From him the next receives it, thick or thin, 175
 As pure a mess almost as it came in;
 The blessed benefit, not there confined,
 Drops to the thir^d who nuzzles close behind:
 From tail to mouth, they feed and they carouse:
 The last full fairly gives it to the House, 180

F. This filthy simile, this beastly line,
 Quite turns my stomach——P. So does flattery mine:
 And all your courtly civet-cats can vent,
 Perfume to you, to me is excrement.
 But hear me further:—Japhet, 'tis agreed 185
 Writ not, and Chartres scarce could write or read,²⁷
 In all the courts of Pindus guiltless quite;
 But pens can forge, my friend, that cannot write:
 And must no egg in Japhet's face be thrown,
 Because the deed he forged was not my own? 190
 Must never patriot then declaim at gin,
 Unless, good man! he has been fairly in?
 No zealous pastor blame a failing spouse,
 Without a staring reason on his brows?
 And each blasphemer quite escape the rod, 195
 Because the insult 's not on man, but God?

Ask you what provocation I have had?
 The strong antipathy of good to bad.
 When truth or virtue an affront endures,
 The affront is mine, my friend, and should be yours. 200
 Mine, as a foe profess'd to false pretence,
 Who think a coxcomb's honour like his sense;
 Mine, as a friend to every worthy mind;
 And mine as man, who feel for all mankind.²⁸

F. You're strangely proud. P. So proud, I am no slave: 205
 So impudent, I own myself no knave:
 So odd, my country's ruin makes me grave.
 Yes, I am proud; I must be proud to see
 Men not afraid of God, afraid of me:

²⁷ In the MS.—

"I grant it, Sir; and further, 'tis agreed,

Japhet writ not, and Chartres scarce could read."

²⁸ From Terence: "Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto."

Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne, 210
Yet touch'd and shamed by ridicule alone.

O sacred weapon! left for Truth's defence,
Sole dread of folly, vice, and insolence!
To all but Heaven-directed hands denied,
The Muse may give thee, but the gods must guide: 215
Reverent I touch thee: but with honest zeal;

To rouse the watchmen of the public weal,
To virtue's work provoke the tardy Hall,
And goad the prelate slumbering in his stall.
Ye tinsel insects! whom a Court maintains, 220

That counts your beauties only by your stains,
Spin all your cobwebs o'er the eye of day!²⁹
The Muse's wing shall brush you all away:
All his grace preaches, all his lordship sings,
All that makes saints of queens, and gods of kings,— 225
All, all but truth, drops dead-born from the press,
Like the last Gazette, or the last address.³⁰

When black Ambition stains a public cause,³¹
A monarch's sword when mad Vain-glory draws,
Not Waller's wreath can hide the nation's scar,³² 230
Not Boileau turn the feather to a star.³³

²⁹ Weak and slight sophistry against virtue and honour. Thin colours over vice as unable to hide the light of truth, as cobwebs to shade the sun.

³⁰ After ver. 227, in the MS.—

"Where 's now the star that lighted Charles to rise?
—With that which follow'd Julius to the skies.
Angels, that watch'd the Royal Oak so well,
How chanced ye nod, when luckless Sorel fell?
Hence, lying miracles! reduced so low
As to the regal-touch and papal toe;
Hence haughty Edgar's title to the main,
Britain's to France, and thine to India, Spain!"

[³¹ "Luckless Sorel" was the horse that fell with William III. The monarch died soon afterwards, March 8, 1702.]

³² The case of Cromwell in the civil war of England; and (ver. 220) of Louis XIV. in his conquest of the Low Countries.

³³ [Waller's poem on Cromwell is one of the finest of his productions. He is said to have apologised to Charles II. for it, by saying that poets dealt better with fiction than with truth—a happy after-thought, but not so true as the poem.]

³⁴ See his Ode on Namur; where (to use his own words) "it a bit un-

Not so, when, diadem'd with rays divine,
 Touch'd with the flame that breaks from Virtue's shrine,
 Her priestess Muse forbids the good to die;
 And opes the temple of Eternity:
 There, other trophies deck the truly brave,
 Than such as Anstis casts into the grave;³⁴
 Far other stars than * and * * wear,³⁵
 And may descend to Mordington³⁶ from Stair;³⁷

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astre de la plume blanche que la Roy porte ordinairement à son chapeau, et qui est en effet une espèce de comète, fatale à nos ennemis."

³⁴ The chief Herald-at-Arms. It is the custom, at the funeral of great peers, to cast into the grave the broken arms and ensigns of honour. [John Anstis, the principal Garter King-at-Arms, died in 1744, and was succeeded in his hereditary office by his son.]

³⁵ [Lord Marchmont put opposite these blanks the names of "George" and "Frederick," meaning the King and Prince of Wales. Warburton conjectured that the Dukes of Kent and Grafton were the persons satirised; but Lord Marchmont's intimacy with Pope gives authority to his emendation. The force of the contrast in the poem is also heightened by the introduction of royalty.]

³⁶ [Lord Mordington, a Scotch nobleman, who is said to have sunk so low from the blood of the Douglasses, as to have kept a gaming-house in Covent-garden! He died 10th June, 1741. This degenerate peer had a son, brought up to the naval profession, who, having no property, never assumed the title, till tried in Caribbee for joining in the rebellion of 1745. He then pleaded his peerage as Lord Mordington, and, proving his descent, his trial was put off. He was eventually pardoned. The title died with this gentleman's daughter, in 1781.]

³⁷ John Dalrymple, Earl of Stair, Knight of the Thistle, served in all the wars under the Duke of Marlborough; and afterwards as Ambassador in France.

[Lord Stair was another of the Walpole victims, but, on the fall of that minister, he regained his military employments. He was engaged at the battle of Dettingen, and also in the suppression of the rebellion of 1746. He died in 1747. His Lordship was married to Lady Eleanor Campbell, widow of Viscount Primrose; and Mr. Chambers, in his Traditions of Edinburgh, relates a curious story of the marriage. The lady at first rejected his addresses, but by dint of bribes to her domestics, Lord Stair got himself insinuated over-night into a small room in her ladyship's house, where she used to say her prayers every morning, and the window of which looked upon the principal street of the city of Edinburgh. At this window, when the morning was a little advanced, he showed himself *àeshabille*, to the people passing along the street; an exhibition which threatened to have such an effect upon her ladyship's reputation, that she saw fit to accept of him for her husband.]

(Such as on Hough's unsullied mitre shine, 240
 Or bear, good Digby, from a heart like thine :)²⁸
 Let Envy howl, while Heaven's whole chorus sings,
 And bark at honour not conferr'd by kings;
 Let Flattery sickening see the incense rise,
 Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies : 245
 Truth guards the poet, sanctifies the line,
 And makes immortal verse as mean as mine.
 Yes, the last pen for Freedom let me draw,
 When Truth stands trembling on the edge of law;
 Here, last of Britons! let your names be read; 250
 Are none, none living? let me praise the dead,
 And for that cause which made your father shine,
 Fall by the votes of their degenerate line.
 F. Alas! alas! pray end what you began,
 And write next winter more Essays on Man.²⁹ 255

²⁸ Dr. John Hough, Bishop of Worcester, and the Lord Digby. The one an assertor of the Church of England, in opposition to the false measures of King James II.; the other as firmly attached to the cause of that king. Both acting out of principle, and equally men of honour and virtue.

[See Epigram on Bishop Hough, in Pope's Epigrams. Edward, Lord Digby, an Irish peer, and one of the Lords of the Bedchamber to the Prince of Wales, died Nov. 30, 1737.]

²⁹ In the MS.—

"Quit these themes, and write Essays on Man."

This was the last poem of the kind printed by our author, with a resolution to publish no more, but to enter thus, in the most plain and solemn manner he could, a sort of protest against that insuperable corruption and depravity of manners which he had been so unhappy as to live to see. Could he have hoped to have amended any, he had continued those attacks, but bad men were grown so shameless and so powerful, that ridicule was become as unsafe as it was ineffectual. The poem raised him, as he knew it would, some enemies; but he had reason to be satisfied with the approbation of good men, and the testimony of his own conscience.

ADDITIONAL NOTE.

DEATH OF QUEEN CAROLINE.

Dist. l. v. 83. *All parts perform'd and all her children bless'd.* A double sarcasm is conveyed in this line: the Queen did not take the sacrament in her last illness, and she did not send her blessing to her son, the Prince of Wales. Both circumstances were much canvassed at the time, and the most contradictory reports prevailed. Coxe, in his *Memoirs of Walpole*, states that the Queen sent her blessing to her son, with a message of forgiveness; but the minute details of Lord Hervey, an eye-witness, disprove the assertion; and Pope, who had access to correct information, at the Courts both of the King and the Prince, seems to have known the actual facts of the case. The Queen was taken ill on the 9th of November, 1737, and continued getting worse. On the 11th, the Prince sent to request that he might see her, but the King said this was like one of the *seigneur's* tricks, and he forbade the Prince to send messages, or approach St. James's. The Queen herself was no less decided. In fact, the family feud was of the bitterest description, and of many years' standing. Its cause has never been satisfactorily explained, but in the rival Courts there were never wanting occasions for fresh enmity and exasperation. The King, it appears, relaxed so far as to say to her Majesty, that, if she had the least mind to see her son, he had no objection to it. "I am so far," said the Queen, "from desiring to see him, that nothing but your absolute commands should ever make me consent to it. For what should I see him? For him to tell me a hundred lies, and to give myself at this time a great deal of trouble to no purpose. If anything I could say to him would alter his behaviour, I would see him with all my heart; but I know that is impossible. Whatever advice I gave him he would thank me for, *plaisait* *à son oreille* or *resist* all the while I was speaking, and swear to follow my directions, and would laugh at me the moment he was out of the room, and do just the contrary of all I bid him the moment I was dead. And, therefore, if I should grow worse, and be weak enough to talk of seeing him, I beg you, sir, to conclude that I doat or rave." The speech was characteristic of Caroline—a strong-minded, resolute, ambitious woman, with little tenderness or religion. She was then dying of the effects of a rupture, which she had coarsely concealed for fourteen years, and she would have died without declaring it, had not the King communicated the fact to her attendants. This delicacy was not (as Lord Hervey says) merely an ill-timed coquetry at fifty-four, that would hardly have been excusable at twenty-five. She feared to lose her power over the King, which she had held firmly in spite of all his mistresses, and was in constant apprehension of making her person distasteful to her husband. The Prince continued to send messages to the dying Queen.

and the messengers got into the palace, but the Queen wished to have the *ravens* (who, she said, were only there to watch her death, and would gladly tear her to pieces whilst she was alive) turned out of the house, and the old King was inexorable. About the seventh day of the Queen's illness, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Potter, was sent for. He continued to attend every morning and evening, but her Majesty did not receive the sacrament. Some of Lord Hervey's revelations are curious enough. Her Majesty, it appears, advised the King, in case she died, to marry again. George sobbed and shed tears: "whilst in the midst of this passion, wiping his eyes and sobbing between every word, with much ado he got out this answer: 'Non, j'aurai des maîtresses;' to which the Queen made no other reply than 'Adieu mon Dieu! cela n'empêche pas.'"

When she had finished all she had to say on these subjects, she said she fancied she could sleep. The King said many kind things to her, and kissed her face and her hands a hundred times; but even at this time, on her asking for her watch, which hung by the chimney, in order to give it to him to take care of her seal, the natural *brusquerie* of his temper, even in these moments, broke out, which showed how addicted he was to snapping without being angry, and that he was often capable of using those worst whom he loved best; for, on this proposal of giving him the watch to take care of the seal with the Queen's arms, in the midst of sobs and tears, he raised and quickened his voice, and said, "Ah, my God! let it alone: the Queen has always such strange fancies. Who should meddle with your seal? Is it not as safe there as in my pocket?"

During their night-watches, the King and Lord Hervey had many conversations, all which the Court Boswell reports fully. George wished to impress upon the Privy Seal that the Queen's affectionate behaviour was the natural effect of an amorous attachment to his person, and an adoration of his great genius! He narrated instances of his own intrepidity, during a severe illness and in a great storm; and, one night while he was discomfited in this strain, the Princess Emily, who lay upon a couch in the room, pretended to fall asleep. Soon after, his Majesty went into the Queen's room.

"As soon as his back was turned, Princess Emily started up, and said, 'Is he gone? How tiresome he is!'" Lord Hervey replied only, 'I thought your Royal Highness had been asleep.' 'No,' said the Princess Emily; 'I only shut my eyes that I might not join in the *ennuyant* conversation, and wish I could have shut my ears too. In the first place, I am sick to death of hearing of his great courage every day of my life: in the next place, one thinks now of mamma, and not of him. Who cares for his old storm? I believe, too, it is a great lie, and that he was as much afraid as I should have been, for all what he says now.'"

Other glimpses of the interior of this strange Court at this time are furnished by Lord Hervey. Walspole appears in no better light than the coarse, boasting sovereign. But at length the last scene came. There had been about eleven days of suffering:—

"On Sunday, the 26th November, in the evening, she called Dr. Taster— with no seeming impatience under any article of her present circumstances:

but their duration—how long he thought it was possible for all this to last? to which he answered, 'Je crois que votre Majesté sera bientôt soulagée.' And she calmly replied, 'Tant mieux.' About ten o'clock on Sunday night, the King being in bed and asleep, on the floor, at the foot of the Queen's bed, and the Princess Emily in a couch bed in a corner of the room, the Queen began to rattle in the throat; and Mrs. Purcel giving the alarm that she was expiring, all in the room started up. Princess Caroline was sent for, and Lord Hervey, but before she last arrived the Queen was just dead. All she said before she died was, 'I have now got an asthma; open the window.' Then she said, 'Pray,' upon which the Princess Emily began to read some prayers, of which she scarce repeated ten words before the Queen expired. The Princess Caroline held a looking-glass to her lips, and finding there was not the least damp upon it, cried, 'Tis over.'

George did not marry again, but contented himself with "des maîtresses." He survived nearly twenty-three years, dying suddenly on the 25th of October, 1780. He directed that his remains and those of the Queen should be mingled together, and accordingly one side of each of the wooden coffins was withdrawn and the two bodies placed together in a stone sarcophagus.



IMITATIONS OF HORACE.

BOOK I. EPISTLE VII.

IMITATED IN THE MANNER OF DR. SWIFT.

- T**HIS true, my Lord, I gave my word,
 I would be with you, June the third;
 Changed it to August, and (in short)
 Have kept it—as you do at court.
 You humour me when I am sick,
 Why not when I am splenetic?
 In town, what objects could I meet?
 The shops shut up in every street,
 And funerals black'ning all the doors,
 And yet more melancholy whores: 10
 And what a dust in every place!
 And a thin court that wants your face,
 And fevers raging up and down,
 And W* and H* both in town!
 “The dog-days are no more the ease.” 15
 'Tis true, but winter comes apace:
 Then southward let your bard retire,
 Hold out some months 'twixt sun and fire,
 And you shall see, the first warm weather,
 Me and the butterflies together. 20
 My Lord, your favours well I know;
 'Tis with distinction you bestow;
 And not to every one that comes,
 Just as a Scotchman does his plums.
 “Pray take them, sir,—enough's a feast: 25
 Eat some, and pocket up the rest.”—
 What, rob your boys? those pretty rogues!
 “No, sir, you'll leave them to the hogs.”
 Thus fools with compliments besiege ye,
 Continuing never to oblige ye. 30

Scatter your favours on a fop,
 Ingratitude's the certain crop;
 And 'tis but just, I'll tell ye wherefore,
 You give the things you never care for.
 A wise man always is, or should 35
 Be mighty ready to do good;
 But makes a difference in his thought
 Betwixt a guinea and a groat.
 Now this I'll say, you'll find in me
 A safe companion, and a free; 40
 But if you'd have me always near—
 A word, pray, in your honour's ear.
 I hope it is your resolution
 To give me back my constitution!
 The sprightly wit, the lively eye, 45
 The engaging smile, the gaiety,
 That laugh'd down many a summer-sun,
 And kept you up so oft till one:
 And all that voluntary vein,
 As when *Belinda* raised my strain.¹ 50

¹ [This is an agreeable touch of egotism. The lively eye Pope certainly possessed; and his early gaiety of spirits must have been heightened by the "voluntary vein" of the *Rape of the Lock*, which established his reputation, and by the success of his *Homer*, which rendered him independent in his circumstances. Mr. Howles has an interesting note, comparing the succession of Pope's original productions with the progress of his mind and character. "In his earliest effusion—the 'Ode on Solitude'—all is rural quiet, innocence, content, &c. We next see in his *Pastorals* the golden age of happiness while the

'Shepherd lad leads forth his flock
 Beside the silver Thame.'

"His next step, *Windsor Forest*, exhibits the same rural turn, but with views more diversified and extended, and approaching more to the real history and concerns of life. The warm passions of youth succeed, and we are interested in the fate of the tender *Sappho*, or the ardent and unfortunate *Eloise*. As the world opens, local manners are displayed. In the *Rape of the Lock* we see the first playful effort of satire, without ill nature, at once gay, elegant and delightful:

'*Belinda* smiles, and all the world is gay.'

"The man of severer thought now appears in the *Essay on Man*. The same vein shows itself in the *Moral Essays*; but the investigation is directed to individual failings, and mingled with spleen and anger. In the later satires we witness the language of acrimony and bitterness. The *Dunciad* closes

- A weasel once made shift to slink
 In at a corn-loft through a chink;
 But having amply stuff'd his skin,
 Could not get out as he got in:
 Which one belonging to the house 55
 ('Twas not a man, it was a mouse)
 Observing, cried, "You 'scape not so,
 Lean as you came, sir, you must go."
 Sir, you may spare your application,
 I'm no such beast, nor his relation; 60
 Nor one that temperance advance,
 Cramm'd to the throat with ortolans:
 Extremely ready to resign
 All that may make me none of mine.
 South Sea subscriptions take who please, 65
 Leave me but liberty and ease.
 'Twas what I said to Craggs and Child,²
 Who praised my modesty, and smiled.
 Give me, I cried, (enough for me),
 My bread, and independency! 70
 So bought an annual rent or two,
 And lived—just as you see I do;
 Near fifty, and without a wife,
 I trust that sinking fund, my life.
 Can I retrench? Yes, mighty well, 75
 Shrink back to my paternal cell,
 A little house, with trees a-row,
 And, like its master, very low.
 There died my father, no man's debtor,
 And there I'll die, nor worse nor better. 80

the prospect, and we there behold the aged bard amid a swarm of enemies, who began his career all innocence, happiness, and smiles." The ingenious and poetical commentator omitted the reasoning and reflective vein, not unmingled with satire, which Pope had displayed in the Essay on Criticism, before he painted the charms of Belinda.]

"[Craggs the younger, and Sir Francis Child, the eminent banker, and M.P. for Middlesex, who died in 1740. Warburton says that Mr. Craggs gave the poet some South Sea subscriptions, but he was so indifferent about them as to neglect making any benefit of them. He used to say it was a satisfaction to him that he did not grow rich, as he might have done, by the public calamity." In fact, Pope, like Gay, lost by his South Sea speculations, but it is not stated to what extent. He says in one of his letters, that, after the failure of the scheme, he was left with half of what he imagined he had.]

To set this matter fall before ye,
 Our old friend Swift will tell his story.
 "Harley, the nation's great support,"—
 But you may read it,—I stop short.

BOOK II. SATIRE VI.

THE FIRST PART IMITATED IN THE YEAR 1714, BY DR. SWIFT; THE LATTER
 PART ADDED AFTERWARDS.

I'VE often wish'd that I had clear
 For life, six hundred pounds a-year,
 A handsome house, to lodge a friend;
 A river at my garden's end;
 A terrace-walk, and half a rood
 Of land, set out to plant a wood. 5
 Well, now I have all this and more,
 I ask not to increase my store;
 But here a grievance seems to lie,
 All this is mine, but till I die; 10
 I can't but think 'twould sound more clever,
 To me and to my heirs for ever.
 If I ne'er got or lost a groat,
 By any trick, or any fault;
 And if I pray by reason's rules, 15
 And not like forty other fools:
 As thus, "Vouchsafe, O gracious Maker!
 To grant me this and t'other acre:
 Or, if it be thy will, and pleasure,
 Direct my plough to find a treasure:" 20
 But only what my station fits,
 And to be kept in my right wits.
 Preserve, Almighty Providence!
 Just what you gave me, competence:
 And let me in these shades compose 25
 Something in verse as true as prose:
 Removed from all the ambitious scene,
 Nor puff'd by pride, nor sunk by spleen.

In short, I'm perfectly content,
 Let me but live on this side Trent;³ 30
 Nor cross the Channel twice a year,
 To spend six months with statesmen here.

I must, by all means, come to town,
 'Tis for the service of the crown.
 "Lewis, the dean will be of use,
 Send for him up; take no excuse," 35
 The toil, the danger of the seas:
 Great ministers ne'er think of these;
 Or let it cost five hundred pound,
 No matter where the money's found: 40
 It is but so much more in debt,
 And that they ne'er considered yet.

"Good Mr. Dean, go change your gown,
 Let my lord know you're come to town."
 I hurry me in haste away, 45
 Not thinking it is lovee-day;
 And find his honour in a pound,
 Hemm'd by a triple circle round,
 Chequered with ribands blue and green:
 How should I thrust myself between? 50
 Some wag observes me thus perplex'd,
 And smiling, whispers to the next,
 "I thought the Dean had been too proud
 To jostle here among a crowd."
 Another, in a surly fit, 55
 Tells me I have more zeal than wit:
 "So eager to express your love,
 You ne'er consider whom you shove;
 But rudely press before a duke."
 I own, I'm pleased with this rebuke. 60

³ [Swift always considered his preferment to the Deanery of St. Patrick's as a banishment. Various references to this occur in his correspondence in Scott's edition of his works. In the Additional MSS. British Museum, are two letters addressed by Swift in 1709, to the Earl of Halifax, entreating for preferment, and specifying particularly the reversion of the South's prebend at Westminster. If this reversion could not be compassed, he was anxious to be named for the bishopric of Cork. (See "Letters of Eminent Literary Men," by Sir H. Ellis, Camden Soc. 1843.) Lord Orcey's conjecture is no doubt, the true one. Swift's English friends wished him promoted at a distance, not in England, where his intractable spirit and eccentric movements might have occasioned uneasiness and trouble.]

And take it kindly meant to show,
What I desire the world should know.

I get a whisper, and withdraw;
When twenty fools, I never saw,
Come, with petitions fairly penn'd,
Desiring I would stand their friend. 55

This, humbly offers me his case—
That, begs my interest for a place—
A hundred other men's affairs,
Like bees, are humming in my ears. 70

"To-morrow my appeal comes on,
Without your help the cause is gone:"
The duke expects my lord and you,
About some great affair, at two—

"Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind,
To get my warrant quickly sign'd:
Consider, 'tis my first request."

Be satisfied, I'll do my best:
Then presently he falls to tease,
"You may for certain, if you please;
I doubt not, if his lordship knew— 80

And, Mr. Dean, one word from you"—
'Tis (let me see) three years and more,
(October next it will be four),
Since Harley bid me first attend. 85

And chose me for an humble friend;
Would take me in his coach to chat,
And question me of this and that:
As, "What's o'clock?" and, "How's the wind?"

"Whose chariot's that we left behind?" 90
Or gravely try to read the lines,
Writ underneath the country-signs:
Or, "Have you nothing new to-day

From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay?"
Such rattle often entertains 95
My lord and me as far as Staines,

As once a-week we travel down
To Windsor, and again to town,
Where all that passes, *inter nos*,
Might be proclaimed at Charing-cross. 100

Yet some I know with envy swell,
Because they see me used so well:

"How think you of our friend the dean?
 I wonder what some people mean;
 My lord and he are grown so great,
 Always together *ôte-à-ôte*. 105
 What, they admire him for his jokes—
 See but the fortune of some folks!"
 There flies about a strange report,
 Of some express arrived at court;
 I'm stopp'd by all the fools I meet,
 And catechised in every street.
 "You, Mr. Dean, frequent the great;
 Inform us, will the Emperor treat?
 Or do the prints and papers lie?" 115
 Faith, sir, you know as much I.
 "Ah, doctor, how you love to jest.
 'Tis now no secret."—I protest
 'Tis one to me—"Then, tell us, pray,
 When are the troops to have their pay?" 120
 And, though I solemnly declare—
 I know no more than my Lord Mayor;
 They stand amazed, and think me grown
 The closest mortal ever known.
 Thus in a sea of folly toss'd, 125
 My choicest hours of life are lost;
 Yet always wishing to retreat,
 Oh, could I see my country-seat!
 There, leaning near a gentle brook,
 Sleep, or peruse some ancient book. 130
 And there, in sweet oblivion drown
 Those cares that haunt the court and town.
 O charming noons! and nights divine!
 Or when I sup, or when I dine:
 My friends above, my folks below, 135
 Chattering and laughing all a-row:
 The beams and bacon set before 'em,
 The grace-cup served with all decorum:
 Each willing to be pleased, and please,
 And e'en the very dogs at ease! 140
 Here no man prates of idle things,
 How this or that Italian sings,
 A neighbour's madness, or his spouse's,
 Or what's in either of the Houses:

- But something much more our concern,
 And quite a scandal not to learn:
 Which is the happier, or the wiser,
 A man of merit, or a miser?
 Whether we ought to choose our friends
 For their own worth, or our own ends? 145
 What good, or better, we may call,
 And what, the very best of all?
 Our friend Dan Prior told (you know)
 A tale extremely *à propos*;^{*}
 Name a town-life, and in a trice, 155
 He had a story of two mice.
 Once on a time (so runs the fable)
 A country mouse, right hospitable,
 Received a town mouse at his board,
 Just as a farmer might a lord. 160
 A frugal mouse upon the whole,
 Yet loved his friend, and had a soul,
 Knew what was handsome, and would do't,
 On just occasion, *coute qui coute*,
 He brought him bacon (nothing lean), 165
 Padding that might have pleased a dean;
 Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,
 But wish'd it Stilton for his sake;
 Yet, to his guest though no way sparing,
 He ate himself the rind and paring. 170
 Our courtier scarce would touch a bit,
 But show'd his breeding and his wit;
 He did his best to seem to eat,
 And cried, "I vow you're mighty neat.
 But Lord! my friend, this savage seemed 175
 For God's sake come and live with men:
 Consider mice, like men, must die,
 Both small and great, both you and I:

* [Prior has several little apologues on mice. His first work was the City and Country Mouse, a parody on Dryden's Hind and Panther, by Prior and Montagu (afterwards Lord Halifax). Pope's silence as to Montagu's share in the satire, seems to countenance the observation of Lord Peterborough, who, being asked if Montagu did not write the Country Mouse with Prior, replied, "Yes, just as if I was in a chaise, with Mr. Chesebden here, drawn by his fine horse, and should say, 'Lord, how finely we draw this chaise.'"]

Then spend your life in joy and sport,
(This doctrine, friend, I learn'd at court)." 180

The veriest hermit in the nation
May yield, God knows, to strong temptation:
Away they come, through thick and thin,
To a tall house near Lincoln's-inn;
('Twas on the night of a debate,) 185
When all their Lordships had sat late.



"A RAT, A RAT! CLAP TO THE DOOR!"

Behold the place, where if a poet
Shined in description, he might show it;
Tell how the moonbeam trembling falls,
And tips with silver all the walls; 190
Pa'dian walls, Venetian doors,
Grottesco roofs, and stucco floors:
But let it (in a word) be said,
The moon was up, and men a-bed,
The napkins white, the carpet red: 195

The guests withdrawn had left the treat,
And down the mice sat *tête-à-tête*.

Our courtier walks from dish to dish,
Tastes for his friend of fowl and fish;
Tells all their names, lays down the law, 200
" *Que ça est bon! Ah goûtez ça!*

That jelly's rich, this malmsey healing,
Pray dip your whiskers and your tail in."
Was ever such a happy swain?
He stuffs, and swills, and stuffs again. 205

"I'm quite ashamed—'tis mighty rude
To eat so much—but all's so good.
I have a thousand thanks to give—
My lord alone knows how to live."

No sooner said, but from the hall
Rush chaplain, butler, dogs, and all: 210
"A rat, a rat! clap to the door"—
The cat comes bounding on the floor.

O for the heart of Homer's mice,
Or gods to save them in a trice! 215
(It was by Providence they think,
For your damn'd stucco has no chink.)

"An't please your honour," quoth the peasant,
"This same dessert is not so pleasant:
Give me again my hollow tree, 220
A crust of bread, and liberty!"

BOOK IV. ODE I.

TO VENUS.

AGAIN? new tumults in my breast?
Ah spare me, Venus! let me, let me rest!
I am not now, alas! the man

As in the gentle reign of my Queen Anne.
Ah, sound no more thy soft alarms,
Nor circle sober fifty with thy charms.

Mother too fierce of dear desires!

Turn, turn to willing hearts your wanton fires.
To Number Five direct your doves,

There spread round Murray all your blooming loves;⁵
Noble and young, who strike the heart

With every sprightly, every decent part;
Equal, the injured to defend,

To charm the mistress, or to fix the friend.
He, with a hundred arts refined,

Shall stretch thy conquests over half the kind:
To him each rival shall submit,

Make but his riches equal to his wit.
Then shall thy form the marble grace
(Thy Grecian form), and Chloe lend the face:

His house, embosom'd in the grove,
Sacred to social life and social love,

Shall glitter o'er the pendant green,
Where Thames reflects the visionary scene:

Thither, the silver-sounding lyres
Shall call the smiling loves, and young desires:
There, every Grace and Muse shall throng,

Exalt the dance, or animate the song;
There youths and nymphs, in consort gay,

Shall hail the rising, close the parting day.
With me, alas! those joys are o'er:

For me the vernal garlands bloom no more.
Adieu! fond hope of mutual fire,

The still-believing, still-renew'd desire;
Adieu! the heart-expanding bowl,

And all the kind deceivers of the soul!
But why? ah tell me, ah too dear!

Steals down my cheek the involuntary tear?
Why words so flowing, thoughts so free,

Stop, or turn nonsense, at one glance of thee?
Thee, dropp'd in Fancy's airy beam,

Absent I follow through the extended dream;
Now, now I seize, I clasp thy charms,

And now you burst (ah cruel!) from my arms,

⁵ [Murray's chambers were at this time in King's Bench Walks, No. 5.]

And swiftly shoot along the Mall,
Or softly glide by the canal,
Now shown by Cynthia's silver ray,
And now on rolling waters snatch'd away.

PART OF THE NINTH ODE OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

LEST you should think that verse shall die,
Which sounds the silver Thames along,
Taught on the wings of Truth to fly
Above the reach of vulgar song;

Though daring Milton sits sublime,
In Spenser native muses play;
Nor yet shall Waller yield to time,
Nor pensive Cowley's moral lay.

Sages and chiefs long since had birth,
Ere Cæsar was, or Newton named;
These raised new empires o'er the earth;
And those, new heavens and systems framed.

Vain was the chief's, the sage's pride!
They had no poet, and they died.
In vain they schemed, in vain they bled!
They had no poet, and are dead.

ON RECEIVING FROM THE
 RIGHT HON. THE LADY FRANCES SHIRLEY
 A STANDISH AND TWO PENS.

[Warburton states that the poet was threatened with a prosecution in the House of Lords for the Epilogue to the Satires. In great resentment, he began a *Third Dialogue*, more severe and sublime than the first and second, which, becoming known, led to a compromise. The prosecution was dropped, and the poet agreed to leave the *Third Dialogue* unfinished and suppressed. "This affair," adds Warburton, "occasioned this little beautiful poem, to which it alludes throughout, but more especially in the four last stanzas." Lady Frances Shirley was a daughter of Earl Ferrers, who had at that time a house at Twickenham. She died unmarried in 1769.]

YES, I beheld the Athenian queen—
 Descend in all her sober charms;
 "And take" (she said, and smiled serene),
 "Take at this hand celestial arms:

Secure the radiant weapons wield;
 This golden lance shall guard desert,
 And if a vice dares keep the field,
 This steel shall stab it to the heart."

Awed, on my bended knees I fell,
 Received the weapons of the sky;
 And dipped them in the sable well,
 The fount of fame or infamy.

"What well? what weapon?" (Flavia cries)
 "A standish, steel and golden pen!
 It came from Bertrand's,* not the skies;
 I gave it you to write again.

* [Bertrand's was a toy-shop at Bath.]

But, friend, take heed whom you attack;
 You'll bring a house (I mean of peers),
 Red, blue, and green, nay white and black;
 L—— and all about your ears.²

You'd write as smooth again on glass,
 And run, on ivory, so glib,
 As not to stick at fool or ass,
 Nor stop at flattery or fib.

Athenian queen! and sober charms!
 I tell ye, fool, there's nothing in't:
 'Tis Venus, Venus gives these arms;
 In Dryden's Virgil see the print.

Come, if you'll be a quiet soul,
 That dares tell neither truth nor lies,
 I'll list you in the harmless roll,
 Of those that sing of these poor eyes."³

² [Lambeth would seem to be here meant. In the Epilogue to the Satires, Dial. I. ver. 120, Pope had hazarded an allusion to a scandal, that the Archbishop of Canterbury had "pocketed" the will of George I. Walpole, however, states that the Archbishop produced the will, and that George II. carried it off. Pope's frequent satires on the Court prelates must have given great offence, and Lord Hervey alludes to the cabals and combinations of the bishops about this time, to oppose and influence the transactions of Parliament.]

³ [One that sang of Lady Frances Shirley was Chesterfield—

"When Fanny, blooming fair,
 First met my ravish'd sight,
 Struck with her shape and air,
 I gazed with strange delight."

Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, in one of his light satires, alludes to the intimacy between Chesterfield and Fanny, and—

"That eternal whisper, which began
 Ten years ago, and never will be done."

1740.

A FRAGMENT OF A POEM.

[This fragment was first published by Warton, who received it from Dr. Wilson, Fellow and Librarian of Trinity College, Dublin. Dr. Wilson informed Warton that he transcribed it from a rough draft in *Pope's own hand*, obtained from a grandson of Lord Chetwynd, the friend of Bolingbroke. Mr. Bowles concluded that this poem was the beginning of the satire alluded to by Warburton—the unfinished and suppressed *Third Dialogue*. The piece has certainly no marks of the *sublimity* which Warburton mentions, and possesses only one good line, that supposed to allude to Paltency,—

"He foams a patriot to subside a peer."

And Paltency, it should be recollected, was not created a peer until two years after the date prefixed to this poem. The "patriot race" were much divided in 1740, and Pope, in his letters, appears to have been very desponding as to the future prospects of his country. Marchmont and Bolingbroke indulged in the same exaggerated strain; yet we cannot believe that the poet would have satirised the friends with whom he was in constant intercourse, or that even the first draft of any of his satires would have been so bald and disjointed as this fragment.]

O WRETCHED B——! ¹ jealous now of all,
 What God, what mortal, shall prevent thy fall?
 Tarn, turn thy eyes from wicked men in place,
 And see what succour from the patriot race.
 C——, ² his own proud dupe, thinks monarchs things
 Made just for him, as other fools for kings;
 Controls, decides, insults thee every hour,
 And antedates the hatred due to power.

¹ Britain. In the explanatory names here subjoined, we need hardly say that in many instances no certainty can be attained.

² Mr. Bowles supposed Cobham to be here meant; but Cobham is afterwards alluded to in obvious connection with Gower and Bathurst, and the Lord of Stowe was not important enough to justify this severe censure. Probably *Campbell* should be the name, meaning John, Duke of Argyll, conspicuous, proud, and selfish *patriot* of the day; or Lord *Cheshbrough*, son-in-law of Sir Robert Walpole, who was Master of the Horse to the Prince of Wales, and afterwards Lord Privy Seal.

Through clouds of passion P——'s³ views are clear,
 He foams a patriot to subside a peer; 10
 Impatient sees his country bought and sold,
 And damns the market where he takes no gold.

Grave, righteous S——⁴ jogs on till, past belief,
 He finds himself companion with a thief.
 To purge and let thee bleed, with fire and sword, 15
 Is all the help stern S——⁵ would afford.

That those who bind and rob thee, would not kill,
 Good C——⁶ hopes, and candidly sits still.
 Of Ch——s W——⁷ who speaks at all,
 No more than of Sir Harry⁸ or Sir P——⁹ 20
 Whose names once up, they thought it was not wrong
 To lie in bed, but sure they lay too long.

G——r,¹⁰ C——m,¹¹ B——t,¹² pay thee due regards,
 Unless the ladies bid them mind their cards.

with wit that must

And C——d¹³ who speaks so well and writes, 25
 Whom (saying W.) every S. harper bites.

must needs

Whose wit and equally provoke one,
 Finds thee, at best, the butt to crack his joke on.

³ Pittman, created Earl of Bath in June, 1742. His political versatility, and his personal avarice, are both touched upon in this passage.

⁴ Sandys. Afterwards Lord Sandys, and Speaker of the House of Lords.

⁵ Shippen. "Honest Will Shippen," the Jacobite member of the House of Commons.

⁶ Cornbury. Viscount Cornbury, son of the second Lord Clarendon, satirised by Pope in his *Imitations of Horace*, vol. 1, ep. VI.

⁷ Charles Williams. Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, the lively political rhymester and diplomatist, who was then M.P. for Monmouth, is supposed by Mr. Bowles to be here meant; but Williams was a friend of Walpole, and was selected by Sir Robert as Envoy to Naples, in 1737. For this reason, and as the line, with Williams's name, is defective, perhaps two names were intended—as *Chetynad* and *Winchelsea*. Errors may have been made in copying the rough draft of the poem.

⁸ ⁹ Sir Henry Oxenden and Sir Paul Methuen. Sir Paul had been Treasurer of the Household, which office he resigned in disgust, at not being made one of the Secretaries of State, in 1729.

¹⁰ ¹¹ ¹² Lords Gower, Cobham, and Bathurst.

¹³ Philip, Lord Chesterfield. The "W" in the next line is perhaps intended for *Walter*, the notorious Peter Walter, who hit Lord Rivers, and many other noblemen.

As for the rest, each winter up they run,
 And all are clear, that something must be done. 30
 Then, urged by C——¹³, or by C——t stopp'd,
 Inflamed by P——¹⁴, and by P—— dropp'd;
 They follow reverently each wondrous wight,
 Amazed that one can read, that one can write:
 So geese to gander prone obedience keep, 35
 Hiss, if he hiss, and if he slumber, sleep.
 Till having done whate'er was fit or fine,
 Utter'd a speech, and ask'd their friends to dine;
 Each hurries back to his paternal ground,
 Content but for five shillings in the pound; 40
 Yearly defeated, yearly hopes they give.
 And all agree, Sir Robert cannot live.
 Rise, rise, great W——¹⁵, fated to appear,
 Spite of thyself, a glorious minister!
 Speak the loud language princes 45
 And treat with half the
 At length to B——¹⁷ kind, as to thy
 Espouse the nation, you
 What can thy H——¹⁸
 Dress in Dutch 50
 Though still he travels on no bad pretence,
 To show
 Or those foul copies of thy face and tongue,
 Veracious W——¹⁹ and frontless Young;²⁰
 Sagacious Bub,²¹ so late a friend, and there 55
 So late a foe, yet more sagacious H——²²

¹³ Carteret, afterwards Earl Granville. At this time Lord Carteret and Talbot were much distrusted by the other "patriots."

¹⁴ Philteux.

¹⁵ Sir Robert Walpole.

¹⁷ Britain.

¹⁸ Horace Walpole, the brother of Sir Robert. He had been Secretary to Earl Stanhope, in Spain, Secretary to the Treasury, and Ambassador in Holland and France, &c.

¹⁹ Winnington. He was successively Lord of the Admiralty, Lord of the Treasury, and Paymaster of the Forces. Though an inconsistent politician, he is represented as having been one of the most able of men.

²⁰ Sir William Yonge (for so he spelt the name), Secretary at War.

²¹ Bub Dodington, Lord Melcombe.

²² Francis Hare, Bishop of Chichester, who died in the year assigned to this fragment, 1740.

Hervey and Hervey's school, F—, H—y, H—n,²³
 Yea, moral Ebor, or religious Winton.²⁴

How! what can O—w,²⁵ what can D—,²⁶
 The wisdom of the one and other chair, 60
 N—, laugh, or D—'s²⁷ sager,

Or thy dread truncheon, M.'s mighty peer²⁸
 What help from J—'s²⁹ opiates canst thou draw,
 Or H—k's quibbles voted into law³⁰

C., that Roman in his nose alone,³¹ 65
 Who hears all causes, B—,³² but thy own.
 Or those proud fools whom nature, rank, and fate
 Made fit companions for the sword of state.

Can the light packhorse, or the heavy steer,
 The sowing prelate, or the sweating peer, 70
 Drag out, with all its dirt and all its weight,
 The lumbering carriage of thy broken state?

Alas! the people curse, the carman swears,
 The drivers quarrel, and the master stares.

The plague is on thee, Britain, and who tries 75
 To save thee, in the infectious office, dies.

²³ Fox, Henley, Hinton.

²⁴ The Archbishop of York, and Bishop of Winchester, Blackburn and Hoadley.

²⁵ ²⁶ Arthur Onslow, Speaker of the House of Commons, and Lord Belzware, Chairman of Committees in the House of Lords.

²⁷ Duke of Newcastle.

²⁸ Lionel, first Duke of Dorset. He had been Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and conciliated the favour and regard of Swift. Read *Dorset's sager* *in* *car*.

²⁹ Duke of Marlborough. A sarcastic allusion to the second Duke, formerly Lord Sunderland.

³⁰ Probably Sir Joseph Jekyll, though Jekyll died in 1733.

³¹ Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, elevated to the woolsack in 1734.

³² Sir John Cummins, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, or Compton, Lord Wilmington, President of the Council. Compton died in 1743, and Pope wrote to Lord Marchmont, strongly condemning the useless life of the deceased nobleman. "Three hundred thousand pounds, the sum total of his life, without one worthy deed, public or private! His titles only must be his epitaph, and there can be nothing on his monument remarkable, except his nose, which, I hope, the statuary will do justice to." Lord Hervey also alludes to Compton's prominent feature, calling him "Privy Nose."

³³ Britain.

The first firm P——y,³⁴ soon resign'd his breath.
 Brave S——w³⁵ loved thee, and was li'd to death.
 Good M——t's fate tore P——th from thy side,³⁶
 And thy last sigh was heard, when W——m died.³⁷ 80
 Thy nobles sl—s, thy se—s bought with gold,³⁸
 Thy clergy perjured, thy whole people sold.
 An atheist & a $\oplus$'s ed
 Blotch thee all o'er, and sink
 Alas! on one alone our all relies,³⁹ 85
 Let him be honest, and he must be wise;
 Let him no trifter from his school,
 Nor like his still a
 Be but a man! unminister'd, alone,
 And free at once the senate and the throne; 90
 Esteem the public love his best supply,
 A $\oplus$'s true glory his integrity;
 Rich with his in his . . . strong,
 Affect no conquest, but endure no wrong.
 Whatever his religion or his blood, 95
 His public virtue makes his title good.
 Europe's just balance and our own may stand,
 And one man's honesty redeem the land.

³⁴ Talency.

³⁵ Lord Scarborough. Pope generally spelt Scarborough and Peterborough with a *u*, instead of *ugh*.

³⁶ The Earl of Marchmont, who died in January, 1740, when his son, Hugh, Lord Polwarth, succeeded to the earldom.

³⁷ Sir William Wyndham died in June, 1740.

³⁸ Thy nobles slaves, thy senates bought, &c.

³⁹ The one on whom all relied was probably Frederick, Prince of Wales, with whom Pope was then on terms of intimacy. If the poem is of Jacobite origin, the Chevalier St. George, the Pretender, must have been meant. Mr. Bowles restores the passage as follows:—

"Alas! on one alone our all relies,
 Let him be honest, and he must be wise;
 Let him no trifter from his father's school,
 Nor, like his father's father, still a fool.
 Be but a man! unminister'd, alone,
 And free at once the Senate and the Throne."

MISCELLANIES.

ARGUS.

WHEN wise Ulysses, from his native coast
 Long kept by wars, and long by tempests toss'd,
 Arrived at last, poor, old, disguised, alone,
 To all his friends and even his queen unknown;
 Changed as he was, with age, and toils, and cares,
 Furrow'd his reverend face, and white his hairs, 5
 In his own palace forced to ask his bread,
 Scorn'd by those slaves his former bounty fed,
 Forgot of all his own domestic crew;
 The faithful dog alone his rightful master knew!
 Unfed, unhoused, neglected, on the clay, 10
 Like an old servant, now cashier'd, he lay;
 Touch'd with resentment of ungrateful man,
 And longing to behold his ancient lord again.
 Him when he saw—he rose, and crawl'd to meet,
 ('Twas all he could) and fawn'd, and kiss'd his feet, 15
 Seized with dumb joy—then falling by his side,
 Own'd his returning lord, look'd up, and died!

[The above was sent by Pope to H. Cromwell, in a letter dated Oct. 10, 1709, containing a very interesting panegyric upon dogs. "Histories," he says, "are more full of examples of the fidelity of dogs than of friends, but I will not insist upon many of them, because it is possible some may be almost as fabulous as those of Pyriades and Orestes, &c. I will only say for the honour of dogs, that the two most ancient and estimable books, sacred and profane, extant, (viz. the Scripture and Homer,) have shown a particular regard to these animals. That of Toby is the more remarkable, because there seemed no manner of reason to take notice of the dog, besides the great humanity of the author. Homer's account of Ulysses's dog, Argus, is the most pathetic imaginable, all the circumstances considered, and an excellent proof of the old bard's good nature. Ulysses had left him at Ithaca when he embarked for Troy, and found him at his return after twenty years (which, by the way, is not unnatural, as some critics have said, since I remember, the dam of my

dog was twenty-two years old when she died. May the omen of longevity prove fortunate to her successors! Plutarch, relating how the Athenians were obliged to abandon Athens in the time of Themistocles, steps back again out of the way of his history, purely to describe the lamentable cries and howlings of the poor dogs they left behind. He makes mention of one that followed his master across the sea to Salamis, where he died, and was honoured with a tomb by the Athenians, who gave the name of the Dogs Grave to that part of the island where he was buried. This respect to a dog, in the most polite people of the world, is very observable. A modern instance of gratitude to a dog (though we have but few such) is, that the chief order of Denmark (now injuriously called the order of the elephant) was instituted in memory of the fidelity of a dog, named Wildbrat, to one of their kings who had been deserted by his subjects. He gave his order this motto, or to this effect (which still remains), "Wild-brat was faithful." Sir William Trumbull has told me a story, which he heard from one that was present. King Charles I. being with some of his Court, during his troubles, a discourse arose what sort of dogs deserved pre-eminence, and it being on all hands agreed to belong either to the spaniel or greyhound, the King gave his opinion on the part of the greyhound, because (said he) it has all the good nature of the other without the fawning. A good piece of satire upon his courtiers, with which I will conclude my discourse on dogs."

IMPROMPTU TO LADY WINCHELSEA.

OCASIONED BY FOUR SATURNAL VERSES ON WOMEN WIT, DOTTED TALES OF
THE LOCK.

IN vain you boast poetic names of yore,
And cite those Sapphos we admire no more:
Fate doom'd the fall of every female wit;
But doom'd it then, when first Ardelia writ.
Of all examples by the world confess'd, 5
I knew Ardelia could not quote the best;
Who like her mistress on Britannia's throne
Fights and subdues in quarrels not her own.
To write their praise you but in vain essay;
E'en while you write you take that praise away: 10
Light to the stars the sun does thus restore,
But shines himself till they are seen no more.

EPILOGUE TO MR. ROWE'S JANE SHORE.

DESIGNED FOR MRS. OLLIFFELD.

PRODIGIOUS this! the frail one of our play
 From her own sex should mercy find to-day!
 You might have held the pretty head aside,
 Peep'd in your fans, been serious thus, and cried,
 The play may pass—but that strange creature Shore, 5
 I can't—indeed now—I so hate a whore—
 Just as a blockhead rubs his thoughtless skull,
 And thanks his stars he was not born a fool;
 So from a sister-sinner you shall hear,
 "How strangely you expose yourself, my dear!" 10
 But let me die, all railery apart,
 Our sex are still forgiving at their heart;
 And, did not wicked customs so contrive,
 We'd be the best good-natured things alive.
 There are, 'tis true, who tell another tale, 15
 That virtuous ladies envy while they rail;
 Such rage without betrays the fire within;
 In some close corner of the soul they sin;
 Still hoarding up, most scandalously nice,
 Amidst their virtues, a reserve of vice. 20
 The godly dame, who fleshly failings damns,
 Scolds with her maids, or with her chaplain grams.
 Would you enjoy soft nights and solid dinners?
 Faith, gallants, board with saints, and bed with sinners.
 Well, if our author in the wife offends, 25
 He has a husband that will make amends:
 He draws him gentle, tender, and forgiving;
 And sure such kind good creatures may be living.
 In days of old, they pardon'd breach of vows,
 Stern Cato's self was no relentless spouse: 30
 Plu—Plutarch, what's his name that writes his life?
 Tells us, that Cato dearly loved his wife:
 Yet, if a friend a night or so should need her,
 He'd recommend her as a special breeder.
 To lend a wife, few here would scruple make: 35
 But, pray, which of you all would take her back?

Though with the Stoic chief our stage may ring,
 The Stoic husband was the glorious thing.
 The man had courage, was a sage, 'tis true,
 And loved his country—but what's that to you? 40
 Those strange examples ne'er were made to fit ye,
 But the kind cuckold might instruct the city:
 There, many an honest man may copy Cato,
 Who ne'er saw naked sword, or look'd in Plato.
 If, after all, you think it a disgrace, 45
 That Edward's miss thus perks it in your face;
 To see a piece of failing flesh and blood,
 In all the rest so impudently good;
 Faith, let the modest matrons of the town
 Come here in crowds, and stare the strumpet down. 50

PROLOGUE TO THE THREE HOURS AFTER MARRIAGE.

[Brought on the stage, and condemn'd, the first night, 1716.]

A UTHORS are judged by strange capricious rules;
 The great ones are thought mad, the small ones fools:
 Yet sure the best are most severely fated.
 For fools are only laugh'd at, wits are hated.
 Blockheads with reason men of sense abhor, 5
 But fools 'gainst fools is barbarous civil war.
 Why on all authors then should critics fall?
 Since some have writ, and shown no wit at all.
 Condemn a play of theirs, and they evade it,
 Cry, "Damn not us, but damn the French who made it." 10
 By running goods, these graceless owlers gain;
 These are the rules of France, the plots of Spain:
 But wit, like wine, from happier climates brought,
 Dash'd by these rogues, turns English common draught.
 They pall Molière's and Lopez' sprightly strain, 15
 And teach dull badlequins to grin in vain.
 How shall our author hope a gentler fate;
 Who dares most impudently not translate?
 It had been civil in these ticklish times,
 To fetch his fools and knaves from foreign climes, 20

Spaniards and French abuse to the world's end,
 But spare old England, lest you hurt a friend.
 If any fool is by our satire bit,
 Let him hiss loud, to show you all, he's bit.
 Poets make characters, as salesmen clothes, 25
 We take no measure of your fops and beaus,
 But here all sizes and all shapes you meet,
 And fit yourselves, like chaps in Monmouth-street.
 Gallants! look here, this Fools-cap¹ has an air,
 Goodly and smart, with ears of Issachar. 30
 Let no one fool engross it, or confine,
 A common blessing! now 'tis yours, now mine.
 But poets in all ages had the care
 To keep this cap, for such as will, to wear,
 Our author has it now, (for every wit 35
 Of course resign'd it to the next that writ:)
 And thus upon the stage 'tis fairly² thrown;
 Let him that takes it, wear it as his own.

PROLOGUE DESIGNED FOR MR. D'URFEY'S LAST
 PLAY³

CROWN old in rhyme, 'twere barbarous to discard
 Your persevering, unexhausted bard:
 Damnation follows death in other men,
 But your damn'd poet lives, and writes again.
 The adventurous lover is successful still, 5
 Who strives to please the fair against her will:
 Be kind, and make him in his wishes easy,
 Who in your own despite has strove to please ye.
 He scorn'd to borrow from the wits of yore;
 But ever writ, as none e'er writ before. 10
 You modern wits, should each man bring his chain,
 Have desperate debentures on your fame;
 And little would be left you, I'm afraid,
 If all your debts to Greece and Rome were paid.

¹ Shows a cap with ears.

² Throws down the cap, and exit.

³ [Tom D'Urfey died in 1723.]

From his deep fund our Author largely draws; 15
 Nor sinks his credit lower than it was.
 Though plays for honour in old time he made,
 'Tis now for better reasons—to be paid.
 Believe him, he has known the world too long,
 And seen the death of much immortal song. 20
 He says, poor poets lost, while players won.
 As pimps grow rich, while gallants are undone.
 Though Tom the poet writ with ease and pleasure,
 The comic Tom abounds in other treasure.
 Fame is at best an unperforming cheat; 25
 But 'tis substantial happiness to eat.
 Let ease, his last request, be of your giving,
 Nor force him to be damn'd to get his living.

PROLOGUE TO THOMSON'S SOPHONISBA.

[Dr. Johnson, in his *Life of Pope*, says, "I have been told by Savage, that of the Prologue to *Sophonisba*, the first part was written by Pope, who could not be persuaded to finish it, and that the concluding lines were added by Millet."]—

WHEN learning, after the long Gothic night,
 Fair o'er the western world, renew'd its light,
 With arts arising *Sophonisba* rose;
 The Tragic Muse, returning wept her woes.
 With her the Italian scene first learn'd to glow, 5
 And the first tears for her were taught to flow:
 Her charms the Gallic Muses next inspired;
 Corneille himself saw, wonder'd, and was fired.
 What foreign theatres with pride have shown,
 Britain, by juster title, makes her own. 10
 When freedom is the cause, 'tis hers to fight,
 And hers, when freedom is the theme, to write.
 For this a British author bids again
 The heroine rise to grace the British scene:
 Here, as in life, she breathes her genuine flame, 15
 She asks, what bosom has not felt the same?
 Asks of the British youth—is silence there?
 She dares to ask it of the British fair.

To-night our homespun author would be true
 At once to nature, history, and you. 20
 Well pleased to give our neighbours due applause,
 He owns their learning, but disdains their laws,
 Not to his patient touch, or happy flame,
 'Tis to his British heart he trusts for fame.
 If France excel him in one freeborn thought. 25
 The man, as well as poet, is in fault.
 Nature! informer of the poet's art,
 Whose force alone can raise or melt the heart,
 Thou art his guide; each passion, every line.
 Whatever he draws to please, must all be thine. 30
 Be thou his judge: in every candid breast
 Thy silent whisper is the sacred test.

OCCASIONED BY SOME VERSES OF HIS GRACE THE
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

MUSE, 'tis enough: at length thy labour ends,
 And thou shalt live, for Buckingham commends.
 Let crowds of critics now my verse assail,
 Let Dennis write, and nameless numbers rail:
 This more than pays whole years of thankless pain, 5
 Time, health, and fortune, are not lost in vain.
 Sheffield approves, consenting Phœbus bends,
 And I and Malice from this hour are friends.

[The lines by Buckingham compliment Pope on his *Iliad*, and also on his worth as a companion and friend. For a notice of Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, by Pope, see *Essay on Criticism*, vol. ii. p. 214. This nobleman lived in great state in Buckingham House, St. James's Park. He built the mansion in 1703, and in a letter to the Duke of Shrewsbury describes minutely his fine gardens, noble terrace, park, and canal, with its magnificent apartments, pictures, sculpture, and other decorations. He dwells with pleasure on the avenues to the house along St. James's Park "through rows of goodly elms on one hand, and gay flourishing limes on the other," and on his book-closet at the end of the green-house, under the windows of which was a little wilderness, full of blackbirds and nightingales. Pope said the stately mansion was a country house in the summer, and a town house in the winter. Buckingham House, it is well known, was purchased by George

III., and taken down by George IV. in 1825 to make way for the present royal palace.]



OLD BUCKINGHAM HOUSE.

MACER: A CHARACTER.

WHEN simple Macer, now of high renown,
 First sought a poor's fortune in the town,
 'Twas all the ambition his high soul could feel,
 To wear red stockings, and to dine with Steele.
 Some ends of verse his betters might afford,
 And gave the harmless fellow a good word.
 Set up with these, he ventured on the town,
 And with a borrow'd play, outdid poor Crowne.
 There he stopp'd short, nor since has writ a line,
 But has the wit to make the most of little:
 Like stunted hide-bound trees, that just have got
 Sufficient sap at once to bear and rot.
 Now he begs verse, and what he gets commends,
 Not of the wits his foes, but fools his friends.

So some coarse country wench, almost decay'd, 15
 Trudges to town, and first turns chambermaid;
 Awkward and supple, each devoir to pay;
 She flatters her good lady twice a day;
 Thought wondrous honest, though of mean degree,
 And strangely liked for her simplicity: 20
 In a translated suit, then tries the town,
 With borrow'd pins, and patches not her own:
 But just endured the winter she began,
 And in four months a batter'd haridan,
 Now nothing left, but wither'd, pale, and shrunk, 25
 To bawd for others, and go shares with Punk.

[When first published in the Miscellanies the piece had the following note attached.—"He requested, by public advertisements, the aid of the ingenious to make up a Miscellany in 1713." Ambrose Philips seems to be the person alluded to. On the accession of George I., when the Whigs obtained power, Philips was put into the commission of the peace, and appointed a Commissioner of the Lottery. He afterwards went to Ireland with Dr. Boulter, Primate of Ireland, and was made Registrar of the Prerogative Court at Dublin. The "borrowed play" was the "Distress'd Mother," from Racine, which was highly successful. The allusion to "simplicity" is no doubt intended to refer to Philips's Pastorals, and that to the "translated suit" to his Persian Tales, translated for Tonson. The next piece, "Umbrā," refers also to Philips, or to James Moore Smythe, the "phantom Moore" of the Dandied. As Philips was a regular frequenter of Button's Coffee-house, and intimate with Steele, Addison, Tickell, &c., he was most likely the party.]

UMBRA.

CLOSE to the best-known author Umbrā sits,
 The constant index to old Button's wits.
 "Who's here?" cries Umbrā: "only Johnson."—"O!
 Your slave," and exit; but returns with Rowe:
 "Dear Rowe, let's sit and talk of tragedies:" 5
 Ere long Pope enters, and to Pope he flies.
 Then up comes Steele: he turns upon his heel,
 And in a moment fastens upon Steele;
 But cries as soon, "Dear Dick, I must be gone,
 For, if I know his tread, here's Addison." 10

Says Addison to Steele, " 'Tis time to go :
 Pope to the closet steps aside with Rowe.
 Poor Umbra, left in this abandon'd pickle,
 E'en sits him down and writes to honest Tickell.
 Fool! 'tis in vain from wit to wit to roam;
 Know, sense, like charity, begins at home.

13

SANDYS' GHOST;

ON A PROPER NEW BALLAD ON THE NEW OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS; AS IT WAS
 INTENDED TO BE TRANSLATED BY PERSONS OF QUALITY.

[The last literary labour of Sir Samuel Garth, before his death in 1738, was engaging several "ingenious gentlemen," as he calls them, to undertake a translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. Among these were Mainwaring, Croxall, Ozell, Vernon, Harvey, Leonard Welsted, &c. Garth himself translated the fourteenth book and part of the fifteenth, besides contributing a preface.]

YE Lords and Commons, men of wit,
 And pleasure about town;
 Read this ere you translate one bit
 Of books of high renown.

Beware of Latin authors all!
 Nor think your verses sterling,
 Though with a golden pen you scrawl,
 And scribble in a berlin:

For not the desk with silver nails,
 Nor bureau of expense,
 Nor standish well japan'd, avails
 To writing of good sense.

Hear how a ghost in dead of night,
 With saucer eyes of fire,
 In woful wise did sore affright
 A wit and courtly 'squire.

Rare imp of Phœbus, hopeful youth!
 Like puppy tame that uses
 To fetch and carry, in his mouth,
 The works of all the Muses.

All! why did he write poetry,
That hereto was so civil;
And sell his soul for vanity,
To rhyming and the devil?

A desk he had of curious work,
With glittering studs about;
Within the same did Sandys lurk,¹
Though Ovid lay without.

Now as he scratch'd to fetch up thought,
Forth popp'd the sprite so thin;
And from the key-hole bolted out,
All upright as a pin.

With whiskers, band, and pantaloen,
And ruff composed most duly;
This 'squire he dropp'd his pen full soon,
While as the light burnt blueely.

Ho, Master Sam, quoth Sandys' sprite,
Write on, nor let me scare ye;
Forsooth, if rhymes fall in not right,
To Budgell seek, or Carey.

I hear the beat of Jacob's drums,²
Poor Ovid finds no quarter!
See first the merry P—— comes³
In haste without his garter.

Then lords and lordlings, 'squires and knights,
Wits, wittlings, prigs, and peers;
Garth at St. James's, and at White's,
Beats up for volunteers.

What Fenton will not do, nor Gay,
Nor Congreve, Rowe, nor Stanyan,
Tom B——t⁴ or Tom D'Urfey may,
John Danton, Steele, or any one.

¹ [Sandys (whom Dryden terms "the best versifier of the last age") published his translation of Ovid in 1627.]

² [Jacob Tounson, the publisher.]

³ [The Earl of Pembroke.]

⁴ [Tom Barnet.]

If Justice Philips' costive head
 Some frigid rhymes disburses;
 They shall like Persian tales be read,
 And glad both babes and nurses.

Let W—rw—k's muse with Ash—t join,⁵
 And Ozell's with Lord Hervey's;
 Tickell and Addison combine,
 And F—pe⁶ translate with Jervas.

L—— himself, that lively lord,⁷
 Who bows to every lady,
 Shall join with F——⁸ in one accord,
 And be like Tate and Brady.

Ye ladies too draw forth your pen,
 I pray where can the hart lie?
 Since you have brains as well as men,
 As witness Lady W—l—y.⁹

Now, Tonson, list thy forces all,
 Review them, and tell noses;
 For to poor Ovid shall befall
 A strange metamorphosis.

A metamorphosis more strange
 Than all his books can vapour;
 "To what (quoth 'squire) shall Ovid change?"
 Quoth Sandys: "To waste paper."

⁵ [Lord Warwick and Dr. Ashurst.]

⁶ Pope.

⁷ Lord Lansdowne.

⁸ [Philip Frowde, a dramatic writer and fine scholar, a friend of Addison's.]

⁹ [Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Some of Lady Mary's Town Epigrams were published in 1716.]

THE TRANSLATOR.

OZELL, at Sanger's call, invoked his Muse—
 For who to sing for Sanger could refuse?
 His numbers such as Sanger's self might use.
 Reviving Perrault, murdering Boileau, he
 Slander'd the ancients first, then Wycherley;
 Which yet not much that old bard's anger raised,
 Since those were slander'd most, whom Ozell praised.
 Nor had the gentle satire caused complaining,
 Had not sage Rowe pronounced it entertaining:
 How great must be the judgment of that writer
 Who the Plain Dealer damns, and prints the Biter!

[Sanger was a bookseller who published Ozell's translation of Boileau's *Lutrin*, which Rowe considered entertaining. The Plain Dealer is Wycherley's best comedy; the Biter, a very indifferent one, by Rowe. As to Ozell, he will be found in the Dunciad.]

THE THREE GENTLE SHEPHERDS.

[The three shepherds—two of whom Pope never tired of satirising—were Ambrose Philips, Enstace Budgell, and Henry Carey. What poor Carey had done to irritate the poet does not appear. He, too, had ridiculed Philips's nanby-pamby verses; and his song of Sally in our Alley, should have formed a passport to favour. Addison, however, had praised it in the Spectator, and to this circumstance probably Carey owed his being ranked with the Whig poets. In the last line Pope alludes to Curll's boast, that in prose he was equal to Pope, but in poetry *Pope had a particular knack!* Mr. Pope, he said, is no more a gentleman than Mr. Curll, nor more eminent as a poet than he as a bookseller.]

OF gentle Philips will I ever sing,
 With gentle Philips shall the valleys ring;
 My numbers too for ever will I vary,
 With gentle Budgell and with gentle Carey.
 Or if in ranging of the names I judge ill,
 With gentle Carey and with gentle Budgell:
 Oh! may all gentle bards together place ye,
 Men of good hearts, and men of delicacy.
 May satire ne'er befool ye, or beknave ye,
 And from all wits that have a knack, God save ye.

THE CHALLENGE.

A COURT BALLAD. [1716.]

To the tune of "To all you Ladies now at Land," &c.

I.

TO one fair lady out of Court,
 And two fair ladies in,
 Who think the Turk and Pope a sport,
 And wit and love no sin!
 Come, these soft lines, with nothing stiff in,
 To Bellenden, Lepell, and Griffin.¹
 With a fa, la, la.

II.

What passes in the dark third row,
 And what behind the scene,
 Couches and crippled chairs I know,
 And garrets hung with green;
 I know the swing of sinful hack,
 Where many damsels cry alack.
 With a fa, la, la.

III.

Then why to Courts should I repair,
 Where 's such ado with Townshend!²
 To hear each mortal stamp and swear,
 And every speech with "zounds" end;
 To hear 'em rail at honest Sunderland,³
 And rashly blame the realm of Blanderland.
 With a fa, la, la.

¹ [Ladies of the Court of the Princess Caroline. Mary Bellenden became the wife of Colonel Campbell (afterwards Duke of Argyll), and Mary Lepell married Lord Hervey. Both marriages took place in October, 1720, and the Court was thus deprived of its most popular and beautiful ornaments.]

² [Lord Townshend, a rough but popular minister, who was then out of favour with the Court, and had a rupture with his colleague, Stanhope, which ended in his being forced to resign.]

³ [The Earl of Sunderland, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, had been charged with encouraging the native Irish, and appointing them to public offices.]

IV.

Alas! like Schutz I cannot pun,⁴
 Like Grafton court the Germans;
 Tell Pickenbourg how slim she's grown,
 Like meadows run to sermons;
 To court ambitious men may roam,
 But I and Marlborough stay at home.
 With a fa, la, la.

V.

In truth, by what I can discern
 Of courtiers, 'twixt you three,
 Some wit you have, and more may learn
 From Court, than Gay or me:
 Perhaps, in time, you'll leave high diet,
 To sup with us on milk and quiet.
 With a fa, la, la.

VI.

At Leicester Fields, a house full high,
 With door all painted green,
 Where ribbons wave upon the tie,
 (A milliner, I mean;)
 There may you meet us three to three,
 For Gay can well make two of me.
 With a fa, la, la.

VII.

But should you catch the prudish itch,
 And each become a coward,
 Bring sometimes with you Lady Rich,⁵
 And sometimes Mistress Howard;

Hence the talk concerning "Blanderland." Sunderland exchanged the Lord-Lieutenancy for the Privy Seal in 1715, and was afterwards Prime Minister. His death took place in 1722.]

⁴ [Augustus Schutz, Equerry to Prince George. The "Grafton" mentioned in the next line was the Duke of Grafton, the second duke, who was one of the Lords of the Bedchamber in 1714, and next year of the Privy Council. "Pickenbourg" and "Meadows" were maids of honour, the latter a sister of Sir Sidney Meadows.]

⁵ [Lady Rich, one of the correspondents of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, was the wife of Sir Robert Rich, Bart. She was a daughter of Colonel Griffin, and sister of Miss Griffin, of the Princess's establishment, alluded to in the

For virgins, to keep chaste, must go
Abroad with such as are not so.
With a fa, la, la.

VIII.

And thus, fair maids, my ballad ends:
God send the king safe landing;
And make all honest ladies friends
To armies that are standing;
Preserve the limits of those nations,
And take off ladies' limitations.
With a fa, la, la.

ROXANA; OR, THE DRAWING-ROOM.

AN ECOLOGUE.¹

ROXANA, from the Court returning late,
Sigh'd her soft sorrow at St. James's gate:
Such heavy thoughts lay brooding in her breast,
Not her own chairmen with more weight oppress'd:
They curse the cruel weight they're doom'd to bear;
She, in more gentle sounds, express'd her care.

first stanza. "Mistress Howard" afterwards Countess of Suffolk, is of course the person alluded to in the next line. Neither Lady Rich nor Mrs. Howard would be much gratified by the poet's attentions in this ballad.]

¹ [This and the following poem, though included in Pope's works, seem fairly to belong to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and form part of her Town Eclogues. Mr. Dillaway, in his memoir of Lady Mary, says, "Both Pope and Gay suggested many additions and alterations, which were certainly not adopted by Lady Mary; and as copies, including their corrections, have been found among the papers of these poets, their editors have attributed three out of six to them. The Basset Table and the Drawing Room are given to Pope, and The Toilet to Gay." The younger Richardson relates, that when Lady Mary showed Pope a paper of her verses, in which he wished to make some trifling alterations, she said, "No, Pope, no touching, for then whatever is good for anything will pass for yours, and the rest for mine." Pope stated to Spence that Lydia (The Toilet) was almost wholly Gay's, only five or six lines being "new set" in it by Lady Mary. "It was that," he adds, "which gave the hint; and she wrote the other five eclogues;" consequently, Pope wrote none of them himself.]

"Was it for this, that I these roses wear?
 For this, new-set the jewels for my hair?
 Ah princess! with what zeal have I pursued!
 Almost forgot the duty of a prude."



ROXANA.

This king, I never could attend too soon;
 I miss'd my prayers, to get me dress'd by noon.
 For thee, ah! what for thee did I resign?
 My passions, pleasures, all that e'er was mine;
 I've sacrificed both modesty and ease;
 Left operas, and went to filthy plays;
 Double-entendres shock'd my tender ear;
 Yet even this, for thee, I chose to bear:
 In glowing youth, when nature bids be gay,
 And every joy of life before me lay;
 By honour prompted, and by pride restrain'd,
 The pleasures of the young my soul disdain'd:

Sermons I sought, and, with a mien severe,
Censured my neighbours, and said daily prayer.
Alas, how changed! with this same sermon-mien,
The filthy What-d'ye-call it—I have seen.
Ah, royal princess! for whose sake I lost
The reputation, which so dear had cost;
I, who avoided every public place,
When bloom and beauty bid me show my face,
Now near thee, constant, I each night abide,
With never-failing duty by my side;
Myself and daughters standing in a row,
To all the foreigners a goodly show.
Oft had your drawing-room been sadly thin,
And merchants' wives close by your side had been,
Had I not amply fill'd the empty place,
And saved your highness from the dire disgrace:
Yet Cockatilla's artifice prevails,
When all my duty and my merit fails:
That Cockatilla, whose deluding airs
Corrupts our virgins, and our youth ensnares;
So sunk her character, and lost her fame,
Searer visited, before your highness came;
Yet for the bed-chamber 'tis she you choose,
Whilst zeal, and fame, and virtue you refuse.
Ah worthy choice; not one of all your train,
Which censures blast not, or dishonours stain.
I know the Court, with all its treacherous wiles,
The false caresses, and undoing smiles.
Ah, princess! learn'd in all the courtly arts,
To cheat our hopes, and yet to gain our hearts."

THE BASSET-TABLE.

AN ECLOGUE.

CARDELIA. SMILINDA.

CARDELIA.

The basset-table spread, the tallier come;
Why stays Smilinda in the dressing-room?
Rise, pensive nymph, the tallier waits for you!

SMILINDA.

Ah, madam, since my Sharper is untrue,
I joyless make my once adored Alpen.
I saw him stand behind Ombrelia's chair,
And whisper, with that soft, deluding air,
And those feign'd sighs, which cheat the listening fair.

CARDELIA.

Is this the cause of your romantic strains?
A mightier grief my heavy heart sustains.
As you by love, so I by fortune cross'd:
One, one bad deal, three Septlevas have lost.

SMILINDA.

Is that the grief, which you compare with mine?
With ease, the smiles of Fortune I resign:
Would all my gold in one bad deal were gone!
Were lovely Sharper mine, and mine alone.

CARDELIA.

A lover lost, is but a common care,
And prudent nymphs against that change prepare:
The Knave of Clubs thrice lost! Oh! who could guess
This fatal stroke, this unforeseen distress?

SMILINDA.

See Betty Lovet! very à-propos,
She all the cares of love and play does know:
Dear Betty shall the important point decide;
Betty, who oft the pain of each has tried;
Impartial, she shall say who suffers most,
By cards' ill usage, or by lovers lost.

LOVEI.

Tell, tell your griefs; attentive will I stay,
Though time is precious, and I want some tea.

CARDELLA.

Behold this equipage, by Mathers wrought
With fifty guineas (a great pen'orth) bought.
See, on the tooth-pick, Mars and Cupid strive;
And both the struggling figures seem alive.
Upon the bottom shines the Queen's bright face;
A myrtle foliage round the thimble-case.
Jove, Jove himself, does on the scissors shine;
The metal, and the workmanship, divine!

SMILINDA.

This snuff-box,—once the pledge of Sharper's love,
When rival beauties for the present strove;
At Corticelli's he the raffle won;
Then first his passion was in public shown:
Hazardia blush'd, and turn'd her head aside,
A rival's envy (all in vain) to hide.
This snuff-box—on the hinge see brilliants shine:
This snuff-box will I stake; the prize is mine.

CARDELLA.

Alas! far lesser losses than I bear,
Have made a soldier sigh, a lover swear.
And oh! what makes the disappointment hard,
'Twas my own lord that drew the fatal card.
In complaisance, I took the queen he gave;
Though my own secret wish was for the knave.
The knave won Sonica, which I had chose;
And the next pull, my Septleva I lose.

SMILINDA.

But ah! what aggravates the killing smart,
The cruel thought, that stabs me to the heart;
This cursed Ombrelia, this undoing fair,
By whose vile arts this heavy grief I bear;
She, at whose name I shed these spiteful tears,
She owes to me the very charms she wears.

An awkward thing, when first she came to town;
 Her shape unfashion'd, and her face unknown:
 She was my friend; I taught her first to spread
 Upon her sallow cheeks enlivening red:
 I introduced her to the park and plays;
 And, by my interests, Cozens made her stays.
 Ungrateful wretch! with mimic airs grown pert,
 She dares to steal my favourite lover's heart.

CARDELIA.

Wretch that I was, how often have I swore,
 When Winnall tallied, I would punt no more?
 I knew the bite, yet to my ruin run;
 And see the folly which I cannot shun.

SMILINDA.

How many maids have Sharper's vows deceived?
 How many cursed the moment they believed?
 Yet his known falsehoods could no warning prove:
 Ah! what is warning to a maid in love?

CARDELIA.

But of what marble must that breast be form'd,
 To gaze on Basset, and remain unwarm'd?
 When kings, queens, knaves, are set in decent rank;
 Exposed in glorious heaps the tempting bank,
 Guineas, half-guineas, all the shining train;
 The winner's pleasure, and the loser's pain:
 In bright confusion open rouleaus lie,
 They strike the soul, and glitter in the eye.
 Fired by the sight, all reason I disdain;
 My passions rise, and will not bear the rein.
 Look upon Basset, you who reason boast,
 And see if reason must not there be lost.

SMILINDA.

What more than marble must that heart compose,
 Can hearken coldly to my Sharper's vows?
 Then, when he trembles! when his blushes rise!
 When awful love seems melting in his eyes!
 With eager beats his Meehlän eravat moves:
 He loves,—I whisper to myself,—He loves!
 Such unfeign'd passion in his looks appears,
 I lose all memory of my former fears;

My panting heart confesses all his charms,
 I yield at once, and sink into his arms :
 Think of that moment, you who prudence boast :
 For such a moment, prudence well were lost.

CARDELIA.

At the Groom-Porter's batter'd bullies play,
 Some dukes at Mary-bone bowl time away ;
 But who the bowl or rattling dice compares
 To Basset's heavenly joys and pleasing cares ?

SMILINDA.

Soft Simplicetta dotes upon a' bean ;
 Prudina likes a man, and laughs at show.
 Their several graces in my Sharper meet :
 Strong as the footman, as the master sweet.

LOVET.

Cease your contention, which has been too long :
 I grow impatient, and the tea's too strong.
 Attend, and yield to what I now decide :
 The equipage shall grace Smilinda's side ;
 The snuff-box to Cardelia I decree.
 Now leave complaining, and begin your tea.

THE FOLLOWING LINES WERE SUNG BY DURAS-
 TANTI,¹ WHEN SHE TOOK HER LEAVE OF
 THE ENGLISH STAGE.

THE WORDS WERE IN HASTE PUT TOGETHER BY MR. FOLE, AT THE REQUEST
 OF THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

GENEROUS, gay, and gallant nation,
 Bold in arms, and bright in arts ;
 Land secure from all invasion,
 All but Cupid's gentle darts !
 From your charms, oh who would run ?
 Who would leave you for the sun ?
 Happy soil, adieu, adieu !

¹ [This lady was brought to England by Handel in 1713. Mr. Bowles states that she was so great a favourite at Court that the King stood godfather to one of her children.]

Let old charmers yield to new;
 In arms, in arts, be still more shining;
 All your joys be still increasing;
 All your tastes be still refining;
 All your jars for ever ceasing:
 But let old charmers yield to new.
 Happy soil, adieu, adieu!

WHAT IS PRUDERY?

"A prude would never have had any charms for Mr. Pope, to whom Mrs. Howe said one day, 'You men call us strange names; some of them I don't



MRS. HOWE.

understand. Coquetry, indeed, I guess at; but *prudery*,—for heaven's sake, make me know thoroughly what that prudery is.' Mr. Pope wrote her an answer in the leaf of an ivory book."—*Ayre's Life of Pope.*

WHAT IS PRUDERY?

'Tis a beldam,
 Seen with wit and beauty seldom.
 'Tis a fear that starts at shadows;
 'Tis (no 'tisn't) like Miss Mendows.
 'Tis a virgin hard of feature,
 Old, and void of all good-nature;

Lean and fretful, would seem wise;
 Yet plays the fool before she dies.
 'Tis an ugly envious shrew,
 That rails at dear Lepell, and you.

[Miss Sophia Howe was one of the Maids of Honour to the Princess Caroline. She was a daughter of General Howe, brother of the first Viscount of that name. An unfortunate acquaintance with Mr. A. Lowther, brother of Lord Lonsdale, lost this young lady her reputation. According to Sir Charles Hanbury Williams,

"Her breaking looks foretold a breaking heart;"
 and she died in 1726.]

ON A CERTAIN LADY AT COURT.¹

I KNOW the thing that's most uncommon;
 (Envy be silent and attend!)
 I know a reasonable woman,
 Handsome and witty, yet a friend.

Not warp'd by passion, awed by rumour,
 Not grave through pride, or gay through folly;
 An equal mixture of good humour
 And sensible soft melancholy.

"Has she no faults, then, (Envy says) sir?"
 Yes, she has one, I must aver:
 When all the world conspires to praise her,
 The woman's deaf, and does not hear.

¹ [Mrs. Howard, Countess of Suffolk.]

A FAREWELL TO LONDON.

IN THE YEAR 1715.

DEAR, damn'd, distracting town, farewell!
 Thy fools no more I'll tease:
 This year in peace, ye critics, dwell,
 Ye harlots, sleep at ease!

Soft B——s and rough C——s adieu,¹
 Earl Warwick make your moan,
 The lively H——k and you
 May knock up whores alone.

To drink and droll be Rowe allow'd
 Till the third watchman's toll;
 Let Jervas² gratis paint, and Frowde
 Save three-pence and his soul.

Farewell, Arbuthnot's raillery
 On every learned sot;
 And Garth, the best good Christian he,
 Although he knows it not.

Lintot, farewell! thy bard must go:
 Farewell, unhappy Tonson!
 Heaven gives thee for thy loss of Rowe,³
 Lean Philips, and fat Johnson.⁴

¹ [There was one Brocas—"Beau Brocas"—whom Pope mentions in an epistle to H. Cromwell. Ayre also mentions a Mr. Fatplace Bellers, of Crown Allins, Gloucestershire, "an intimate acquaintance of Mr. Pope's, and much esteemed by him."]

² [See poem, *Sandy's Ghost*, in which Frowde is alluded to.]

³ [Rowe had the year before, on the accession of George I., been made Poet-laureate, one of the land-surveyors of the port of London, Clerk of the Closet to the Prince of Wales, and Secretary of Presentations under the Lord Chancellor. Such an accumulation of offices might well suspend for a season the poetical and publishing pursuits of Rowe. But he did not enjoy his good fortune long. His death took place in 1718, when he was only forty-five years of age.]

⁴ [The "Johnson" coupled with Ambrose Philips, was Charles Johnson, the dramatist, who died in 1748.]

Why should I stay? Both parties rage;
My vixen mistress squalls:
The wits in envious feuds engage:
And Homer (damn him!) calls.

The love of arts lies cold and dead
In Halifax's urn;
And not one Muse of all he fed
Has yet the grace to mourn.⁵

My friends, by turns, my friends confound,
Betray, and are betrayed:
Poor Y——rs sold for fifty pounds,⁶
And B———ll is a jade.⁷

Why make I friendships with the great,
When I no favour seek?
Or follow girls, seven hours in eight,
I need but once a week?

Still idle, with a busy air,
Deep whimsies to contrive;
The gayest valetudinaire,
Most thinking rake, alive.

Solicitous for other ends,
Though fond of dear repose;
Careless or drowsy with my friends,
And frolic with my foes.

Luxurious lobster-nights, farewell,
For sober, studious days!
And Burlington's delicious meal,
For salads, tarts, and pease!

Adieu to all, but Gay alone,
Whose soul, sincere and free,
Loves all mankind, but flatters none,
And so may starve with me.

⁵ [The date of Halifax's death was May 19, 1715.]

⁶ [Miss Younger an actress, one of the performers in "What d'ye call it?"]

⁷ [Mrs. Bicknell, who was also an actress, and another of the performers in "What d'ye call it?" Steele recommended this lady in the Tatler.]

TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

I.

IN beauty, or wit,
No mortal as yet
To question your empire has dared;
But men of discerning
Have thought that in learning,
To yield to a lady was hard.

II.

Impertinent schools,
With musty dull rules,
Have reading to females denied;
So Papists refuse
The Bible to use,
Lest flocks should be wise as their guide.

III.

'Twas a woman at first
(Indeed she was cursed)
In knowledge that tasted delight.
And sages agree
The laws should decree
To the first possessor the right.

IV.

Then bravely, fair dame,
Resume the old claim,
Which to your whole sex does belong;
And let men receive,
From a second bright Eve,
The knowledge of right and of wrong.

V.

But if the first Eve
Hard doom did receive,
When only one apple had she,
What a punishment new
Shall be found out for you,
Who tasting, have robb'd the whole tree?

EXTEMPORANEOUS LINES.

ON THE PICTURE OF LADY MARY W. MONTAGU, BY KNELLER.

THE playful smiles around the dimpled mouth,
 That happy air of majesty and truth;
 So would I draw (but oh! 'tis vain to try,
 My narrow genius does the power deny;
 The equal lustre of the heavenly mind,
 Where every grace with every virtue's join'd;
 Learning not vain, and wisdom not severe,
 With greatness easy, and with wit sincere;
 With just description show the work divine,
 And the whole princess in my work should shine.

TO MR. GAY,

WHO CONGRATULATED HIM ON FINISHING HIS HOUSE AND GARDENS.

AH, friend! 'tis true—this truth you lovers know—
 In vain my structures rise, my gardens grow;
 In vain fair Thames reflects the double scenes
 Of hanging mountains, and of sloping greens:
 Joy lives not here,—to happier seats it flies,
 And only dwells where Wortley casts her eyes.
 What are the gay parterre, the chequer'd shade,
 The morning bower, the evening colonnade,
 But soft recesses of uneasy minds,
 To sigh unheard in, to the passing winds?
 So the struck deer in some sequester'd part
 Lies down to die, the arrow at his heart;
 He, stretch'd unseen in coverts hid from day,
 Bleeds drop by drop, and pants his life away.

LINES WRITTEN IN WINDSOR FOREST.

[“I arrived in the forest by Tuesday noon. I passed the rest of the day in those woods, where I have so often enjoyed a book and a friend; I made a hymn as I passed through, which ended with a sigh, that I will not tell you the meaning of.”—*Pope to Martha Blount.*]

ALL hail, once pleasing, once inspiring shade!
 Scene of my youthful loves and happier hours!
 Where the kind Muses met me as I stray'd,
 And gently press'd my hand, and said “Be ours!—
 Take all thou e'er shalt have, a constant Muse:
 At Court thou may'st be liked, but nothing gain:
 Stock thou may'st buy and sell, but always lose,
 And love the brightest eyes, but love in vain.”

ERINNA.

THOUGH sprightly Sappho force our love and praise,
 A softer wonder my pleased soul surveys,
 The mild Erinna blushing in her bays.
 So while the sun's broad beam yet strikes the sight,
 All mild appears the moon's more sober light;
 Serene in virgin majesty she shines,
 And unobserved the glaring orb declines.¹

ON HIS GROTTO AT TWICKENHAM,

COMPOSED OF MARBLES, SPARS, GEMS, OILS, AND MINERALS.

THOU who shalt stop, where 'Thames' translucent wave
 Shines a broad mirror through the shadowy cave;
 Where lingering drops from mineral roofs distil,
 And pointed crystals break the sparkling rill,

¹ This simile the poet afterwards inserted in his *Moral Essays*, Ep. II.]
 TP.

Unpolish'd gems no ray on pride bestow,
 And latent metals innocently glow.¹
 Approach. Great Nature studiously behold!
 And eye the mine without a wish for gold.
 Approach: but awful! lo! the Egerian grot,
 Where, nobly pensive, St. John sat and thought;
 Where British sighs from dying Wyndham stole,²
 And the bright flame was shot through Marchmont's soul.
 Let such, such only, tread this sacred floor,
 Who dare to love their country, and be poor!

ON THE COUNTESS OF BURLINGTON CUTTING PAPER.

PALLAS grew vapourish once, and odd,
 She would not do the least right thing,
 Either for goddess, or for god,
 Nor work, nor play, nor paint, nor sing.

Jove frown'd, and, "Use," he cried, "those eyes
 So skillful, and those hands so taper;
 Do something exquisite and wise—"
 She bow'd, obey'd him,—and cut paper.

This vexing him who gave her birth,
 Thought by all heaven a burning shame;
 What does she next, but bids, on earth,
 Her Burlington do just the same.

¹ After ver. 6, in the MS.—

"You see that island's wealth, where, only free,
 Earth to her entrails feels no tyranny."

² In the MS.—

"To Wyndham's breast the patriot passions stole."

[Warburton pointed out these variations, but there were others in this small piece, which seems to have been elaborated with great care. At first the poem opened with "O thou who slighest," &c.; the "Egerian grot" was "th' inspiring grot," and the allusion to Marchmont and Wyndham was,

"Here stole the honest tear from Marchmont's eye,

Here, Wyndham, thy last sighs for liberty."

The first line recalls one in *Samson Agonistes*, where Milton has the great carunculent ware"]

Pallas, you give yourself strange airs;
But sure you'll find it hard to spoil
The sense and taste of one that bears
The name of Savilla and of Boyle.

Alas! one bad example shown;
How quickly all the sex pursue
See, madam, see the arts o'erthrown,
Between John Overton and you!

THE LOOKING-GLASS.

ON MRS. PULTENEY.

WITH scornful mien, and various toss of air,
Fantastic, vain, and insolently fair,
Grandeur intoxicates her giddy brain,
She looks ambition, and she moves disdain.
Far other carriage graced her virgin life,
But charming G——y's lost in P——y's wife.
Not greater arrogance in him we find,
And this conjunction swells at least her mind:
O could the sire renown'd in glass, produce
One faithful mirror for his daughter's use!¹
Wherein she might her haughty errors trace,
And by reflection learn to mend her face:
The wonted sweetness to her form restore,
Be what she was, and charm mankind once more!

¹ [Anne Maria Gunley, Mrs. Pulteney, was the daughter of John Gunley, of Lisleworth, who had amassed a large fortune by carrying on a glass manufactory.]

LINES ON A GROTTO AT CRUX-EASTON, HANTS.

[Warton says this grotto was adorned with shell-work, and was constructed by the Misses Lisle, sisters of Mr. Lisle, Chaplain to the Factory at Smyrna.]

HERE, shunning idleness at once and praise,
 This radiant pile nine rural sisters raise;
 The glittering emblem of each spotless dame,
 Clear as her soul and shining as her frame;
 Beauty which nature only can impart,
 And such a polish as disgraces art;
 But Fate disposed them in this humble sort,
 And hid in deserts what would charm a Court.

SONG,

BY A PERSON OF QUALITY

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1733.

I.

FLUTTERING spread thy purple pinions,
 Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart,
 I a slave in thy dominions;
 Nature must give way to art.

II.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
 Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
 See my weary days consuming,
 All beneath you flowery rocks.

III.

Thus the Cyprian goddess, weeping,
 Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth;
 Him the boar, in silence creeping,
 Gored with unrelenting tooth.

IV.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers;
 Fair Discretion, string the lyre;
 Soothe my ever-waking slumbers;
 Bright Apollo, lend thy choir.

V.

Gloomy Pluto, king of terrors,
 Arm'd in adamantine chains,
 Lead me to the crystal mirrors,
 Watering soft Elysian plains.

VI.

Mournful cypress, verdant willow,
 Gilding my Aurelia's brows,
 Morpheus hovering o'er my pillow,
 Hear me pay my dying vows.

VII.

Melancholy smooth Maander,
 Swiftly purling in a round,
 On thy margin lovers wander,
 With thy flowery chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

Thus when Philomela, drooping,
 Softly seeks her silent mate,
 See the bird of Juno stooping;
 Melody resigns to fate.

 VERSES LEFT BY MR. POPE,

ON HIS LYING IN THE SAME BED WHICH WILMOT, THE CELEBRATED EARL OF
 ROCHESTER, SLEPT IN, AT ADDERBURY, THEN BELONGING TO
 THE DUKE OF ARGILL, JULY 9. 1730.

WITH no poetic ardour fired
 I press the bed where Wilmot lay:
 That here he loved, or here expired,
 Begets no numbers, grave or gay.

Beneath thy roof, Argyll, are bred
 Such thoughts as prompt the brave to lie
 Stretch'd out in honour's nobler bed,
 Beneath a nobler roof—the sky.

Such flames as high in patriots burn
 Yet stoop to bless a child or wife;
 And such as wicked Kings may mourn,
 When freedom is more dear than life.

A PROLOGUE

TO A PLAY FOR MR. DENNIS'S BENEFIT IN 1733, WHEN HE WAS OLD, DEAF,
AND IN GREAT DISTRESS, A LITTLE BEFORE HIS DEATH.

AS when that hero, who in each campaign
Had braved the Goth, and many a Vandal slain,
Lay fortune-struck, a spectacle of woe!
Wept by each friend, forgiven by every foe;
Was there a generous, a reflecting mind,
But pitied Belisarius old and blind?
Was there a chief but melted at the sight?
A common soldier but who clubb'd his mite?
Such, such emotions should in Britons rise,
When press'd by want and weakness DENNIS lies;
Dennis, who long had warr'd with modern Huns,
Their quibbles routed, and defied their puns:
A desperate bulwark, sturdy, firm, and fierce,
Against the Gothic sons of frozen verse:
How changed from him who made the boxes groan,
And shook the stage with thunders all his own!
Stood up to dash each vain pretender's hope,
Maul the French tyrant, or pull down the Pope!
If there's a Briton then, true bred and born,
Who holds dragoons and wooden shoes in scorn;
If there's a critic of distinguish'd rage;
If there's a senior, who contemns this age;
Let him to-night his just assistance lend.
And be the critic's, Briton's, old man's friend.

THE LAMENTATION OF GLUMDALCLITCH FOR THE
LOSS OF GRILLGRIG.

A PASTORAL.¹

SOON as Glumdalclitch miss'd her pleasing care,
She wept, she blubber'd, and she tore her hair.

¹ [Pope, in a letter to Swift, March 8, 1726-7, writes, "You received, I hope, some commendatory verses from a horse and a Idliation to Gulliver

No British miss sincerer grief has known,
Her squirrel missing, or her sparrow flown.
She furl'd her sampler, and haul'd in her thread,
And stuck her needle into Gildrig's bed;
Then spread her hands, and with a bounce let fall
Her baby, like the giant in Gaidhall.
In peals of thunder now she roars, and now
She gently whispers like a lowing cow:
Yet lovely in her sorrow still appears,
Her locks dishevell'd, and her flood of tears
Seem like the lofty barn of some rich swain,
When from the thatch drips fast a shower of rain.

In vain she search'd each cranny of the house,
Each gaping chink impervious to a mouse.
"Was it for this (she cried) with daily care
Within thy reach I set the vinegar,
And fill'd the cruet with the acid tide,
While pepper-water worms thy lait supplied;
Where twined the silver eel around thy hook,
And all the little monsters of the brook.
Sure in that lake he dropp'd: my Grilly's drown'd."
She dragg'd the cruet, but no Grildrig found.

"Vain is thy courage, Grilly, vain thy boast;
But little creature's enterprise the most.
Trembling, I've seen thee dare the kitten's paw,
Nay, mix with children as they play'd at taw,
Nor fear the marbles, as they bounding flew;
Marbles to them, but rolling rocks to you.

"Why did I trust thee with that giddy youth?
Who from a page can ever learn the truth?
Versed in Court tricks, that money-loving boy
To some lord's daughter sold the living toy;
Or rent him limb from limb in cruel play,
As children tear the wings of flies away.
From place to place o'er Brobdignag I'll roam,
And never will return or bring thee home.
But who has eyes to trace the passing wind?
How then, thy fairy footsteps can I find?

and an heroic epistle to Mrs. Gulliver. The bookseller would fain have printed them before the second edition of the book, but I would not permit it without your approbation; nor do I much like them."

Dost thou bewilder'd wander all alone,
In the green thicket of a mossy stone;
Or tumbled from the toadstool's slippery round,
Perhaps all main'd, lie grovelling on the ground?
Dost thou, embosom'd in the lovely rose,
Or sunk within the peach's down, repose?
Within the king-cup if thy limbs are spread,
Or in the golden cowslip's velvet head:
O shew me, Flora, midst those sweets, the flower
Where sleeps my Grildrig in his fragrant bower!

"But ah! I fear thy little fancy roves
On little females, and on little loves;
Thy pigmy children, and thy tiny spouse,
Thy baby play-things that adorn thy house,
Doors, windows, chimneys, and the spacious rooms,
Equal in size to cells of honeycombs,
Hast thou for these now ventured from the shore,
Thy bark a bean-shell, and a straw thy oar?
Or in thy box, now bounding on the main,
Shall I ne'er bear thy self and house again?
And shall I set thee on my hand no more,
To see thee leap the lines, and traverse o'er
My spacious palm? Of stature scarce a span,
Mimic the actions of a real man?
No more behold thee turn my watch's key,
As seamen at a capstern anchors weigh?
How wert thou wont to walk with cautious tread,
A dish of tea like milk-pail on thy head?
How chase the mite that bore thy cheese away,
And keep the rolling maggot at a bay?"

She said, but broken accents stopp'd her voice,
Soft as the speaking-trumpet's mellow noise:
She sobb'd a storm, and wiped her flowing eyes,
Which seem'd like two broad suns in misty skies:
O squander not thy grief; those tears command
To weep upon our cod in Newfoundland:
The plentiful pickle shall preserve the fish,
And Europe feast thy sorrows in a dish.

MARY GULLIVER TO CAPTAIN LEMUEL GULLIVER.

ARGUMENT.

The captain, some time after his return, being retired to Mr. Sympson's in the country, Mrs. Gulliver, apprehending from his late behaviour some estrangement of his affections, writes him the following expostulating, soothing, and tenderly-complaining epistle.

WELCOME, thrice welcome, to thy native place!
 — What, touch me not? what, shun a wife's embrace?
 Have I for this thy tedious absence borne,
 And waked, and wish'd whole nights for thy return?
 In five long years I took no second spouse;
 What Redriff wife so long hath kept her vows?
 Your eyes, your nose, inconstancy betray;
 Your nose you stop, your eyes you turn away.
 'Tis said, that thou should'st cleave unto thy wife;
 Once thou didst cleave, and I could cleave for life.
 Hear, and relent! hark how thy children moan;
 Be kind at least to these, they are thy own:
 Be bold, and count them all; secure to find
 The honest number that you left behind.
 See how they put thee with their pretty paws:
 Why start you? are they snakes? or have they claws?
 Thy Christian seed, our mutual flesh and bone:
 Be kind at least to these, they are thy own.
 Biddell, like thee, might furthest India rove;
 He changed his country, but retain'd his love.
 There's Captain Pennell,¹ absent half his life,
 Comes back, and is the kinder to his wife.
 Yet Pennell's wife is brown, compared to me;
 And Mrs. Biddell sore is fifty-three.
 Not touch me! never neighbour call'd me slut:
 Was Flimnap's dame more sweet in Lilliput?
 I've no red hair to breathe an odious fume;
 At least thy consort's cleaner than thy groom.
 Why then that dirty stable-boy thy care?
 What mean those visits to the sorrel mare?

¹ Names of the sea captains mentioned in Gulliver's Travels.

Say, by what witchcraft, or what demon led,—
Prefer'st thou litter to the marriage bed!

Some say the devil himself is in that maze;
If so, our dean shall drive him forth by prayer.
Some think you mad, some think you are possess'd;
That Bedlam and clean straw will suit you best.
Vain means, alas! this frenzy to appease,
That straw, that straw, would heighten the disease.

My bed (the scene of all our former joys,
Witness two lovely girls, two lovely boys,
Alone I press; in dreams I call my dear,
I stretch my hand, no Gulliver is there!
I wake, I rise, and, shivering with the frost,
Search all the house,—my Gulliver is lost!
Forth in the street I rush with frantic cries;
The windows open, all the neighbours rise;
"Where sleeps my Gulliver? O tell me where!"
The neighbours answer, "With the sorrel mare."

At early morn, I to the market haste,
(Studious in everything to please thy taste);
A curious fowl and sparagras I chose
(For I remember you were fond of those);
Three shillings cost the first, the last seven groats;
Sullen you turn from both, and call for outs.

Others bring goods and treasure to their houses,
Something to deck their pretty babes and spouses;
My only token was a cup like horn,
That's made of nothing but a lady's corn.
'Tis not for that I grieve: no, 'tis to see
The groom and sorrel mare preferred to me!

These, for some moments when you deign to quit,
And (at due distance) sweet discourse admit,
'Tis all my pleasure thy past toil to know,
For pleased remembrance builds delight on woe.
At every danger pants thy consort's breast,
And gaping infants squall to hear the rest.
How did I tremble, when, by thousands bound,
I saw thee stretch'd on Lilliputian ground?
When scaling armies climb'd up every part,
Each step they trod, I felt upon my heart.
But when thy torrent quench'd the dreadful blaze,
King, queen, and nation, spring with amaze,

Full in my view how all my husband came,
And what extinguish'd theirs, increased my flame.
Those spectacles, ordain'd thine eyes to save,
Were once my present, love that armour gave.
How did I mourn at Belshazzar's decree!
For when he sign'd thy death, he sentenced me.

When folks might see thee all the country round
For sixpence, I'd have given a thousand pound.
Lord! when the giant-babe that head of thine
Got in his mouth, my heart was up in mine!
When in the marrow-bone I see thee rammi'd;
Or on the house-top by the monkey crammi'd,
The piteous images renew my pain.
And all thy dangers I weep o'er again.
But on the maiden's nipple when you rid,
Pray Heaven, 'twas all a wanton maiden did!
Glumdaletch too!—with thee I mourn her ease:
Heaven guard the gentle girl from all disgrace!
O may the king that one neglect forgive,
And pardon her the fault by which I live!
Was there no other way to set him free?
My life, alas! I fear proved death to thee.

O teach me, dear, new words to speak my flame!
Teach me to woo thee by thy best-loved name!
Whether the style of Grildrig please thee most,
So call'd on Brobdignag's stupendous coast,
When on the monarch's ample hand you sate,
And hollow'd in his ear intrigues of state;
Or Quinbus Flestrin more endearment brings;
When like a mountain you looked down on kings:
If dual Nardac Lilliputian peer,
Or Glumgram's humbler title soothe thy ear;
Nay, would kind Jove my organs so dispose,
To hymn harmonious Houyhohum through the nose,
I'd call thee Houyhohum, that high sounding name;
Thy children's noses all should twang the same.
So might I find my loving spouse of course
Endued with all the virtues of a horse.

TO QUINBUS FLESTRIN, THE MAN-MOUNTAIN.

A LILLIPUTIAN ODE.

IN amaze
Lost, I gaze,
Can our eyes
Reach thy size?
May my lays
Swell with praise,
Worthy thee!
Worthy me!
Muse inspire,
All thy fire!
Bards of old
Of him told,
When they said
Atlas head
Propp'd the skies:
See! and believe your eyes!
See him stride
Valleys wide,
Over woods,
Over floods,
When he treads
Mountain heads
Groan and shake:
Armies quake:
Let his spurn
Overtum
Man and steed,
Troops take heed!
Left and right,
Speed your flight!
Lest an host
Beneath his foot be lost.
Turn'd aside,
From his hide,
Safe from wound
Darts rebound.

From his nose
 Clouds he blows;
 When he speaks,
 Thunder breaks!
 When he eats,
 Famine threatens!
 When he drinks,
 Neptune shrinks!
 Nigh thy ear,
 In mid air,
 On thy hand
 Let me stand;
 So shall I,
 Lofty Post! touch the sky.

HYMN.

[The following translation exists in the handwriting of Mr. Fernor, of Tusmore, the last of the name, who devised his estates in trust for his



TUSMORE.

daughter, Marie, wife of Captain John Turner Ramsay. Mr. Fernor prefixes the verses with this statement: "The following translation was made at

the desire of the Rev. Mr. Brown, chaplain to Mr. Carl, of Lady-holt, a Roman Catholic gentleman, on Mr. Pope, our celebrated poet, making a visit there, who, being requested by Mr. Brown to translate the following hymn or *cyllenus*, composed by St. Francis Xavier, Apostle of the Indies, on the morning after produced what follows."—A copy of the Hymn was sent to the Gentleman's Magazine, by a correspondent from Baltimore, and appears in the number for October, 1791. The correspondent of the magazine says he received it, nearly forty years before, from Mr. Brown, who died some time after, aged about ninety. "This venerable man had lived in England, as domestic chaplain in the family of the Mr. Carl to whom Mr. Pope inscribes the Rape of the Lock, in the beginning of that poem; and at whose house he spent much of his time in the early and gay part of his life. I was informed by Mr. Brown, that, seeing the poet often amuse the family with verses of gallantry, he took the liberty one day of requesting him to change the subject of his compositions, and to devote his talents to the translating of the Latin hymn."]

THOU art my God, sole object of my love;
 Not for the hope of endless joys above;
 Not for the fear of endless pains below,
 Which they who love thee not must undergo.
 For me, and such as me, thou deign'st to bear
 An ignominious cross, the nails, the spear:
 A thorny crown transpierced thy sacred brow,
 While bloody sweats from every member flow.
 For me in tortures thou resign'st thy breath,
 Embraced me on the cross, and saved me by thy death.
 And can these sufferings fail my heart to move?
 What but thyself can now deserve my love?
 Such as then was, and is, thy love to me,
 Such is, and shall be still, my love to thee—
 To thee, Redeemer! mercy's sacred spring!
 My God, my Father, Maker, and my King!¹

¹ Oratio à Sancto Navarrio composita.

O Deus! ego amote:
 Nec amo te ut salvas me.
 Aut quia non amantes te
 Eterno panis igne,
 Tu, tu, mi Jesu! totum me
 Amplexus es in cruce.
 Tulisti clavos, luncum,
 Multamque ignominiam:
 Innumeros dolores,
 Sudores, et angues,

TO THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF OXFORD,

FROM A PIECE OF NEWS IN RUST, THAT THE REV. MR. W. REFUSED TO WRITE
AGAINST MR. POPE BECAUSE HIS BEST PATRON HAD A
FRIENDSHIP FOR THE SAID MR. P.¹

WESLEY, if Wesley 'tis they mean,
They say on Pope would fall,
Would his best patron let his pen
Discharge his inward gall.

What patron this, a doubt must be,
Which none but you can clear,
Or Father Francis cross the sea,
Or else Earl Edward here.

That both were good must be confess'd;
And much to both he owes;
But which to him will be the best
The Lord of Oxford knows.

*Ac mortem; et hæc propter me—
Ac pro me peccatore.
Cur igitur non amem te.
O Jesu amantissime!
Non ut in ærolis salves me,
Aut ne æternum damnes me:
Neque præmii ulla ege:
Sed sicut tu amasti me.
Sic amo, et amabo te:
Solum quia Rex meus es,
Et solum quia Deus es. Amen.*

¹ From Nichols's Literary Anecdotes. The "W." alluded to was the Rev. Samuel Wesley, and "Father Francis," the Bishop of Rochester, then in exile.

TRANSLATION OF A PRAYER OF BRUTUS.

[The Rev. Aaron Thompson, of Queen's College, Oxon., translated the Chronicle of Geoffrey of Monmouth. He submitted the translation to Pope, 1717, who gave him the following lines, being a translation of a prayer of Brutus].—

GODDESS of woods, tremendous in the chase,
To mountain wolves and all the savage race,
Wide o'er the ærial vault extend thy sway,
And o'er the infernal regions void of day.
On thy third reign look down; disclose our fate,
In what new station shall we fix our seat?
When shall we next thy hallow'd altars raise,
And choirs of virgins celebrate thy praise?

LINES IN EVELYN'S BOOK OF COINS.

TOM Wood of Chiswick, deep divine,
To painter Kent gave all this coin.
'Tis the first coin, I'm bold to say,
That ever churchman gave to lay.

[Wrote in Evelyn's book of coins given by Mr. Wood to Kent: he (Mr. Wood) had objected against the word *trio*, in Mr. Pope's father's epitaph. The lines, with this explanation, were communicated to Notes and Queries, March 13, 1851, by the Rev. R. Hotchkin, Thimbleby Rectory, from a copy by Mason the poet.]

LINES ON SWIFT'S ANCESTORS.

[Swift put up a plain monument to his grandfather, and also presented a cup to the church of Goodrich, or Gotheridge (Herefordshire). He sent a pencilled elevation of the monument (a simple tablet) to Mrs. Howard, who returned it with the following lines inscribed on the drawing by Pope. The paper is indorsed, in Swift's hand: "Model of a Monument for my grandfather, with Mr. Pope's reguary."—*Scott's Life of Swift*].—

JONATHAN Swift
Had the gift,
By fatheridge, motheridge,
And by brotheridge,

To come from Göttergige,
 But now is spoil'd clean
 And an Irish dean:
 In this church he has put
 A stone of two foot,
 With a cup and a can, sir,
 In respect to his grandsire:
 So Ireland change thy tone,
 And cry, O hone! O hone!
 For England hath its own.

LINES TO LORD BATHURST.

The following lines were first published by Mr. Mitford, in one of the notes to Gray's Correspondence, 1849. An extract from the poet's printed Correspondence, part of a letter addressed to Lord Bathurst, will illustrate the verses:—"I believe you are by this time immersed in your vast wood; and one may address to you as to a very abstracted person, like Alexander Selkirk or the self-taught philosopher. I should be very curious to know what sort of contemplations employ you. I remember the latter of those I mentioned gave himself up to a devout exercise of making his head giddy with various circumnutations, to imitate the motions of the celestial bodies. I do not think it at all impossible that Mr. L. may be so advanced in that exercise, by frequent turns towards the several aspects of the heavens, to which you may have been pleased to direct him in search of prospects and new avenues. He will be tractable in time, as birds are tamed by being whirled about; and doubtless come not to despise the meanest shrubs or coppice wood, though naturally he seems more inclined to admire God in his greater works, the tall timber. The "Mr. L." of this letter is evidently the "Lewis" of the verses:—

"A WOOD!" quoth Lewis, and with that
 He laugh'd, and shook his sides of fat
 His tongue, with eye that mark'd his cunning
 Thus fell a-reasoning, not a-running:
 "Woods are—not to be too prolix—
 Collective bodies of straight sticks.
 It is, my lord, a mere conundrum
 To call things woods for what grows under 'em,
 For shrubs, when nothing else at top is,
 Can only constitute a coppice."

But if you will not take my word,
See anno quint. of Richard Third;
And that's a coppice call'd, when dock'd,
Witness an. prim. of Harry Oct.
If this a wood you will maintain,
Merely because it is no plain,
Holland, for all that I can see,
May e'en as well be term'd the sea,
Or C——by [Coningsby] be fair harangued
An honest man, because not hang'd."



EPIGRAMS.

ON MRS. TOFTS, A CELEBRATED OPERA-SINGER.¹

SO bright is thy beauty, so charming thy song,
As had drawn both the beasts and their Orpheus along;
But such is thy avarice, and such is thy pride,
That the beasts must have starved, and the poets have died.

ON THE FEUDS ABOUT HANDEL AND BONONCINI.

STRANGE all this difference should be
Twixt Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee!

EPIGRAM.

YOU beat your pate, and fancy wit will come:
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home.

EPIGRAM FROM THE FRENCH.

SIR, I admit your general rule,
That every poet is a fool:
But you yourself may serve to show it
That every fool is not a poet.

¹ [This lady, an Englishwoman, maintained her ground against the Italian singers when the opera was first introduced to this country. She had a strong party in her favour, and one night, Feb. 6th, 1703-4, her Italian rival, Francesca Margherita de l'Epine, was hissed and pelted by Katherine Tofts's clamorous admirers. Colley Cibber speaks warmly of the English singer's voice and personal attractions.]

EPITAPH.

WELL then, poor G—— lies underground!
 So there's an end of honest Jack.
 So little justice here he found,
 'Tis ten to one he'll ne'er come back.

EPITAPH.

*Joannes jacet hic M. Andule—civica nomen
 In Tagua et Gengis—sorum et Antipolis.*

Applied to F. C. [FRANCIS CHANTRE.]

HERE Francis C—— lies. Be civil;
 The rest God knows—perhaps the devil!

THE BALANCE OF EUROPE.

NOW Europe balanced, neither side prevails;
 For nothing's left in either of the scales.

TO A LADY WITH "THE TEMPLE OF FAME."

WHAT'S fame with men by custom of the nation,
 Is call'd in women only reputation:
 About them both why keep we such a pother?
 Part you with one, and I'll renounce the other.

[“I send you my Temple of Fame, which is just come out, but my sentiments about it you will see better by this epigram.”—*Pope to Martha Blount*, 1711.]

ON THE TOASTS OF THE KIT-CAT CLUB, ANNO 1716

WHENCE deathless Kit-Cat took its name,
 Few critics can unriddle;
 Some say from pastry-cook it came,
 And some from cat and fiddle.

From no trim beaur its name it boasts,
 Gray statesmen or green wits;
 But from this pell-mell pack of toasts
 Of old "cats" and young "kitts."

[The Kit-cat Club was formed about the year 1700, and met at first in a pastry-cook's in Shirelane, near Temple-Bar. This person, famous for mutton pies, was called Christopher Cat, whence the name of the club. *Poasting* ladies after dinner was a rule of the club. A lady was chosen for the year by ballot, and her name written with a diamond on a drinking glass. Poetical *jeux d'esprit* on the beauties thus selected to reign supreme were written by Addison, Garth, the Earl of Halifax, Lord Dorset, Lord Warton, &c. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, when a child of only eight years of age, was nominated by her father, Lord Kingston. Jacob Tonsen, the publisher, was mainly instrumental in keeping the club together, and the members presented him with their portraits, painted by Kneller, all uniform in size. These portraits, forty-eight in number, Tonsen hung up in a room which he had added to his residence at Barn Elms, for the meetings of the club. They are still preserved, and have been often engraved.]

A DIALOGUE (1717).

POPE.—Since my old friend is grown so great
 As to be Minister of State,
 I'm told, but 'tis not true, I hope,
 That Craggs will be ashamed of Pope.

CRAGGS.—Alas! if I am such a creature
 To grow the worse for going greater;
 Why, faith, in spite of all my brags,
 'Tis Pope must be ashamed of Craggs.

ON DRAWINGS OF THE STATUES OF APOLLO, VENUS, AND HERCULES,
 MADE FOR POPE BY SIR GODFREY KNELLER.

WHAT god, what genius, did the pencil give,
 When Kneller painted these?
 'Twas friendship warm as Phœbus, kind as Love,
 And strong as Hercules.

UPON THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH'S HOUSE AT WOODSTOCK.

SEE, sir, here's the grand approach;
 This way is for his grace's coach:
 There lies the bridge, and here's the clock;
 Observe the lion and the cock.
 The spacious court, the colonnade,
 And mark how wide the hall is made!
 The chimneys are so well design'd,
 They never smoke in any wind.
 This gallery's contriv'd for walking,
 The windows to retire and talk in;
 The council chamber for debate,
 And all the rest are rooms of state.
 Thanks, sir, cried I, 'tis very fine,
 But where d'ye sleep, or where d'ye dine?
 I find, by all you have been telling,
 That 'tis a house, but not a dwelling.

[Lord Chesterfield has the same idea in his Epigram on Burlington House:—

"How well *ye* *build*, let flattery tell;
 And all mankind, how ill *you* *dwell*!"

Lord Hervey said of Lord Burlington's villa at Chiswick, that it was too small to live in, and too large to hang by one's watch!]

ON A PICTURE OF QUEEN CAROLINE, DRAWN BY
LADY BURLINGTON.

PEACE, flattering Bishop! lying Dean!
 This portrait only paints the Queen!

[The Bishop was Gilbert; the Dean, Dr. Alured Clarke, satirised in Epilogue to the Satires.]

ON BENTLEY'S "MILTON."

DID I, whose prose, O Charles, thy death defend?
 A foe unconscious proves a friend.
 On Milton's verse did Bentley comment? Know
 A weak friend's friend becomes a foe.
 While he sought his author's fame to further,
 The murderous critic has avenged thy murder.

ON CERTAIN LADIES.

WHEN other fair ones to the shades go down,
 Still Chloe, Flavia, Delia, stay in town:
 These ghosts of beauty wandering here reside,
 And haunt the places where their honour died.

CELIA.

CELIA, we know, is sixty-five,
 Yet Celia's face is seventeen;
 Thus winter in her breast must live,
 While summer in her face is seen.

How cruel Celia's fate, who hence
 Our heart's devotion cannot try;
 Too pretty for our reverence,
 Too ancient for our gallantry!

EPIGRAM.

ENGRAVED ON THE COLLAR OF A DOG WHICH I GAVE TO MR. ROYAL HIGHNESS.

[Frederick, Prince of Wales, father of George III.]

I AM his Highness' dog at Kew;
 Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?

[This is taken from Sir William Temple's Heads designed for an Essay on Conversation. * Mr. Granfam's fool's reply to a great man that asked whose fool he was.—I am Mr. Granfam's fool—pray tell me whose fool are you?"]

VERBATIM FROM BOILEAU.

Un jour, dit un Auteur, &c.

ONCE, says an author—where I need not say—
 Two travellers found an oyster in their way;
 Both fierce, both hungry, the dispute grew strong,
 While, scale in hand, Dame Justice pass'd along.
 Before her each with clamour pleads the laws,
 Explain'd the matter, and would win the cause.

Dame Justice, weighing long the doubtful right,
 Takes, opens, swallows it, before their sight.
 The cause of strife removed so rarely well,
 "There,—take!" says Justice, "take ye each a shell;
 We thrive at Westminster on fools like you:
 'Twas a fat oyster—live in peace—Adieu."

BISHOP HOUGH.

A BISHOP, by his neighbours hated,
 Has cause to wish himself translated;
 But why should HOUGH desire translation,
 Loved and esteemed by all the nation?
 Yet if it be the old man's case,
 I'll lay my life I know the place:
 'Tis where God sent some that adore him,
 And whither Enoch went before him.

[Bp. John Hough was made Bishop of Oxford in 1690; Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry in 1692, and Bishop of Worcester in 1717. He died in 1743, at the great age of ninety-three. Pope's compliments to this prelate are creditable to his liberality, for Hough made a courageous and memorable stand against the luxury and tyranny of James II.]

EPIGRAM.

MY Lord complains that Pope, stark mad with gardens,
 Has cut three trees, the value of three farthings.
 "But he's my neighbour," cries the peer polite:
 "And if he visit me, I'll waive the right."
 What! on compulsion, and against my will,
 A lord's acquaintance? Let him file his bill!

[Pope had cut three walnut-trees, which hindered the view from his garden. Warton says the peer alluded to was Lord Radnor. The Countess of Hertford, in her *Correspondence* with the Countess of Pembroke (2nd edit. 1809), says the trees belonged to Lady Ferrers, "when he makes a lord."

EPIGRAM.

[The Countess of Hertford sends the following to the Countess of Pomfret, in their Correspondence between the years 1738 and 1741, observing, "The severity of the weather has occasioned greater sums of money to be given in charity than was heard of before. Mr. Pope has written two stanzas on the occasion."]--

YES! 'tis the time (I cried) impose the chain,
I Destined and due to wretches self-enslaved;
But when I saw such charity remain,
I half could wish this people should be saved.

Faith lost, and Hope, our Charity begins;
And 'tis a wise design in pitying Heaven,
If this can cover multitude of sins,
To take the *only* way to be forgiven.



ADDENDA ET CORRIGENDA.

POPE'S INTERVIEW WITH DRYDEN. Vol. I. p. 17.—Pope, in his conversations with Spence, does not mention where he saw Dryden. According to Warburton, the boy-poet prevailed upon a friend to accompany him to town, and introduce him to Will's Coffee-house. Mr. Roscoe conjectured that the friend alluded to was Sir Charles Wogan, who, in a letter to Swift, says, "I had the honour of bringing Mr. Pope from our retreat in the Forest of Windsor to dress à la mode and introduce at Will's Coffee-house." The supposition of a boy of twelve dressing à la mode, and frequenting a coffee-house, appears preposterous. Sir Charles Wogan must refer to a later period. Pope may have been taken to Will's for the purpose of obtaining a sight of Dryden, but it is as likely that he stole away from his school at Hyde Park Corner, to watch Dryden in Gerard-Street, near his own door, or have seen him in the theatre, or at Tenson's shop. Pope told Spence where Dryden lived—"in Gerard Street, and he used most commonly to write in the ground-room next the street." The house is now No. 43. Mr. Singer, the editor of Spence's Anecdotes, observes that Will's Coffee-house "continued to be the resort of the wits at least till 1710; and that probably Addison established his servant Button in a new coffee-house (in Russell Street, Covent Garden), about 1712, and his fame, after the production of *Cato*, drew many of the Whigs thither." In one of the letters of James Moore Smythe to Teresa Blount (Maple-Durham MSS.), the writer speaks of the wits as "removed from Will's over the way," before August 13, 1713.

RAG SMITH. Vol. I. p. 22.—The person designated "Rag Smith," who saw Pope in his fourteenth year, and predicted that he would either be a madman or a great poet, must have been Edmund Smith, the poet, the friend of Addison. From his carelessness as to dress, and his odd appearance, Smith was familiarly known as "Captain Rag." Pope nowhere mentions his early acquaintance, (who died in 1710, before the prediction was fulfilled,) but he was indebted

to Smith's tragedy of Phædra and Hippolytus for several choice images and expressions transplanted into the Epistle of Eloisa.

POPE'S DAPHNE, MISS TEMPEST. Vol. II. p. 117.—This lady, whose death was commemorated by Walsh and Pope, was the *grand-daughter* of Sir John Tempest, of Tong Hall, Yorkshire. Her father was Henry Tempest, who died before his father, in 1635. He married Althea, daughter of Sir Henry Thompson, of Marston, county of York.

POPE'S IMITATIONS.—A periodical critic (*The Scotsman*) points out a passage in the Epistle of Eloisa, v. 101, which Pope had taken from Dryden,—

"How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,
And love the offender, yet detest the offence?"

Dryden, in *Cymon and Iphigenia*, has,

"Then, impotent of mind, with alter'd sense
She forg'd the offender, and forgave the offence."

The list of imitations might easily be extended. The music of Dryden's verse seems ever to have been ringing in Pope's ears, and his picturesque expression constantly present to him in moments of composition. A collection of parallel passages was made by Gilbert Wakefield, and is published in Bowles's edition of Pope. Mr. Mitford, in a paper communicated to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Oct. 1836, makes further additions of the same kind. Pope in his youth was so insatiable, and at the same time so critical a reader of poetry, that his mind was stored with the treasures of others. As an *artist* he delighted in new setting and polishing his poetical jewels, original and borrowed.

SOBER ADVICE FROM HORACE. Vol. III. p. 36.—In *A True Character of Mr. Pope and his Writings*, in a Letter to a Friend, 1716, and ascribed by Pope to Dennis, the writer refers to an imitation of Horace, "much more execrable than all his works." No copy of this early imitation has been found, but it was probably a first draft of the imitation of Horace's satire, *inhibitorium collegii plurimum polæ*, &c., which was published in 1735, under the title of *A Sermon against Adultery; being Sober Advice from Horace, to the Young Gentlemen about Town, as delivered in his Second Sermon. Imitated in the manner of Mr. Pope. Together with the Original Text as restored by the Rev. Richard Bentley, D.D. And some Remarks on the Version.* Bolingbroke had seen the poem in

manuscript, as appears from one of his letters to Swift, June 27, 1734, and Dodsley and Cooper included it in the small edition of Pope's Works, 1738. Onell inserted it in his collection of Pope's Correspondence, stating that it was sold to four booksellers for sixty guineas, as could be proved. The work is undoubtedly a genuine production, by Pope, though never openly acknowledged. It is flagrantly indecent—indeed, the most licentious poem of the age. One of the writers of the day, author of *A Letter to Mr. Pope*, occasioned by *Seber Advice from Horace*, &c., 1735, says, "The Sermon has done you more mischief than all the Dunciad people together; or rather they have done you none, this a great deal. To forge a note under Dr. Bentley's hand, and set his name to it, was of the same nature with Sir P. Strange's crime, and ought to be expiated by the loss of ears. What Chartres would not have done to get less than £500, you are thought to have done to get perhaps £40 or £50. Your friends are quite mute; your enemies talk on." When republished with his other works, in 1738, the notes attributed to Bentley (which are of the grossest description) were omitted by Pope or his publishers. From some lines at the commencement of the poem, it would seem to have been written shortly after the death of Mrs. Oldfield, the actress, in 1730, and after the quarrel with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Lord Hervey; but we would gladly believe that the greater part of it was a much earlier production. We have seen Dennis's allusion to an objectionable imitation of Horace by Pope, in 1716. Jervas, in a letter undated, but from its allusions to the first volume of Pope's *Homer*, evidently written in June, 1715, informs Pope: "I hear nothing of the Sermon. The generality will take it for the Dean's, and that will hurt neither you nor him." This early Sermon, with additions and alters from ('tis true, 'tis pity!) was probably the Sermon of 1735.

POPE'S STUDY AT STANTON-HARCOURT.—A drawing, ^{ed. in a} in a tower at Stanton-Harcourt, in which Pope finished the ^{age in one} of his *Homer* in 1718, has been engraved as a vignette for Pope (for volume. The tower contains three chambers, three or had, should above each other. The exact height of the tower is virtue, whose six inches. The chapel immediately under it, where he sung, that he is twelve feet square, and fifteen feet ten inches high, this is Mr. War- The arms of Harcourt and of Byron are introduced, open to the stumps, may conjecture that it was erected by Sir Robert from what he told me King Edward IV. (Skelton's Oxfordshire.) from a humanity a



CHAPEL, STANTON-HARCOURT.

The room called the Study, was evidently altered for Pope's confinement. The stone mullions and foliated heads of the windows were taken out, and plain wooden ones introduced, and the room was wainscoted. The middle story (which remains in its original state) was not wainscoted, but whitewashed. On the opposite page is a side view of the study.

It is to be conjectured when Pope visited Stanton-Harcourt, and wrote his description of it to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu (see Vol. I. 1st edition) the old tower formed part of the mansion of the family, but towards the latter end of the last century the tower was pulled down, with the exception of this tower, and the very small portion adjoining, was pulled down, and converted into a garden. The original gateway was converted into a parsonage-house.



POPE'S STUDY AT STANTON-HARCOURT.

SAVAGE.—It may be worth mentioning, as further illustrating the interest which Pope took in the fortunes of Savage, that a narrative of the unfortunate duel in which one Mr. James Sinclair was killed, and for which Savage and a Mr. Gregory were convicted of murder, exists at Maple-Durham, in Pope's handwriting. The statement, fills two large folio pages, but contains no new facts, and is apparently copied, for the satisfaction of the ladies at Maple-Durham, from some periodical of the day.

GRAY'S OPINION OF POPE.—Mr. Rogers has transcribed the old blank leaf of his copy of Warton's Pope, the following passage of Gray's letters to Walpole:—"I can say no more for Mr. Pope, what you keep in reserve may be worse than all the rest of the present age; natural to wish the finest writer—one of them—we even fifty-four feet square, be an honest man. It is the interest even of that friend he professed himself, and whose beauties, the altar stands, should not be found a dirty animal. But, however high in the centre, burton's business, not mine, who may scribble his name, ed, from which we and all in vain, if these facts are so. It is not forbert in the reign of about himself that I thought well of him, but

goodness of heart, ay, and greatness of mind, that runs through his private correspondence, not less apparent than are a thousand little vanities and weaknesses mixed with these good qualities, for nobody ever took him for a philosopher." In Mr. Norton Nicholl's reminiscences of Gray we have similar testimony: "Pope's translation of the *Iliad* stood very high in his estimation; and when he heard it criticized as wanting the simplicity of the original, or being rather a paraphrase than a translation, and not giving a just idea of the poet's style and manner, he always said, 'There would never be another translation of the same poem equal to it.' He liked the poetry of Pope in general, and approved an observation of Shenstone, that 'Pope had the art of condensing a thought.' He said of his letters, that they were not good letters, but better things. He thought that Pope had a good heart, in spite of his peevish temper."¹ Pope's filial affection, his manly and liberal sentiments on religious toleration, and his contempt for infidel philosophers and affected virtuosi, were features in his character that must have won the approbation and even the love of Gray. His choice, condensed expression, and fine diction, must also have delighted one who was no less accomplished in those graces of the poet and scholar. It is to be regretted that we have no record of the personal intercourse between Gray and Pope, alluded to in the first of the above extracts. It was probably slight, as Gray did not return from his continental tour till September, 1741, and afterwards resided chiefly at Cambridge. Walpole's charge against the poet's memory most likely referred to the affair of the Duchess of Marlborough and the imputed bribe of £1000, as related in Walpole's *Reminiscences*. (See *Life of Pope* in this edition, vol. i. p. 301.) Most of the critics who have honoured this work with their notice, reject the supposition that Pope had accepted a sum of money from the Duchess of Marlborough, and thus, in the character of Atossa. The evidence on the other side is, however, since the publication of the *Marchmont Papers*, conclusive; and the Editor can only beg a careful and dispassionate consideration of the facts.

p. 133 of this edition. ¹ Gray's Works, vol. v. p. 37. Pickering, 1843.
 Lord Harecourt
 whole of the hill
 remarkable litch
 and the site has been
 has been transform-

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